THE

Dramatick Works

OF

Mr. JOHN DRYDEN.

In Three Volumes.

VOL. I.

CONTAINING,

Eſſay on Dramatick Poetry.
Wild Gallant.
Rival Ladies.
Indian Emperour.
Maiden Queen.
Sir Martin Marr-all.
The Tempeſt.
Evening Love.
Royal Martyr. (Parts.
Conqueſt of *Granada*, in Two

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OF

Dramatick Poesie,

AN

ESSAY.

30

BY

JOHN DRYDEN, Esq;

---------- Fungar vice Cotis, acutum
Reddere quæ ferrum valet, exors ipsa secandi.

Horat. de Arte Poet.

LONDON,

Printed by *T. Warren* for *Henry Herringman*, and are to be Sold by *R. Bentley*, *J. Tonson*, *F. Saunders*, and *T. Bennet*, 1693.

TO THE

Right Honourable

CHARLES

EARL of

Dorſet and *Middleſex*,

Lord Chamberlain of Their Majeſties Houſhold; Knight of the moſt Noble Order of the Garter, &c.

My LORD,

AS I was lately reviewing my looſe Papers, amongſt the reſt I found this Eſſay, the writing of which in this rude and indigeſted manner, wherein your Lordſhip now ſees it; ſerv'd as an Amuſement to me in the Country, when the violence of the laſt Plague had driven me from the Town. Seeing then our Theaters ſhut up, I was engag'd in theſe kind of Thoughts with the ſame Delight with which Men think upon their abſent Miſtreſſes: I confeſs I find many things in this Diſcourſe

which I do not now approve; my Judgment being not a little alter'd ſince the writing of it; but whether for the better or the worſe I know not: Neither indeed is it much material in an Eſſay, where all I have ſaid is problematical. For the way of writing Plays in Verſe, which I have ſeem'd to favour, I have, ſince that time, laid the Practice of it aſide, till I have more leiſure, becauſe I find it troubleſome and ſlow. But I am no way alter'd from my Opinion of it, at leaſt with any Reaſons which have oppos'd it. For your Lordſhip may eaſily obſerve, that none are very violent againſt it, but thoſe who either have not attempted it, or who have ill ſucceeded in their attempt. 'Tis enough for me to have your Lordſhip's Example for my excuſe in that little which I have done in it; and I am ſure my Adverſaries can bring no ſuch Arguments againſt Verſe, as thoſe with which the fourth Act of *Pompey* will furniſh me in its Defence. Yet, My Lord, you muſt ſuffer me a little to complain of you, that you too ſoon withdraw from us a Contentment, of which we expected the continuance, becauſe you gave it us ſo early. 'Tis a Revolt, without occaſion, from your Party, where your Merits had already rais'd you to the higheſt Commands, and where you have not the excuſe of other Men, that you have been ill us'd, and therefore laid down Arms. I know no other Quarrel you can have to Verſe, than that which *Spurina* had to his Beauty, when he tore and mangled the Features of his Face, only becauſe they pleas'd too well the Sight. It was an Honour which ſeem'd to wait for you, to lead out a new Colony of Writers from the Mother-Nation: and upon the firſt ſpreading of your Enſigns, there had been many in a readineſs to have follow'd ſo fortunate a Leader; if not all, yet the better part of Poets.

Pars indocili melior grege; mollis & expes
Innominata perprimat cubilia.

I am almoſt of Opinion, that we ſhou'd force you to accept of the Command, as ſometimes the *Prætorian* Bands have

have compell'd their Captains to receive the Empire. The Court, which is the beſt and ſureſt Judge of Writing, has generally allow'd of Verſe; and in the Town it has found Favourers of Wit and Quality. As for your own particular, My Lord, you have yet Youth, and Time enough to give part of them to the Divertiſement of the Publick, before you enter into the ſerious and more unpleaſant Buſineſs of the World. That which the *French* Poet ſaid of the Temple of Love, may be as well apply'd to the Temple of the Muſes. The words, as near as I can remember them, were theſe:

Le jeune homme, à mauvaiſe Grace,
N'ayant pas adoré dans le Temple d' Amour:
Il faut qu'il entre, & pour le ſage
Si ce n'eſt pas ſon vray ſejour
C' eſt un giſte ſur ſon paſſage.

I leave the words to work their effect upon your Lordſhip in their own Language, becauſe no other can ſo well expreſs the Nobleneſs of the Thought; and wiſh you may be ſoon call'd to bear a part in the Affairs of the Nation, where I know the World expects you, and wonders why you have been ſo long forgotten; there being no Perſon amongſt our young Nobility, on whom the eyes of all Men are ſo much bent. But, in the mean time, your Lordſhip may imitate the Courſe of Nature, who gives us the Flower before the Fruit: that I may ſpeak to you in the Language of the Muſes, which I have taken from an excellent Poem to the King.

As Nature, when ſhe Fruit deſigns, thinks fit
By beauteous Bloſſoms to proceed to it;
And while ſhe does accompliſh all the Spring,
Birds to her ſecret Operations ſing.

I confeſs, I have no greater Reaſon, in Addreſſing this Eſſay to your Lordſhip, than that it might awaken in you the deſire

deſire of writing ſomething, in whatever kind it be, which might be an Honour to our Age and Country. And methinks it might have the ſame effect on you, which *Homer* tells us the Fight of the *Greeks* and *Trojans* before the Fleet, had on the Spirit of *Achilles*; who, though he had reſolv'd not to ingage, yet found a Martial Warmth to ſteal upon him, at the Sight of Blows, the Sound of Trumpets, and the Cries of fighting Men. For my own part, if, in treating of this Subject, I ſometimes diſſent from the Opinion of better Wits, I declare it is not ſo much to combate their Opinions, as to defend my own, which were firſt made publick. Sometimes, like a Scholar in a Fencing-School, I put forth my ſelf, and ſhow my own ill Play, on purpoſe to be better taught. Sometimes I ſtand deſperately to my Arms, like the Foot when deſerted by their Horſe, not in hope to overcome, but only to yield on more Honourable Terms. And yet, My Lord, this War of Opinions, you well know, has fallen out among the Writers of all Ages, and ſometimes betwixt Friends. Only it has been proſecuted by ſome, like Pedants, with violence of words, and manag'd by others like Gentlemen, with Candour and Civility. Even *Tully* had a Controverſie with his dear *Atticus*; and in one of his Dialogues makes him ſuſtain the part of an Enemy in Philoſophy, who in his Letters is his Confident of State, and made privy to the moſt weighty Affairs of the *Roman* Senate. And the ſame Reſpect which was paid by *Tully* to *Atticus*, we find return'd to him afterwards by *Cæſar*, on a like occaſion, who, anſwering his Book in praiſe of *Cato*, made it not ſo much his Buſineſs to condemn *Cato*, as to praiſe *Cicero*.

But that I may decline ſome part of the Encounter with my Adverſaries, whom I am neither willing to combate, nor well able to reſiſt; I will give your Lordſhip the Relation of a Diſpute betwixt ſome of our Wits on the ſame Subject, in which they did not only ſpeak of Plays in Verſe, but mingled, in the freedom of Diſcourſe, ſome things of the

the Ancient, many of the Modern ways of Writing; comparing thoſe with theſe, and the Wits of our Nation with thoſe of others: 'tis true, they differ'd in their Opinions, as 'tis probable they would: neither do I take upon me to reconcile, but to relate them: and that as *Tacitus* profeſſes of himſelf, *Sine ſtudio partium aut irâ:* without Paſſion or Intereſt; leaving your Lordſhip to decide it in favour of which Part you ſhall judge moſt reaſonable, and withal, to pardon the many Errours of

Your Lordſhip's

Moſt obedient humble Servant,

John Dryden.

TO THE
READER.

THE Drift of the enſuing Diſcourſe was chiefly to vindicate the Honour of our Engliſh *Writers, from the Cenſure of thoſe who unjuſtly prefer the* French *before them. This I intimate, leſt any ſhould think me ſo exceeding vain, as to teach others an Art, which they underſtand much better than my ſelf. But if this incorrect Eſſay, written in the Countrey without the Help of Books, or Advice of Friends, ſhall find any Acceptance in the World, I promiſe to my ſelf a better Succeſs of the Second Part, wherein I ſhall more fully Treat of the Virtues and Faults of the* Engliſh *Poets, who have written either in this, the Epique, or the Lyrique way.*

AN

AN ESSAY OF Dramatick Poesie.

IT was that memorable day, in the first Summer of the late War, when our Navy ingag'd the Dutch: A day wherein the two most mighty and best appointed Fleets which any Age had ever seen, disputed the command of the greater half of the Globe, the commerce of Nations, and the riches of the Universe. While these vast floating Bodies, on either side, mov'd against each other in parallel Lines, and our Country-men, under the happy Conduct of his Royal Highness, went breaking, by little and little, into the Line of the Enemies; the noise of the Cannon from both Navies reach'd our Ears about the City: so that all Men, being alarm'd with it, and in a dreadful suspence of the event, which they knew was then deciding, every one went following the sound as his fancy led him; and leaving the Town almost empty, some took towards the Park, some cross the River, others down it; all seeking the noise in the depth of silence.

Amongst the rest, it was the fortune of *Eugenius*, *Crites*, *Lisideius* and *Neander*, to be in company together: three of them persons whom their Wit and Quality have made known to all the Town: and whom I have chose to hide under these borrowed names, that they may not suffer by so ill a relation as I am going to make of their discourse.

Taking then a Barge which a Servant of *Lisideius* had provided for them, they made haste to shoot the Bridge, and left behind them that great fall of waters which hindred them from hearing what they desir'd: after which, having disingag'd themselves from many Vessels which rode at Anchor in the *Thames*, and almost blockt up the passage towards *Greenwich*, they ordered the Watermen to let fall their Oares more gently; and then every one favouring his own curiosity with a strict silence, it was not long ere they perceiv'd the Air to break about them like the noise of distant Thunder, or of Swallows in a Chimney: those little undulations of sound, though almost vanishing before they reach'd

them, yet ſtill ſeeming to retain ſomewhat of their firſt horrour which they had betwixt the Fleets: after they had attentively liſtened till ſuch time as the Sound by little and little went from them; *Eugenius* lifting up his head, and taking notice of it, was the firſt who congratulated to the reſt that happy Omen of our Nations Victory: adding, that we had but this to deſire in confirmation of it, that we might hear no more of that noiſe which was now leaving the *Engliſh* Coaſt. When the reſt had concurr'd in the ſame Opinion, *Crites*, a Perſon of a ſharp Judgment, and ſomewhat too delicate a taſte in Wit, which the World have miſtaken in him for ill Nature, ſaid, ſmiling to us, That if the concernment of this Battel had not been ſo exceeding great, he could ſcarce have wiſh'd the Victory at the price he knew he muſt pay for it, in being ſubject to the reading and hearing of ſo many ill Verſes, as he was ſure would be made on that Subject. Adding, That no Argument could ſcape ſome of thoſe eternal Rhymers, who watch a Battel with more diligence than the Ravens and Birds of Prey; and the worſt of them ſureſt to be firſt in upon the Quarry, while the better able, either out of Modeſty writ not at all, or ſet that due Value upon their Poems, as to let them be often deſired, and long expected! There are ſome of thoſe impertinent People of whom you ſpeak, anſwer'd *Liſideius*, who, to my knowledge, are already ſo provided, either way, that they can produce not only a Panegyrick upon the Victory, but, if need be, a Funeral Elegy on the Duke: wherein, after they have crown'd his Valour with many Laurels, they will at laſt deplore the odds under which he fell, concluding that his courage deſerv'd a better deſtiny. All the Company ſmil'd at the conceit of *Liſideius*; but *Crites*, more eager than before, began to make particular exceptions againſt ſome Writers, and ſaid the publick Magiſtrate ought to ſend betimes to forbid them; and that it concern'd the Peace and Quiet of all honeſt People, that ill Poets ſhould be as well ſilenc'd as ſeditious Preachers. In my Opinion, replied *Eugenius*, you purſue your Point too far; for as to my own particular, I am ſo great a Lover of Poeſie, that I could wiſh them all rewarded, who attempt but to do well; at leaſt, I would not have them worſe us'd than one of their Brethren was by *Sylla* the Dictator: *Quem in concione vidimus* (ſays *Tully*) *cum ei libellum malus poeta de populo ſubjeciſſet, quod epigramma in eum feciſſet tantummodo alternis verſibus longiuſculis, ſtatim ex iis rebus quas tunc vendebat jubere ei præmium tribui, ſub ea conditione ne quid poſtea ſcriberet.* I could wiſh, with all my heart, replied *Crites*; that many whom we know were as bountifully thank'd upon the ſame condition, that they would never trouble us again. For, amongſt others, I have a mortal Apprehenſion of two Poets, whom this Victory with the help of both her wings, will never be able to eſcape; 'tis eaſie to gueſs whom you intend, ſaid *Liſideius*; and without naming them, I ask you if one of them does not perpetually pay us with clenches upon words, and a certain clowniſh kind of Raillery?

If

If now and then he does not offer at a *Catachreſis* or *Clevelandiſm*, wreſting and torturing a word into another meaning: in fine, if he be not one of thoſe whom the *French* would call *un mauvais buffon*; one who is ſo much a well-willer to the Satyr, that he intends, at leaſt, to ſpare no Man; and though he cannot ſtrike a blow to hurt any, yet he ought to be puniſh'd for the malice of the Action; as our Witches are juſtly hang'd becauſe they think themſelves to be ſuch: and ſuffer deſervedly for believing they did miſchief, becauſe they meant it. You have deſcribed him, ſaid *Crites*, ſo exactly, that I am afraid to come after you with my other extremity of Poetry: He is one of thoſe, who having had ſome advantage of Education and Converſe, knows better than the other what a Poet ſhould be, but puts it into practice more unluckily than any Man; his Stile and Matter are every where alike; he is the moſt calm, peaceable Writer you ever read: he never diſquiets your Paſſions with the leaſt concernment, but ſtill leaves you in as even a Temper as he found you; he is a very Leveller in Poetry, he creeps along with ten little words in every line, and helps out his Numbers with *For to*, and *Unto*, and all the pretty Expletives he can find, till he drags them to the end of another line; while the Senſe is left tir'd half way behind it: he doubly ſtarves all his Verſes, firſt, for want of Thought, and then of Expreſſion; his Poetry neither has Wit it, nor ſeems to have it; like him in *Martial*.

Pauper videri Cinna vult, & eſt pauper:

He affects Plainneſs, to cover his want of Imagination: when he writes the ſerious way, the higheſt Flight of his Fancy is ſome miſerable *Antitheſis*, or ſeeming Contradiction; and in the Comick, he is ſtill reaching at ſome thin Conceit, the Ghoſt of a Jeſt, and that too flies before him, never to be caught; theſe Swallows which we ſee before us on the *Thames*, are the juſt reſemblance of his Wit: you may obſerve how near the water they ſtoop, how many proffers they make to dip, and yet how ſeldom they touch it: and when they do, 'tis but the ſurface: they skim over it but to catch a gnat, and then mount into the Air and leave it. Well, Gentlemen, ſaid *Eugenius*, you may ſpeak your pleaſure of theſe Authors; but though I and ſome few more about the Town may give you a peaceable hearing, yet aſſure your ſelves, there are multitudes who would think you malicious, and them injur'd: eſpecially him whom you firſt deſcribed; he is the very *Withers* of the City: they have bought more Editions of his Works than would ſerve to lay under all their Pies at the Lord Mayor's *Chriſtmaſs*. When his famous Poem firſt came out in the year 1660, I have ſeen them reading it in the midſt of Change-time; nay, ſo vehement they were at it, that they loſt their Bargain by the Candles ends: but what will you ſay if he has been received amongſt great Perſons? I can aſſure you, this day, he is, the envy of one, who is Lord

in the Art of Quibbling; and who does not take it well, that any man ſhould intrude ſo far into his Province. All I would wiſh, replied *Crites*, is, That they who love his Writings, may ſtill admire him, and his Fellow Poet, *qui Bavium non odit, &c.* is Curſe ſufficient. And farther, added *Liſideius*, I believe there is no Man who writes well, but would think he had hard meaſure, if their Admirers ſhould praiſe any thing of his: *Nam quos contemnimus, eorum quoque laudes contemnimus.* There are ſo few who write well in this Age, ſaid *Crites*, that methinks any praiſes ſhould be welcome; they neither riſe to the Dignity of the laſt Age, nor to any of the Ancients; and we may cry out of the Writers of this time, with more reaſon than *Petronius* of his, *Pace veſtrâ liceat dixiſſe, primi omnium eloquentiam perdidiſtis:* you have debauched the true old Poetry ſo far, that Nature, which is the Soul of it, is not in any of your Writings.

If your quarrel (ſaid *Eugenius*) to thoſe who now write, be grounded only on your Reverence to Antiquity, there is no Man more ready to adore thoſe great *Greeks* and *Romans* than I am: but on the other ſide, I cannot think ſo contemptibly of the Age in which I live, or ſo diſhonourably of my own Countrey, as not to judge we equal the Ancients in moſt kinds of Poeſie, and in ſome ſurpaſs them; neither know I any reaſon why I may not be as zealous for the Reputation of our Age, as we find the Ancients themſelves were in reference to thoſe who lived before them. For you hear your *Horace* ſaying,

Indignor quidquam reprehendi, non quia craſsè
Compoſitum, illepidéve putetur, ſed quia nuper.

And after,

Si meliora dies, ut vina, poemata reddit,
Scire velim pretium chartis quotus arroget annus?

But I ſee I am ingaging in a wide Diſpute, where the Arguments are not like to reach cloſe on either ſide; for Poeſie is of ſo large an extent, and ſo many both of the Ancients and Moderns have done well in all kinds of it, that in citing one againſt the other, we ſhall take up more time this Evening, than each Man's occaſions will allow him: therefore I would ask *Crites* to what part of Poeſie he would confine his Arguments, and whether he would defend the general cauſe of the Ancients againſt the Moderns, or oppoſe any Age of the Moderns againſt this of ours.

Crites a little while conſidering upon this Demand, told *Eugenius* that if he pleaſed, he would limit their Diſpute to *Dramatick Poeſie*; in which he thought it not difficult to prove, either that the Ancients were ſuperiour to the Moderns, or the laſt Age to this of ours.

Eugenius was ſomewhat ſurpriz'd, when he heard *Crites* make choice of that Subject; for ought I ſee, ſaid he, I have undertaken a harder Province than I imagin'd; for though I never judg'd the Plays of the

Greek

Greek or *Roman* Poets comparable to ours; yet on the other ſide, thoſe we now ſee acted, come ſhort of many which were written in the laſt Age: but my comfort is, if we are o'ercome, it will be only by our own Country-men: and if we yield to them in this one part of Poeſie, we more ſurpaſs them in all the other; for in the Epique or Lyrick way it will be hard for them to ſhew us one ſuch amongſt them, as we have many now living, or who lately were. They can produce nothing ſo courtly writ, or which expreſſes ſo much the Converſation of a Gentleman, as Sir *John Suckling*; nothing ſo even, ſweet, and flowing as Mr. *Waller*: nothing ſo Majeſtick, ſo correct, as Sir *John Denham*; nothing ſo elevated, ſo copious, and full of Spirit, as Mr. *Cowley*: as for the *Italian*, *French*, and *Spaniſh* Plays, I can make it evident, that thoſe who now write, ſurpaſs them; and that the *Drama* is wholly ours.

All of them were thus far of *Eugenius* his Opinion, that the ſweetneſs of *Engliſh* Verſe was never underſtood or practis'd by our Fathers; even *Crites* himſelf did not much oppoſe it: and every one was willing to acknowledge how much our Poeſie is improv'd, by the happineſs of ſome Writers yet living; who firſt taught us to mould our thoughts into eaſie and ſignificant words; to retrench the ſuperfluities of expreſſion, and to make our Rhyme ſo properly a part of the Verſe, that it ſhould never miſ-lead the ſence, but it ſelf be led and govern'd by it.

Eugenius was going to continue this Diſcourſe, when *Liſideius* told him that it was neceſſary, before they proceeded further, to take a ſtanding meaſure of their Controverſie; for how was it poſſible to be decided who writ the beſt Plays, before we know what a Play ſhould be? but, this once agreed on by both Parties, each might have recourſe to it, either to prove his own advantages, or to diſcover the failings of his Adverſary.

He had no ſooner ſaid this, but all deſir'd the favour of him to give the definition of a Play; and they were the more importunate, becauſe neither *Ariſtotle*, nor *Horace*, nor any other, who had writ of that Subject, had ever done it.

Liſideius, after ſome modeſt Denials, at laſt confeſs'd he had a rude Notion of it; indeed rather a Deſcription than a Definition: but which ſerv'd to guide him in his private thoughts, when he was to make a Judgment of what others writ: That he conceiv'd a Play ought to be, *A juſt and lively Image of Humane Nature, repreſenting its Paſſions and Humours, and the Changes of Fortune to which it is ſubject; for the Delight and Inſtruction of Mankind.*

This Definition, though *Crites* rais'd a Logical Objection againſt it; that it was only *à genere & fine*, and ſo not altogether perfect; was yet well received by the reſt: and after they had given order to the Water-men to turn their Barge, and row ſoftly, that they might take the cool of the Evening in their return; *Crites*, being deſired by the Company to begin, ſpoke on behalf of the Ancients, in this manner.

If

If Confidence preſage a Victory, *Eugenius*, in his own Opinion, has already triumphed over the Ancients; nothing ſeems more eaſie to him, than to overcome thoſe whom it is our greateſt Praiſe to have imitated well: for we do not only build upon their foundations; but by their Models. *Dramatique Poeſie* had time enough reckoning from *Theſpis* (who firſt invented it) to *Ariſtophanes*, to be born, to grow up, and to flouriſh in Maturity. It has been obſerved of Arts and Sciences, that in one and the ſame Century they have arriv'd to great Perfection; and no wonder, ſince every Age has a kind of Univerſal Genius, which inclines thoſe that live in it to ſome particular Studies: the Work then being puſh'd on by many hands, muſt of neceſſity go forward.

Is it not evident, in theſe laſt hundred years (when the Study of Philoſophy has been the buſineſs of all the *Virtuoſi* in *Chriſtendome*) that almoſt a New Nature has been reveal'd to us? that more Errors of the School have been detected, more uſeful Experiments in Philoſophy have been made, more Noble Secrets in Opticks, Medicine, Anatomy, Aſtronomy, diſcover'd, than in all thoſe credulous and doting Ages from *Ariſtotle* to us? So true it is, that nothing ſpreads more faſt than Science, when rightly and generally cultivated.

Add to this, the more than common Emulation that was in thoſe times of writing well; which though it be found in all Ages and all Perſons that pretend to the ſame Reputation; yet Poeſie being then in more Eſteem than now it is, had greater Honours decreed to the Profeſſours of it; and conſequently the Rival-ſhip was more high between them; they had Judges ordain'd to decide their Merit, and Prizes to reward it: and Hiſtorians have been diligent to record of *Eſchylus*, *Euripides*, *Sophocles*, *Lycophron*, and the reſt of them, both who they were that vanquiſh'd in theſe Wars of the Theater, and how often they were crown'd; while the *Aſian* Kings and *Grecian* Common-wealths ſcarce afforded them a Nobler Subject than the unmanly Luxuries of a Debauch'd Court, or giddy Intrigues of a Factious City. *Alit æmulatio ingenia* (ſaith *Paterculus*) *& nunc invidia, nunc admiratio incitationem accendit*: Emulation is the Spur of Wit, and ſometimes Envy, ſometimes Admiration quickens our Endeavours.

But now ſince the Rewards of Honour are taken away, that vertuous Emulation is turn'd into direct Malice; yet ſo ſlothful, that it contents it ſelf to condemn and cry down others, without attempting to do better: 'Tis a Reputation too unprofitable, to take the neceſſary pains for it; yet wiſhing they had it, that deſire is incitement enough to hinder others from it. And this, in ſhort, *Eugenius*, is the reaſon, why you have now ſo few good Poets; and ſo many ſevere Judges: Certainly, to imitate the Ancients well, much Labour and long Study is required: which pains, I have already ſhewn, our Poets would want incouragement to take, if yet they had Ability to go through the Work. Thoſe Ancients have been faithful Imitators, and wiſe Obſervers of that Nature

ture which is ſo torn and ill repreſented in our Plays; they have handed down to us a perfect Reſemblance of her; which we, like ill Copyers, neglecting to look on, have rendred monſtrous, and disfigur'd. But, that you may know how much you are indebted to thoſe your Maſters, and be aſhamed to have ſo ill requited them: I muſt remember you, that all the Rules by which we practiſe the *Drama* at this day, (either ſuch as relate to the Juſtneſs and Symmetry of the Plot; or the Epiſodical Ornaments, ſuch as Deſcriptions, Narrations, and other Beauties, which are not eſſential to the Play;) were delivered to us from the Obſervations which *Ariſtotle* made, of thoſe Poets, who either liv'd before him, or were his Contemporaries: we have added nothing of our own, except we have the Confidence to ſay our Wit is better; Of which none boaſt in this our Age, but ſuch as underſtand not theirs. Of that Book which *Ariſtotle* has left us, περὶ τῆς Ποιητικῆς *Horace* his Art of Poetry is an excellent Comment, and, I believe, reſtores to us that ſecond Book of his concerning Comedy, which is wanting in him.

Out of theſe two have been extracted the Famous Rules which the *French* call, *Des Trois Unitez*, or, The Three Unities, which ought to be obſerv'd in every regular Play; namely, of Time, Place, and Action.

The Unity of Time they comprehend in 24 hours, the compaſs of a Natural Day; or as near it as can be contriv'd: and the reaſon of it is obvious to every one, that the time of the feigned Action, or Fable of the Play, ſhould be proportion'd as near as can be to the duration of that time in which it is repreſented; ſince therefore all Plays are Acted on the Theater in a ſpace of time much within the compaſs of 24 hours, that Play is to be thought the neareſt Imitation of Nature, whoſe Plot or Action is confin'd within that time; and, by the ſame Rule which concludes this general proportion of time, it follows, that all the parts of it are (as near as may be) to be equally ſub-divided; namely, that one Act take not up the ſuppos'd time of half a day; which is out of proportion to the reſt: ſince the other four are then to be ſtraightned with the compaſs of the remaining half; for it is unnatural, that one Act, which being ſpoke or written, is not longer than the reſt, ſhould be ſuppos'd longer by the Audience; 'tis therefore the Poet's Duty, to take care that no Act ſhould be imagin'd to exceed the time in which it is repreſented on the Stage; and that the Intervals and Inequalities of time be ſuppos'd to fall out between the Acts.

This Rule of Time how well it has been obſerv'd by the Ancients, moſt of their Plays will witneſs; you ſee them in their Tragedies (wherein to follow this Rule, is certainly moſt difficult) from the very beginning of their Plays, falling cloſe into that part of the Story which they intend for the Action or principal Object of it: leaving the former part to be delivered by Narration; ſo that they ſet the Audience, as it were, at the Poſt where the Race is to be concluded: and, ſaving

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them the tedious expectation of ſeeing the Poet ſet out and ride the beginning of the Courſe, they ſuffer you not to behold him, till he is in ſight of the Goal, and juſt upon you.

For the Second Unity, which is that of Place, the Antients meant by it, That the Scene ought to be continued through the Play, in the ſame place where it was laid in the beginning: for the Stage, on which it is repreſented, being but one and the ſame place, it is unnatural to conceive it many; and thoſe far diſtant from one another. I will not deny, but by the variation of painted Scenes, the Fancy (which in theſe caſes will contribute to its own Deceit) may ſometimes imagine it ſeveral Places, with ſome Appearance of Probability; yet it ſtill carries the greater likelihood of Truth, if thoſe places be ſuppos'd ſo near each other, as in the ſame Town or City, which may all be comprehended under the larger Denomination of one Place: for a greater diſtance will bear no proportion to the ſhortneſs of time, which is alloted in the Acting, to paſs from one of them to another; for the Obſervation of this, next to the Ancients, the *French* are to be moſt commended. They tye themſelves ſo ſtrictly to the Unity of Place, that you never ſee in any of their Plays, a Scene chang'd in the middle of an Act: if the Act begins in a Garden, a Street, or Chamber, 'tis ended in the ſame place; and that you may know it to be the ſame, the Stage is ſo ſupplied with Perſons, that it is never empty all the time: he who enters ſecond has buſineſs with him who was on before; and before the ſecond quits the Stage, a third appears who has buſineſs with him.

This *Corneille* calls *La Liaiſon des Scenes*, the continuity or joyning of the Scenes; and 'tis a good mark of a well contriv'd Play when all the Perſons are known to each other, and every one of them has ſome Affairs with all the reſt.

As for the third Unity, which is that of Action, the Ancients meant no other by it than what the Logicians do by their *Finis*, the End or Scope of any Action: that which is the firſt in Intention, and laſt in Execution: now the Poet is to aim at one great and compleat Action, to the carrying on of which all things in his Play, even the very Obſtacles, are to be ſubſervient; and the reaſon of this is as evident as any of the former.

For two Actions equally labour'd and driven on by the Writer, would deſtroy the Unity of the Poem; it would be no longer one Play, but two: not but that there may be many Actions in a Play, as *Ben. Johnſon* has obſerv'd in his Diſcoveries; but they muſt be all ſubſervient to the great one, which our Language happily expreſſes in the name of Under-plots: ſuch as in *Terence*'s *Eunuch* is the difference and reconcilement of *Thais* and *Phædria*, which is not the chief Buſineſs of the Play, but promotes the Marriage of *Chærea* and *Chremes*'s Siſter, principally intended by the Poet. There ought to be but one Action, ſays *Corneille*, that is, one compleat Action which leaves the Mind of the Audience

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in a full repoſe: but this cannot be brought to paſs, but by many other imperfect Actions which conduce to it, and hold the Audience in a delightful ſuſpence of what will be.

If by theſe Rules (to omit many other drawn from the Precepts and Practice of the Ancients) we ſhould judge our modern Plays; 'tis probable, that few of them would endure the Tryal: that which ſhould be the buſineſs of a day, takes up in ſome of them an Age; inſtead of one Action they are the Epitomes of a Man's Life; and for one ſpot of ground (which the Stage ſhould repreſent) we are ſometimes in more Countries than the Map can ſhew us.

But if we will allow the Ancients to have contriv'd well, we muſt acknowledge them to have written better; queſtionleſs we are deprived of a great ſtock of Wit in the loſs of *Menander* amongſt the *Greek* Poets, and of *Cæcilius*, *Affranius*, and *Varius* among the *Romans*: we may gueſs at *Menander*'s Excellency, by the Plays of *Terence*, who tranſlated ſome of them: and yet wanted ſo much of him, that he was called by *C. Cæſar* the Half-*Menander*; and may judge of *Varius*, by the Teſtimonies of *Horace*, *Martial*, and *Velleius Paterculus*: 'Tis probable that theſe, could they be recover'd, would decide the Controverſie; but ſo long as *Ariſtophanes* and *Plautus* are extant; while the Tragedies of *Euripides*, *Sophocles*, and *Seneca* are in our hands, I can never ſee one of thoſe Plays which are now written, but it encreaſes my admiration of the Ancients; and yet I muſt acknowledge further, that to admire them as we ought, we ſhould underſtand them better than we do. Doubtleſs many things appear flat to us, the Wit of which depended on ſome Cuſtom or Story which never came to our Knowledge, or perhaps on ſome Criticiſm in their Language, which being ſo long dead, and only remaining in their Books, 'tis not poſſible they ſhould make us underſtand perfectly. To read *Macrobius*, explaining the Propriety and Elegancy of many words in *Virgil*, which I had before paſs'd over without conſideration, as common things, is enough to aſſure me that I ought to think the ſame of *Terence*; and that in the purity of his Style (which *Tully* ſo much valued, that he ever carried his Works about him) there is yet left in him great room for Admiration, if I knew but where to place it. In the mean time, I muſt deſire you to take notice, that the greateſt Man of the laſt Age (*Ben. Johnſon*) was willing to give place to them in all things: He was not only a profeſs'd Imitatour of *Horace*, but a learned Plagiary of all the others; you track him every where in their Snow: If *Horace*, *Lucan*, *Petronius Arbiter*, *Seneca*, and *Juvenal*, had their own from him, there are few ſerious thoughts which are new in him; you will pardon me therefore if I preſume he lov'd their Faſhion when he wore their Clothes. But ſince I have otherwiſe a great Veneration for him, and you, *Eugenius*, prefer him above all other Poets, I will uſe no farther Arguments to you than his Example: I will produce before you Father *Ben.* dreſs'd in all the Ornaments and Colours of the Ancients, you will need no other Guide to our Party if you fol-

low him; and whether you conſider the bad Plays of our Age, or regard the good Plays of the laſt, both the beſt and worſt of the modern Poets will equally inſtruct you to admire the Ancients.

Crites had no ſooner left ſpeaking, but *Eugenius*, who had waited with ſome Impatience for it, thus began:

I have obſerv'd in your Speech, that the former part of it is convincing, as to what the Moderns have profited by the Rules of the Ancients; but in the latter you are careful to conceal how much they have excell'd them: we own all the Helps we have from them, and want neither Veneration nor Gratitude while we acknowledge, that to overcome them we muſt make uſe of the Advantages we have received from them; but to theſe Aſſiſtances we have join'd our own Induſtry; for (had we ſate down with a dull Imitation of them) we might then have loſt ſomewhat of the old Perfection, but never acquir'd any that was new. We draw not therefore after their Lines, but thoſe of Nature; and having the Life before us, beſides the Experience of all they knew, it is no wonder if we hit ſome Airs and Features which they have miſs'd; I deny not what you urge of Arts and Sciences, that they have flouriſhed in ſome Ages more than others; but your Inſtance in Philoſophy makes for me: for if Natural Cauſes be more known now than in the time of *Ariſtotle*, becauſe more ſtudied, it follows, that Poeſie and other Arts may with the ſame pains arrive ſtill nearer to Perfection, and, that granted, it will reſt for you to prove, that they wrought more perfect Images of Humane Life, than we; which, ſeeing in your Diſcourſe you have avoided to make good, it ſhall now be my task to ſhew you ſome part of their defects, and ſome few Excellencies of the Moderns; and I think there is none among us can imagine I do it enviouſly, or with purpoſe to detract from them; for what Intereſt of Fame or Profit can the living loſe by the reputation of the dead? on the other ſide, it is a great Truth which *Velleius Paterculus* affirms, *Audita viſis libentius laudamus; & præſentia invidiâ, præterita admiratione proſequimur; & his nos obrui, illis inſtrui credimus:* That Praiſe or Cenſure is certainly the moſt ſincere which unbrib'd Poſterity ſhall give us.

Be pleaſed then, in the firſt place, to take notice, that the *Greek* Poeſie, which *Crites* has affirm'd to have arriv'd to perfection in the Reign of the old Comedy, was ſo far from it, that the diſtinction of it into Acts was not known to them; or if it were, it is yet ſo darkly deliver'd to us, that we cannot make it out.

All we know of it is from the ſinging of their Chorus, and that too is ſo uncertain, that in ſome of their Plays we have reaſon to conjecture they ſung more than five times: *Ariſtotle* indeed divides the Integral parts of a Play into four: Firſt, the *Protaſis*, or Entrance, which gives light only to the Characters of the Perſons, and proceeds very little into any part of the Action: Secondly, the *Epitaſis*, or working up of the Plot where the Play grows warmer: the Deſign or Action of it is drawing

ing on, and you ſee ſomething promiſing that it will come to paſs: Thirdly, the *Cataſtaſis*, call'd by the *Romans*, *Status*, the Heighth, and full Growth of the Play: we may call it properly the Counter-turn, which deſtroys that Expectation, imbroils the Action in new difficulties, and leaves you far diſtant from that hope in which it found you, as you may have obſerv'd in a violent ſtream, reſiſted by a narrow paſſage; it runs round to an Eddy, and carries back the Waters with more ſwiftneſs than it brought them on: Laſtly, the *Cataſtrophe*, which the *Grecians* call'd λύσις, the *French*, *le denouement*, and we, the diſcovery or unravelling of the Plot: there you ſee all things ſetling again upon their firſt Foundations, and the Obſtacles which hindred the Deſign or Action of the Play once remov'd, it ends with that reſemblance of Truth and Nature, that the Audience are ſatisfied with the Conduct of it. Thus this great Man deliver'd to us the Image of a Play, and I muſt confeſs it is ſo lively, that from thence much light has been deriv'd to the forming it more perfectly into Acts and Scenes; but what Poet firſt limited to five the number of the Acts I know not; only we ſee it ſo firmly eſtabliſh'd in the time of *Horace*, that he gives it for a Rule in Comedy; *Neu brevior quinto, neu ſit productior actu:* So that you ſee the *Grecians* cannot be ſaid to have conſummated this Art; writing rather by Entrances, than by Acts, and having rather a general indigeſted Notion of a Play, than knowing how and where to beſtow the particular Graces of it.

But ſince the *Spaniards* at this day allow but three Acts, which they call *Jornadas*, to a Play; and the *Italians* in many of theirs follow them, when I condemn the Ancients, I declare it is not altogether becauſe they have not five Acts to every Play, but becauſe they have not confin'd themſelves to one certain Number; 'tis building an Houſe without a Model: and when they ſucceeded in ſuch Undertakings, they ought to have ſacrific'd to Fortune, not to the Muſes.

Next, for the Plot, which *Ariſtotle* call'd τὸ μυθός, and often τῶν πραγμάτων σύνθεσις, and from him the *Romans Fabula*, it has already been judiciouſly obſerv'd by a late Writer, that in their Tragedies it was only ſome Tale deriv'd from *Thebes* or *Troy*, or at leaſt ſome thing that happen'd in thoſe two Ages; which was worn ſo thred-bare by the Pens of all the Epique Poets, and even by Tradition it ſelf of the Talkative *Greeklings* (as *Ben. Johnſon* calls them) that before it came upon the Stage, it was already known to all the Audience: and the People, ſo ſoon as ever they heard the Name of *Oedipus*, knew as well as the Poet, that he had kill'd his Father by a miſtake, and committed Inceſt with his Mother before the Play; that they were now to hear of a great Plague, an Oracle, and the Ghoſt of *Laius*: ſo that they ſate with a yawning kind of expectation, till he was to come with his Eyes pull'd out, and ſpeak a hundred or more Verſes in a Tragick Tone, in complaint of his Misfortunes. But one *Oedipus*, *Hercules*, or *Medea*, had been tolerable; poor People they ſcap'd not ſo good cheap: they

had ſtill the *Chapon Bouillé* ſet before them, till their appetites were cloy'd with the ſame diſh, and the Novelty being gone, the pleaſure vaniſh'd: ſo that one main end of *Dramatique Poeſie* in its Definition, which was to cauſe Delight, was of conſequence deſtroy'd.

In their Comedies, The Romans generally borrow'd their Plots from the Greek Poets; and theirs was commonly a little Girl ſtollen or wandred from her Parents, brought back unknown to the City, there got with child by ſome lewd young fellow; who, by the help of his ſervant, cheats his father, and when her time comes, to cry *Juno Lucina fer opem*; one or other ſees a little Box or Cabinet which was carried away with her, and ſo diſcovers her to her friends, if ſome God do not prevent it, by coming down in a Machine, and taking the thanks of it to himſelf.

By the Plot you may gueſs much of the Characters of the Perſons. An Old Father who would willingly before he dies, ſee his Son well married; his Debauch'd Son, kind in his Nature to his Miſtreſs, but miſerably in want of Money; a Servant or Slave, who has ſo much Wit to ſtrike in with him, and help to dupe his Father, a Braggadochio Captain, a Paraſite, and a Lady of Pleaſure.

As for the poor honeſt Maid, on whom the Story is built, and who ought to be one of the principal Actors in the Play, ſhe is commonly a Mute in it: She has the breeding of the Old *Elizabeth* way, which was for Maids to be ſeen and not to be heard; and it is enough you know ſhe is willing to be married, when the Fifth Act requires it.

Theſe are Plots built after the Italian Mode of Houſes, you ſee through them all at once; the Characters are indeed the Imitations of Nature, but ſo narrow as if they had imitated only an Eye or an Hand, and did not dare to venture on the lines of a Face, or the proportion of a Body.

But in how ſtraight a compaſs ſoever they have bounded their Plots and Characters, we will paſs it by, if they have regularly purſued them, and perfectly obſerv'd thoſe three Unities of Time, Place, and Action: the knowledge of which you ſay is deriv'd to us from them. But in the firſt place give me leave to tell you, that the Unity of Place, how ever it might be practiſed by them, was never any of their Rules: We neither find it in *Ariſtotle*, *Horace*, or any who have written of it, till in our Age the French Poets firſt made it a Precept of the Stage. The Unity of Time, even *Terence* himſelf (who was the beſt and moſt regular of them) has neglected: His *Heautontimoroumenos* or Self-puniſher takes up viſibly two days; ſays *Scaliger*, the two firſt Acts concluding the firſt day, the three laſt the day enſuing; and *Eurypides*, in tying himſelf to one day, has committed an abſurdity never to be forgiven him: for in one of his Tragedies he has made *Theſeus* go from *Athens* to *Thebes*, which was about 40 Engliſh miles, under the walls of it to give battel, and appear victorious in the next Act; and yet from the time of his departure to the return of the *Nuntius*, who gives the relation of his Victory, *Æthra* and the Chorus have but 36 Verſes; which is not for every Mile a Verſe.

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The like errour is as evident in *Terence* his Eunuch, when *Laches*, the old man, enters by miſtake into the houſe of *Thais*, where betwixt his Exit and the entrance of *Pythias*, who comes to give ample relation of the diſorders he has rais'd within, *Parmeno* who was left upon the Stage, has not above five lines to ſpeak: *C'eſt bien employer un temps ſi court*, ſays the French Poet, who furniſh'd me with one of the obſervations: And almoſt all their Tragedies will afford us examples of the like nature.

'Tis true, they have kept the continuity, or as you call'd it, *Liaiſon des Scenes* ſomewhat better: two do not perpetually come in together, talk, and go out together; and other two ſucceed them, and do the ſame throughout the Act, which the Engliſh call by the name of ſingle Scenes; but the reaſon is, becauſe they have ſeldom above two or three Scenes, properly ſo call'd, in every Act; for it is to be accounted a new Scene, not only every time the Stage is empty, but every perſon who enters, tho' to others, makes it ſo; becauſe he introduces a new buſineſs: Now the Plots of their Plays being narrow, and the perſons few, one of their Acts was written in a leſs compaſs than one of our well-wrought Scenes, and yet they are often deficient even in this: To go no further than *Terence*, you find in the Eunuch *Antipho* entring ſingle in the midſt of the third Act, after *Chremes* and *Pythias* were gone off: In the ſame Play you have likewiſe *Dorias* beginning the fourth Act alone; and after ſhe has made a relation of what was done at the Soldiers entertainment (which by the way was very inartificial) becauſe ſhe was preſum'd to ſpeak directly to the Audience, and to acquaint them with what was neceſſary to be known, but yet ſhould have been ſo contriv'd by the Poet as to have been told by perſons of the *Drama* to one another, (and ſo by them to have come to the knowledge of the people) ſhe quits the Stage, and *Phœdria* enters next, alone likewiſe: He alſo gives you an account of himſelf, and of his returning from the Country in *Monologue*, to which unnatural way of narration *Terence* is ſubject in all his Plays: In his *Adelphi* or Brothers, *Syrus* and *Demea* enter; after the Scene was broken by the departure of *Soſtrata*, *Geta* and *Canthara*; and indeed you can ſcarce look into any of his Comedies, where you will not preſently diſcover the ſame interruption.

But as they have fail'd both in laying of their Plots, and in the management, ſwerving from the Rules of their own Art, by miſ-repreſenting Nature to us, in which they have ill ſatisfied one intention of a Play, which was delight, ſo in the inſtructive part they have err'd worſe: inſtead of puniſhing Vice, and rewarding Vertue, they have often ſhewn a Proſperous Wickedneſs, and an Unhappy Piety: They have ſet before us a bloody image of revenge in *Medea*, and given her Dragons to convey her ſafe from puniſhment: A *Priam* and *Aſtyanax* murder'd, and *Caſſandra* raviſh'd, and the Luſt and Murder ending in the victory of him who acted them: In ſhort, there is no indecorum in any of our modern Plays, which if I would excuſe, I could not ſhadow with ſome Authority from the Ancients.

And

And one farther Note of them let me leave you: Tragedies and Comedies were not writ then as they are now, promiſcuouſly, by the ſame perſon; but he who found his genius bending to the one, never attempted the other way. This is ſo plain, that I need not inſtance to you, that *Ariſtophanes*, *Plautus*, *Terence*, never any of them writ a Tragedy; *Æſchylus*, *Euripides*, *Sophocles* and *Seneca*, never medled with Comedy: the Sock and Buskin were not worn by the ſame Poet: having then ſo much care to excel in one kind, very little is to be pardon'd them if they miſcarried in it; and this would lead me to the conſideration of their Wit, had not *Crites* given me ſufficient warning not to be too bold in my judgment of it; becauſe the Languages being dead, and many of the Cuſtoms, and little accidents on which it depended, loſt to us, we are not competent Judges of it. But tho' I grant, that here and there we may miſs the application of a Proverb or a Cuſtom, yet a thing well ſaid will be Wit in all Languages; and tho' it may loſe ſomething in the Tranſlation, yet to him who reads it in the Original, 'tis ſtill the ſame; He has an Idea of its excellency, tho' it cannot paſs from his mind into any other expreſſion or words than thoſe in which he finds it. When *Phædria* in the Eunuch had a command from his Miſtreſs to be abſent two days, and encouraging himſelf to go through with it, ſaid, *Tandem ego non illâ caream, ſi opus ſit, vel totum triduum? Parmeno*, to mock the ſoftneſs of his Maſter, lifting up his hands and eyes, cries out as it were in admiration, *Hui! univerſum triduum!* the elegancy of which *univerſum*, tho' it cannot be rendred in our Language, yet leaves an impreſſion on our Souls: but this happens ſeldom in him, in *Plautus* oftner; who is infinitely too bold in his Metaphors and coyning words; out of which many times his Wit is nothing, which queſtionleſs was one reaſon why *Horace* falls upon him ſo ſeverely in thoſe Verſes:

Sed Proavi noſtri Plautinos & numeros, &
Laudavere ſales, nimium patienter utrumque,
Ne dicam ſtolidè.

For *Horace* himſelf was cautious to obtrude a new word on his Readers, and makes cuſtom and common uſe the beſt meaſure of receiving it into our Writings.

Multa renaſcentur quæ nunc cecidere, cadentq;
Quæ nunc ſunt in honore vocabula, ſi volet uſus,
Quem penes, arbitrium eſt, & jus, & norma loquendi.

The not obſerving this Rule is that which the World has blam'd in our Satyriſt *Cleveland*; to expreſs a thing hard and unnaturally, is his new way of Elocution: 'Tis true, no Poet but may ſometimes uſe a *Catachreſis*; *Virgil* does it,

Miſtaque ridenti Colocaſia fundet Acantho.

In

In his Eclogue of *Pollio*, and in his 7th *Æneid*,

Mirantur & undæ,
Miratur nemus, inſuetum fulgentia longe,
Scuta virum fluvio, pictaſq; innare carinas.

And *Ovid* once ſo modeſtly, that he asks leave to do it,

Si verbo audacia detur,
Haud metuam ſummi dixiſſe Palatia cœli.

Calling the Court of *Jupiter* by the name of *Auguſtus* his Pallace, tho' in another place he is more bold, where he ſays, *Et longas viſent Capitolia pompas.* But to do this always, and never be able to write a line without it, tho' it may be admir'd by ſome few Pedants, will not paſs upon thoſe who know that Wit is beſt convey'd to us in the moſt eaſie language; and is moſt to be admir'd when a great thought comes dreſt in words ſo commonly receiv'd, that it is underſtood by the meaneſt apprehenſions, as the beſt Meat is the moſt eaſily digeſted: but we cannot read a Verſe of *Cleveland*'s without making a face at it, as if every word were a Pill to ſwallow: he gives us many times a hard Nut to break our Teeth, without a Kernel for our pains. So that there is this difference betwixt his *Satyrs* and Doctor *Donn*'s, That the one gives us deep thoughts in common language, tho' rough cadence; the other gives us common thoughts in abſtruſe words: 'tis true, in ſome places his Wit is independent of his Words, as in that of the Rebel *Scot*:

Had Cain *been* Scot, *God would have chang'd his doom;*
Not forc'd him wander, but confin'd him home.

Si ſic, omnia dixiſſet! This is Wit in all Languages: 'tis like Mercury, never to be loſt or kill'd: And ſo that other,

For Beauty, like White-Powder, makes no noiſe,
And yet the ſilent Hypocrite deſtroys.

You ſee the laſt line is highly Metaphorical, but it is ſo ſoft and gentle that it does not ſhock us as we read it.

But, to return from whence I have digreſs'd, to the conſideration of the Ancients Writing and their Wit, (of which, by this time, you will grant us in ſome meaſure to be fit Judges,) Tho' I ſee many excellent thoughts in *Seneca*, yet he, of them who had a Genius moſt proper for the Stage, was *Ovid*; he had a way of writing ſo fit to ſtir up a pleaſing admiration and concernment, which are the objects of a Tragedy,

gedy, and to shew the various movements of a Soul combating betwixt two different Passions, that had he liv'd in our Age, or in his own, could have writ with our Advantages, no Man but must have yielded to him; and therefore I am confident the *Medea* is none of his; for though I esteem it for the Gravity and Sententiousness of it, which he himself concludes to be suitable to a Tragedy, *Omne genus scripti gravitate Tragœdia vincit*, yet it moves not my Soul enough to judge that he, who in the Epique way wrote things so near the *Drama*, as the Story of *Myrrha*, of *Caunus* and *Biblis*, and the rest, should stir up no more concernment where he most endeavour'd it. The Master-piece of *Seneca* I hold to be that Scene in the *Troades*, where *Ulysses* is seeking for *Astyanax* to kill him; There you see the Tenderness of a Mother, so represented in *Andromache*, that it raises compassion to a high degree in the Reader, and bears the neareſt resemblance of any thing in the Tragedies of the Ancients, to the excellent Scenes of Passion in *Shakespear*, or in *Fletcher*: for Love-Scenes you will find few among them, their Tragick Poets dealt not with that soft Passion, but with Lust, Cruelty, Revenge, Ambition, and those bloody Actions they produc'd; which were more capable of raising Horrour than Compassion in an Audience: leaving Love untouch'd, whose Gentleness would have temper'd them, which is the most frequent of all the Passions, and which being the private concernment of every Person, is sooth'd by viewing its own Image in a publick Entertainment.

Among their Comedies, we find a Scene or two of Tenderness, and that where you would least expect it, in *Plautus*; but to speak generally, their Lovers says little, when they see each other, but *anima mea, vita mea*; ζωὴ καὶ ψυχὴ, as the Women in *Juvenal*'s time us'd to cry out in the fury of their Kindness: Any sudden gust of Passion (as an Ecstasie of Love in an unexpected meeting) cannot better be express'd than in a word, and a sigh, breaking one another. Nature is dumb on such occasions, and to make her speak, would be to represent her unlike her self. But there are a thousand other concernments of Lovers, as Jealousies, Complaints, Contrivances, and the like, where not to open their minds at large to each other, were to be wanting to their own Love, and to the expectation of the Audience; who watch the movements of their Minds, as much as the changes of their Fortunes. For the imagining of the first is properly the work of a Poet, the latter he borrows from the Historian.

Eugenius was proceeding in that part of his Discourse, when *Crites* interrupted him. I see, said he, *Eugenius* and I are never like to have this Question decided betwixt us; for he maintains the Moderns have acquir'd a new Perfection in Writing, I can only grant they have alter-ed the mode of it. *Homer* describ'd his Heroes, Men of great Appetites, Lovers of Beef broil'd upon the coals, and good fellows; contrary to the practice of the *French* Romances, whose Heroes neither eat,

eat, nor drink, nor sleep for love. *Virgil* makes *Æneas* a bold Avower of his own Virtues,

Sum pius Æneas famâ super æthera notus;

which in the civility of our Poets is the Character of a Fanfaron or Hector: for with us the Knight takes occasion to walk out, or sleep, to avoid the vanity of telling his own Story, which the trusty Squire is ever to perform for him. So in their Love-Scenes, of which *Eugenius* spoke last, the Ancients were more hearty, we more talkative: they writ Love as it was then the Mode to make it, and I will grant this much to *Eugenius*, that perhaps one of their Poets, had he liv'd in our Age,

Si foret hoc nostrum fato delapsus in ævum,

(as *Horace* says of *Lucilius*) he had alter'd many things; not that they were not natural before, but that he might accommodate himself to the Age in which he liv'd; yet in the mean time we are not to conclude any thing rashly against those great Men, but preserve to them the Dignity of Masters, and give that Honor to their Memories, (*Quos libitina sacravit;*) part of which we expect may be paid to us in future times.

This Moderation of *Crites*, as it was pleasing to all the Company, so it put an end to that Dispute; which, *Eugenius*, who seem'd to have the better of the Argument, would urge no farther: but *Lisideius*, after he had acknowledg'd himself of *Eugenius* his Opinion, concerning the Ancients; yet told him he had forborn, till his Discourse were ended, to ask him, why he prefer'd the *English* Plays above those of other Nations? And whether we ought not to submit our Stage to the Exactness of our next Neighbours?

Tho', said *Eugenius*, I am at all times ready to defend the Honour of my Country against the *French*, and to maintain, we are as well able to vanquish them with our Pens as our Ancestors have been with their Swords; yet, if you please, added he, looking upon *Neander*, I will commit this Cause to my Friend's management; his Opinion of our Plays is the same with mine: and besides, there is no reason, that *Crites* and I, who have now left the Stage, should re-enter so suddenly upon it; which is against the Laws of Comedy.

If the Question had been stated, replied *Lisideius*, who had writ best, the *French* or *English* forty years ago, I should have been of your Opinion, and adjudg'd the Honor to our own Nation; but since that time, (said he, turning towards *Neander*) we have been so long together bad *Englishmen*, that we had not leisure to be good Poets; *Beaumont*, *Fletcher*, and *Johnson* (who were only capable of bringing us to that degree of Perfection which we have) were just then leaving the World; as if in an Age of so much Horrour, Wit and those milder Studies of Humanity, had no farther business among us. But the Muses, who ever

follow Peace, went to plant in another Countrey; it was then that the great Cardinal of *Richlieu* began to take them into his protection; and that, by his encouragement, *Corneille* and ſome other French-men reform'd their Theatre, (which before was as much below ours as it now ſurpaſſes it and the reſt of *Europe*;) but becauſe *Crites*, in his Diſcourſe for the Ancients, has prevented me, by obſerving many Rules of the Stage, which the Moderns have borrow'd from them; I ſhall only, in ſhort, demand of you, whether you are not convinc'd that of all Nations the French have beſt obſerv'd them? In the unity of time you find them ſo ſcrupulous, that it yet remains a diſpute among their Poets, whether the artificial day of twelve hours, more or leſs, be not meant by *Ariſtotle*, rather than the natural one of twenty four; and conſequently whether all Plays ought not to be reduc'd into that compaſs? This I can teſtifie, that in all their *Drama*'s writ within theſe laſt twenty Years and upwards, I have not obſerv'd any that have extended the time to thirty hours: in the unity of place they are full as ſcrupulous, for many of their Criticks limit it to that very ſpot of ground where the Play is ſuppos'd to begin; none of them exceed the compaſs of the ſame Town or City.

The unity of Action in all their Plays is yet more conſpicuous, for they do not burden them with Under-plots, as the Engliſh do; which is the reaſon why many Scenes of our Tragi-comedies carry on a deſign that is nothing of kin to the main Plot; and that we ſee two diſtinct Webs in a Play, like thoſe in ill-wrought Stuffs; and two Actions, that is, two Plays carried on together, to the confounding of the Audience; who, before they are warm in their concernments for one part, are diverted to another; and by that means eſpouſe the intereſt of neither. From hence likewiſe it ariſes, that the one half of our Actors are not known to the other. They keep their diſtances as if they were *Mountagues* and *Capulets*, and ſeldom begin an acquaintance till the laſt Scene of the Fifth Act, when they are all to meet upon the Stage. There is no Theatre in the World has any thing ſo abſurd as the Engliſh Tragi-comedy, 'tis a *Drama* of our own invention, and the faſhion of it is enough to proclaim it ſo; here a courſe of Mirth, there another of Sadneſs and paſſion, and a third of Honour and a Duel: Thus in two hours and a half we run through all the fits of *Bedlam*. The French afford you as much variety on the ſame day, but they do it not ſo unſeaſonably, or *mal à propos* as we: Our Poets preſent you the Play and the Farce together; and our Stages ſtill retain ſomewhat of the original civility of the Red-Bull;

Atque iterſum & pugiles media inter carmina poſcunt.

The end of Tragedies or ſerious Plays, ſays *Ariſtotle*, is to beget admiration, compaſſion, or concernment; but are not mirth and com-

paſſion

cannot be ſo juſtly pois'd, but ſome one will be ſuperiour to the reſt; either in parts, fortune, intereſt, or the conſideration of ſome glorious exploit; which will reduce the greateſt part of buſineſs into his hands.

But, if he would have us to imagine, that in exalting one character the reſt of them are neglected, and that all of them have not ſome ſhare or other in the action of the Play, I deſire him to produce any of *Corneille*'s Tragedies, wherein every perſon (like ſo many ſervants in a well-govern'd Family) has not ſome employment, and who is not neceſſary to the carrying on of the Plot, or at leaſt to your underſtanding it.

There are indeed ſome protatick perſons in the Ancients, whom they make uſe of in their Plays, either to hear, or give the Relation: but the French avoid this with great addreſs, making their Narrations only to, or by ſuch, who are ſome way intereſſed in the main deſign. And now I am ſpeaking of Relations, I cannot take a fitter opportunity to add this in favour of the French, that they often uſe them with better judgment and more *a propos* than the Engliſh do. Not that I commend Narrations in general, but there are two ſorts of them; one of thoſe things which are antecedent to the Play, and are related to make the conduct of it more clear to us, but, 'tis a fault to chuſe ſuch Subjects for the Stage as will force us on that Rock; becauſe we ſee they are ſeldom liſtned to by the Audience, and that is many times the ruin of the Play: for, being once let paſs without attention, the Audience can never recover themſelves to underſtand the Plot; and indeed it is ſomewhat unreaſonable, that they ſhould be put to ſo much trouble, as, that to comprehend what paſſes in their ſight, they muſt have recourſe to what was done, perhaps, ten or twenty Years ago.

But there is another ſort of Relations, that is, of things hapning in the Action of the Play, and ſuppos'd to be done behind the Scenes: and this is many times both convenient and beautiful: for, by it the French avoid the tumult, to which we are ſubject in *England*, by repreſenting Duels, Battels, and the like; which renders our Stage too like the Theaters where they fight Prizes. For what is more ridiculous than to repreſent an Army with a Drum and five Men behind it; all which, the Heroe of the other ſide is to drive in before him, or to ſee a Duel fought, and one ſlain with two or three thruſts of the Foyles, which we know are ſo blunted, that we might give a Man an hour to kill another in good earneſt with them.

I have obſerv'd, that in all our Tragedies the Audience cannot forbear laughing when the Actors are to die; 'tis the moſt Comick part of the whole Play. All *Paſſions* may be lively repreſented on the Stage, if to the well-writing of them the Actor ſupplies a good commanded Voice, and Limbs that move eaſily, and without ſtiffneſs; but there are many *Actions* which can never be imitated to a juſt heighth: dying eſpecially is a thing which none but a Roman Gladiator could naturally perform on the Stage when he did not imitate or repreſent, but do it; and therefore it is better to omit the repreſentation of it. The

The words of a good Writer which deſcribe it lively, will make a deeper impreſſion of belief in us than all the Actor can inſinuate into us, when he ſeems to fall dead before us; as a Poet in the deſcription of a beautiful Garden, or a Meadow, will pleaſe our imagination more than the place it ſelf can pleaſe our ſight. When we ſee death repreſented we are convinc'd it is but fiction; but when we hear it related, our eyes (the ſtrongeſt witneſſes) are wanting, which might have undeceiv'd us; and we are all willing to favour the ſleight when the Poet does not too groſly impoſe on us. They therefore who imagine theſe Relations would make no concernment in the Audience, are deceiv'd, by confounding them with the other, which are of things antecedent to the Play; thoſe are made often in cold blood (as I may ſay) to the Audience; but theſe are warm'd with our concernments, which were before awaken'd in the Play. What the Philoſophers ſay of Motion, that, when it is once begun, it continues of it ſelf, and will do ſo to Eternity without ſome ſtop put to it, is clearly true on this occaſion; the Soul being already mov'd with the Characters and Fortunes of thoſe imaginary perſons, continues going of its own accord, and we are no more weary to hear what becomes of them when they are not on the Stage, than we are to liſten to the News of an abſent Miſtreſs. But it is objected, That if one part of the Play may be related, then why not all? I anſwer, Some parts of the action are more fit to be repreſented, ſome to be related. *Corneille* ſays judiciouſly, that the Poet is not oblig'd to expoſe to view all particular actions which conduce to the principal: he ought to ſelect ſuch of them to be ſeen which will appear with the greateſt beauty, either by the magnificence of the ſhow, or the vehemence of paſſions which they produce, or ſome other charm which they have in them, and let the reſt arrive to the Audience by narration. 'Tis a great miſtake in us to believe the French preſent no part of the action on the Stage: every alteration or croſſing of a deſign, every new-ſprung paſſion, and turn of it, is a part of the action, and much the nobleſt, except we conceive nothing to be action till the Players come to blows; as if the painting of the Heroes mind were not more properly the Poets work than the ſtrength of his body. Nor does this any thing contradict the opinion of *Horace*, where he tells us,

Segnius irritant animos demiſſa per aurem,
Quam quæ ſunt oculis ſubjecta fidelibus.——

For he ſays immediately after,

——— Non tamen intus
Digna geri promes in ſcenam, Multaq; tolles
Ex oculis, quæ mox narret facundia præſens.

Among

Among which many he recounts some.

Nec pueros coram populo Medea trucidet,
Aut in avem Progne mutetur, Cadmus in anguem, &c.

That is, those actions which by reason of their cruelty will cause aversion in us, or by reason of their impossibility, unbelief, ought either wholly to be avoided by a Poet, or only deliver'd by narration. To which, we may have leave to add such as to avoid tumult, (as was before hinted) or to reduce the Plot into a more reasonable compass of time, or for defect of Beauty in them, are rather to be related than presented to the Eye. Examples of all these kinds are frequent, not only among all the Ancients, but in the best receiv'd of our English Poets. We find *Ben. Johnson* using them in his Magnetick Lady, where one comes out from Dinner, and relates the quarrels and disorders of it to save the undecent appearance of them on the Stage, and to abbreviate the Story: and this in expres imitation of *Terence*, who had done the same before him in his Eunuch, where *Pythias* makes the like relation of what had happen'd within at the Soldiers entertainment. The relations likewise of *Sejanus*'s death, and the prodigies before it are remarkable; the one of which was hid from sight to avoid the horror and tumult of the representation; the other to shun the introducing of things impossible to be believ'd. In that excellent Play, *The King and no King*, *Fletcher* goes yet farther; for the whole unravelling of the Plot is done by narration in the fifth Act, after the manner of the Ancients; and it moves great concernment in the Audience, tho' it be only a relation of what was done many Years before the Play. I could multiply other instances, but these are sufficient to prove, that there is no error in chusing a Subject which requires this sort of Narrations; in the ill management of them, there may.

But I find I have been too long in this Discourse, since the French have many other excellencies not common to us; as that you never see any of their Plays end with a conversion, or simple change of will, which is the ordinary way which our Poets use to end theirs. It shews little art in the conclusion of a Dramatick Poem, when they who have hinder'd the felicity during the four Acts, desist from it in the fifth, without some powerful cause to take them off their design; and tho' I deny not but such reasons may be found, yet it is a path that is cautiously to be trod, and the Poet is to be sure he convinces the Audience, that the Motive is strong enough. As for example, The conversion of the Usurer in *The Scornful Lady*, seems to me a little forc'd; for being an Usurer, which implies a lover of Money to the highest degree of covetousness, (and such the Poet has represented him) the account he gives for the sudden change is, that he has been dup'd by the wild young fellow,

low, which in reaſon might render him more wary another time, and make him puniſh himſelf with harder fare and courſer cloaths to get up again what he had loſt: but that he ſhould look on it as a Judgment, and ſo repent, we may expect to hear in a Sermon, but I ſhould never indure it in a Play.

I paſs by this; neither will I inſiſt on the care they take, that no perſon after his firſt entrance ſhall ever appear, but the buſineſs which brings him upon the Stage ſhall be evident: which rule if obſerv'd, muſt needs render all the events in the Play more natural: for there you ſee the probability of every accident, in the cauſe that produc'd it; and that which appears chance in the Play, will ſeem ſo reaſonable to you, that you will there find it almoſt neceſſary; ſo that in the exit of the Actor you have a clear account of his purpoſe and deſign in the next entrance: (tho', if the Scene be well wrought, the event will commonly deceive you) for there is nothing ſo abſurd, ſays *Corneille*, as for an Actor to leave the Stage, only becauſe he has no more to ſay.

I ſhould now ſpeak of the beauty of their Rhime, and the juſt reaſon I have to prefer that way of writing in Tragedies before ours in Blank-Verſe; but becauſe it is partly receiv'd by us, and therefore not altogether peculiar to them, I will ſay no more of it in relation to their Plays. For our own, I doubt not but it will exceedingly beautifie them, and I can ſee but one reaſon why it ſhould not generally obtain, that is, becauſe our Poets write ſo ill in it. This indeed may prove a more prevailing argument than all others which are us'd to deſtroy it, and therefore I am only troubled when great and judicious Poets, and thoſe who are acknowledg'd ſuch, have writ or ſpoke againſt it; as for others, they are to be anſwer'd by that one Sentence of an ancient Author.

Sed ut primo ad conſequendos eos quos priores ducimus accendimur, ita ubi aut præteriri, aut æquari eos poſſe deſperavimus, ſtudium cum ſpe ſeneſcit: quod, ſcilicet, aſſequi non poteſt, ſequi deſinit; præteritoque eo in quo eminere non poſſumus, aliquid in quo nitamur conquirimus.

Liſideius concluded in this manner; and *Neander* after a little pauſe thus anſwer'd him.

I ſhall grant *Liſideius*, without much diſpute, a great part of what he has urg'd againſt us; for I acknowledge, that the French contrive their Plots more regularly, and obſerve the Laws of Comedy, and decorum of the Stage (to ſpeak generally) with more exactneſs than the Engliſh. Farther, I deny not but he has tax'd us juſtly in ſome irregularities of ours which he has mention'd; yet, after all, I am of opinion, that neither our Faults nor their Vertues are conſiderable enough to place them above us.

For the lively imitation of Nature being in the definition of a Play, thoſe which beſt fulfil that Law ought to be eſteem'd ſuperiour to the others. 'Tis true, thoſe beauties of the French-poeſie are ſuch as will raiſe perfection higher where it is, but are not ſufficient to give it where

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it is not: they are indeed the Beauties of a Statue, but not of a Man, becauſe not animated with the Soul of Poeſie, which is Imitation of Humour and Paſſions: and this *Liſideius* himſelf, or any other, however byaſſed to their Party, cannot but acknowlege, if he will either compare the Humours of our Comedies, or the Characters of our ſerious Plays with theirs. He who will look upon theirs which have been written till theſe laſt Ten years or thereabouts, will find it an hard matter to pick out two or three paſſable Humours amongſt them. *Corneille* himſelf, their Arch-Poet, what has he produc'd, except *The Lier*, and you know how it was cry'd up in *France*; but when it came upon the *Engliſh* Stage, though well tranſlated, and that part of *Dorant* acted ſo much Advantage as I am confident it never receiv'd in its own Countrey, the moſt favourable to it would not put it in competition with many of *Fletcher*'s or *Ben. Johnſon*'s. In the reſt of *Corneille*'s Comedies you have little Humour; he tells you himſelf his way is firſt to ſhew two Lovers in good Intelligence with each other; in the working up of the Play, to embroil them by ſome miſtake, and in the latter end to clear it, and reconcile them.

But of late years *Moliere*, the younger *Corneille*, *Quinault*, and ſome others, have been imitating afar off the quick Turns and Graces of the *Engliſh* Stage. They have mix'd their ſerious Plays with Mirth, like our Tragi-Comedies, ſince the Death of Cardinal *Richelieu*, which *Liſideius*, and many others not obſerving, have commended that in them for a Virtue which they themſelves no longer practiſe. Moſt of their new Plays are like ſome of ours, derived from the *Spaniſh* Novells. There is ſcarce one of them without a Veil, and a truſty *Diego*, who drolls much after the rate of the *Adventures*. But their Humours, if I may grace them with that name, are ſo thin ſown, that never above one of them comes up in any Play: I dare take upon me to find more variety of them in ſome one Play of *Ben. Johnſon*'s, than in all theirs together: as he who has ſeen the *Alchymiſt*, the *Silent Woman*, or *Bartholomew-Fair*, cannot but acknowledge with me.

I grant the *French* have performed what was poſſible on the groundwork of the *Spaniſh* Plays; what was pleaſant before, they have made regular; but there is not above one good Play to be writ on all thoſe Plots; they are too much alike to pleaſe often, which we need not the Experience of our own Stage to juſtifie. As for their new way of mingling Mirth with ſerious Plot, I do not, with *Liſideius*, condemn the thing, though I cannot approve their manner of doing it: He tells us, we cannot ſo ſpeedily recollect our ſelves after a Scene of great Paſſion and Concernment, as to paſs to another of Mirth and Humour, and to enjoy it with any reliſh: but why ſhould he imagine the Soul of Man more heavy than his Senſes? Does not the Eye paſs from an unpleaſant Object to a pleaſant, in a much ſhorter time than is required to this? And does not the Unpleaſantneſs of the firſt commend the Beauty of the

latter? The old Rule of Logick might have convinc'd him, That contraries when plac'd near, ſet off each other. A continued Gravity keeps the Spirit too much bent; we muſt refreſh it ſometimes, as we bait in a Journey, that we may go on with greater eaſe. A Scene of Mirth mix'd with Tragedy, has the ſame effect upon us which our Muſick has betwixt the Acts, which we find a Relief to us from the beſt Plots and Language of the Stage, if the Diſcourſes have been long. I muſt therefore have ſtronger Arguments 'ere I am convinc'd, that Compaſſion and Mirth in the ſame Subject deſtroy each other, and in the mean time, cannot but conclude, to the Honor of our Nation, that we have invented, increas'd, and perfected a more pleaſant way of writing for the Stage, than was ever known to the Ancients or Moderns of any Nation, which is Tragi-Comedy.

And this leads me to wonder why *Liſideius* and many others ſhould cry up the barrenneſs of the *French* Plots above the Variety and Copiouſneſs of the *Engliſh*. Their Plots are ſingle, they carry on one Deſign which is puſh'd forward by all the Actours, every Scene in the Play contributing and moving towards it: Our Plays, beſides the main Deſign, have Under-Plots, or By-Concernments, of leſs conſiderable Perſons, and Intrigues, which are carried on with the Motion of the main Plot: as they ſay the Orb of the fix'd Stars, and thoſe of the Planets, though they have Motions of their own, are whirl'd about by the motion of the *primum mobile*, in which they are contain'd: that ſimilitude expreſſes much of the *Engliſh* Stage: for if contrary Motions may be found in Nature to agree; if a Planet can go Eaſt and Weſt at the ſame time; one way by virtue of his own Motion, the other by the force of the firſt Mover; it will not be difficult to imagine how the Under-Plot, which is only different, not contrary to the great Deſign, may naturally be conducted along with it.

Eugenius has already ſhewn us, from the confeſſion of the *French* Poets, that the Unity of Action is ſufficiently preſerv'd, if all the imperfect Actions of the Play are conducing to the main Deſign: but when thoſe pretty Intrigues of a Play are ſo ill order'd, that they have no coherence with the other, I muſt grant that *Liſideius* has reaſon to tax that want of due connexion; for Co-ordination in a Play is as dangerous and unnatural as in a State. In the mean time, he muſt acknowledge our Variety, if well order'd, will afford a greater Pleaſure to the Audience.

As for his other Argument, that by purſuing one ſingle Theme they gain an advantage to expreſs and work up the Paſſions, I wiſh any Example he could bring from them would make it good: for I confeſs their Verſes are to me the coldeſt I have ever read: Neither indeed is it poſſible for them, in the way they take, ſo to expreſs Paſſion, as that the effects of it ſhould appear in the concernment of an Audience, their Speeches being ſo many Declamations, which tire us with the length; ſo that inſtead of perſwading us to grieve for their imaginary Heroes, we

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are concern'd for our own trouble, as we are in tedious Viſits of bad Company; we are in pain till they are gone. When the *French* Stage came to be reform'd by Cardinal *Richelieu*, thoſe long Harangues were introduc'd, to comply with the Gravity of a Churchman. Look upon the *Cinna* and the *Pompey*, they are not ſo properly to be called Plays, as long Diſcourſes of reaſon of State: and *Polieucte* in matters of Religion is as ſolemn as the long Stops upon our Organs. Since that time it is grown into a Cuſtom, and their Actours ſpeak by the Hour-glaſs, like our Parſons; nay, they account it the Grace of their Parts, and think themſelves diſparaged by the Poet, if they may not twice or thrice in a Play entertain the Audience with a Speech of an hundred lines. I deny not but this may ſuit well enough with the *French*; for as we, who are a more ſullen People, come to be diverted at our Plays; ſo they, who are of an aiery and gay Temper, come thither to make themſelves more ſerious: And this I conceive to be one reaſon, why Comedies are more pleaſing to us, and Tragedies to them. But to ſpeak generally, it cannot be deny'd, that ſhort Speeches and Replies are more apt to move the Paſſions, and beget Concernment in us, than the other: for it is unnatural for any one in a Guſt of Paſſion, to ſpeak long together, or for another, in the ſame condition, to ſuffer him without interruption. Grief and Paſſion are like Floods rais'd in little Brooks by a ſudden Rain; they are quickly up, and if the Concernment be pour'd unexpectedly in upon us, it overflows us: But a long ſober Shower gives them leiſure to run out as they came in, without troubling the ordinary Current. As for Comedy, Repartee is one of its chiefeſt Graces; the greateſt Pleaſure of the Audience is a Chace of Wit kept up on both ſides, and ſwiftly manag'd. And this our Fore-Fathers, if not we, have had in *Fletcher*'s Plays, to a much higher degree of Perfection, than the French Poets can, reaſonably, hope to reach.

There is another part of *Liſideius* his Diſcourſe, in which he has rather excus'd our Neighbours than commended them; that is, for aiming only to make one Perſon conſiderable in their Plays. 'Tis very true what he has urged, That one Character in all Plays, even without the Poet's Care, will have Advantage of all the others; and that the Deſign of the whole *Drama* will chiefly depend on it. But this hinders not that there may be more ſhining Characters in the Play: many Perſons of a ſecond Magnitude, nay, ſome ſo very near, ſo almoſt equal to the firſt, that Greatneſs may be oppos'd to Greatneſs, and all the Perſons be made conſiderable, not only by their Quality, but their Action. 'Tis evident, that the more the Perſons are, the greater will be the Variety of the Plot. If then the Parts are managed ſo regularly, that the Beauty of the whole be kept intire, and that the Variety become not a perplex'd and confus'd Maſs of Accidents, you will find it infinitely pleaſing to be led in a Labyrinth of Deſign, where you ſee ſome of your way before you, yet diſcern not the End till you arrive

at it. And that all this is practicable, I can produce for examples many of our *Engliſh* Plays: as the *Maids Tragedy*, the *Alchymiſt*, the *Silent Woman*; I was going to have named the *Fox*, but that the Unity of Deſign ſeems not exactly obſerv'd in it; for there appear two Actions in the Play; the firſt naturally ending with the fourth Act; the ſecond forc'd from it in the fifth: which yet is the leſs to be condemn'd in him, becauſe the Diſguiſe of *Volpone*, though it ſuited not with his Character as a crafty or covetous Perſon, agreed well enough with that of a voluptuary: and by it the Poet gain'd the end at which he aim'd, the Puniſhment of Vice, and the Reward of Vertue, both which that Diſguiſe produc'd. So that to judge equally of it, it was an excellent fifth Act, but not ſo naturally proceeding from the former.

But to leave this, and paſs to the latter part of *Liſideius* his Diſcourſe, which concerns Relations, I muſt acknowledge with him, that the *French* have reaſon to hide that part of the Action which would occaſion too much tumult on the Stage, and to chuſe rather to have it made known by narration to the Audience. Farther I think it very convenient, for the reaſons he has given, that all incredible Actions were remov'd; but, whether Cuſtom has ſo inſinuated it ſelf into our Country-men, or Nature has ſo form'd them to Fierceneſs, I know not; but they will ſcarcely ſuffer Combats and other Objects of Horror to be taken from them. And indeed, the Indecency of Tumults is all which can be objected againſt fighting: For why may not our Imagination as well ſuffer it ſelf to be deluded with the probability of it, as with any other thing in the Play? For my part, I can with as great eaſe perſwade my ſelf, that the blows are given in good earneſt, as I can, that they who ſtrike them are Kings or Princes, or thoſe Perſons which they repreſent. For Objects of Incredibility I would be ſatisfied from *Liſideius*, whether we have any ſo remov'd from all appearance of Truth, as are thoſe of *Corneille*'s *Andromede*? A Play which has been frequented the moſt of any he has writ. If the *Perſeus*, or the Son of an Heathen God, the *Pegaſus* and the Monſter, were not capable to choak a ſtrong belief, let him blame any Repreſentation of ours hereafter. Thoſe indeed were Objects of Delight; yet the reaſon is the ſame as to the probability: for he makes it not a Balette or Maſque, but a Play, which is to reſemble Truth. But for Death, that it ought not to be repreſented, I have, beſides the Arguments alledged by *Liſideius*, the Authority of *Ben. Johnſon*, who has forborn it in his Tragedies; for both the Death of *Sejanus* and *Cataline* are related: though in the latter I cannot but obſerve one Irregularity of that great Poet: he has remov'd the Scene in the ſame Act, from *Rome* to *Cataline*'s Army, and from thence again to *Rome*; and beſides, has allow'd a very inconſiderable time, after *Cataline*'s Speech, for the ſtriking of the Battle, and the return of *Petreius*, who is to relate the event of it to the Senate: which I ſhould not animadvert on him, who was otherwiſe a

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painful obſerver of τὸ πρέπον, or the *decorum* of the Stage, if he had not us'd extream ſeverity in his judgment on the incomparable *Shakeſpeare* for the ſame fault. To conclude on this Subject of Relations, if we are to be blam'd for ſhewing too much of the action, the French are as faulty for diſcovering too little of it: a mean betwixt both ſhould be obſerved by every judicious Writer, ſo as the Audience may neither be left unſatisfied by not ſeeing what is beautiful, or ſhock'd by beholding what is either incredible or undecent. I hope I have already prov'd in this Diſcourſe, that though we are not altogether ſo punctual as the French, in obſerving the Laws of Comedy; yet our Errours are ſo few, and little, and thoſe things wherein we excel them ſo conſiderable, that we ought of right to be preferr'd before them. But what will *Liſideius* ſay, if they themſelves acknowledge they are too ſtrictly bounded by thoſe Laws, for breaking which he has blam'd the Engliſh? I will alledge *Corneille*'s words, as I find them in the end of his Diſcourſe of the three Unities; *Il eſt facile aux ſpeculatifs d'eſtre ſeveres*, &c. "'Tis eaſie for ſpeculative perſons to judge ſe-"verely; but if they would produce to publick view ten or twelve "pieces of this nature, they would perhaps give more latitude to the "Rules than I have done, when by experience they had known how "much we are limited and conſtrain'd by them, and how many beau-"ties of the Stage they baniſh'd from it. To illuſtrate a little what he has ſaid: By their ſervile obſervations of the unities of time and place, and integrity of Scenes, they have brought on themſelves that dearth of Plot, and narrowneſs of Imagination, which may be obſerv'd in all their Plays. How many beautiful accidents might naturally happen in two or three days, which cannot arrive with any probability in the compaſs of 24 hours? There is time to be allowed alſo for maturity of deſign, which amongſt great and prudent perſons, ſuch as are often repreſented in Tragedy, cannot, with any likelihood of truth, be brought to paſs at ſo ſhort a warning. Farther, By tying themſelves ſtrictly to the unity of place, and unbroken Scenes, they are forc'd many times to omit ſome beauties which cannot be ſhewn where the Act began; but might, if the Scene were interrupted, and the Stage clear'd for the perſons to enter in another place; and therefore the French Poets are often forc'd upon abſurdities: for if the Act begins in a Chamber, all the perſons in the Play muſt have ſome buſineſs or other to come thither, or elſe they are not to be ſhewn that Act, and ſometimes their characters are very unfitting to appear there: As, Suppoſe it were the King's Bed-chamber, yet the meaneſt Man in the Tragedy muſt come and diſpatch his buſineſs there, rather than in the Lobby or Court-yard, (which is fitter for him) for fear the Stage ſhould be clear'd, and the Scenes broken. Many times they fall by it into a greater inconvenience; for they keep their Scenes unbroken, and yet change the place; as in one of their neweſt

neweſt Plays, where the Act begins in the Street. There a Gentleman is to meet his Friend; he ſees him with his Man, coming out from his Father's houſe; they talk together, and the firſt goes out: the ſecond, who is a Lover, has made an appointment with his Miſtreſs; ſhe appears at the Window, and then we are to imagine the Scene lies under it. This Gentleman is call'd away, and leaves his Servant with his Miſtreſs: preſently her Father is heard from within; the young Lady is afraid the Serving-man ſhould be diſcover'd, and thruſts him into a place of ſafety, which is ſuppos'd to be her Cloſet. After this, the Father enters to the Daughter, and now the Scene is in a Houſe: for he is ſeeking from one Room to another for this poor *Philipin*, or French *Diego*, who is heard from within, drolling and breaking many a miſerable conceit on the ſubject of his ſad condition. In this ridiculous manner the Play goes forward, the Stage being never empty all the while: ſo that the Street, the Window, the two Houſes, and the Cloſet, are made to walk about, and the Perſons to ſtand ſtill. * Now what I beſeech you is more eaſie than to write a regular French Play, or more difficult than to write an irregular Engliſh one, like thoſe of *Fletcher*, or of *Shakeſpeare*?

If they content themſelves as *Corneille* did, with ſome flat deſign, which like an ill Riddle, is found out e're it be half propos'd; ſuch Plots we can make every way regular as eaſily as they: but when e're they endeavour to riſe to any quick turns and counter-turns of Plot, as ſome of them have attempted, ſince *Corneille*'s Plays have been leſs in vogue, you ſee they write as irregularly as we, though they cover it more ſpeciouſly. Hence the reaſon is perſpicuous, why no French Plays, when tranſlated, have, or ever can ſucceed on the Engliſh Stage. For, if you conſider the Plots, our own are fuller of variety; if the Writing, ours are more quick and fuller of ſpirit: and therefore 'tis a ſtrange miſtake in thoſe who decry the way of writing Plays in Verſe, as if the Engliſh therein imitated the French. We have borrowed nothing from them; our Plots are weav'd in Engliſh Looms: we endeavour therein to follow the variety and greatneſs of characters which are deriv'd to us from *Shakeſpeare* and *Fletcher*: the copiouſneſs and well-knitting of the intrigues we have from *Johnſon*, and for the Verſe it ſelf we have Engliſh Precedents of elder date than any of *Corneille*'s Plays: (not to name our old Comedies before *Shakeſpeare*, which were all writ in Verſe of ſix feet, or *Alexandrin*'s, ſuch as the French now uſe) I can ſhew in *Shakeſpeare*, many Scenes of rhyme together, and the like in *Ben. Johnſon*'s Tragedies: In *Cataline* and *Sejanus* ſometimes thirty or forty lines; I mean, beſides the Chorus, or the Monologues, which by the way, ſhew'd *Ben.* no enemy to this way of writing, eſpecially if you read his *Sad Shepherd*, which goes ſometimes on Rhyme, ſometimes on blank Verſe, like an Horſe who eaſes himſelf on Trot and Amble. You find him likewiſe commending *Fletcher*'s

cher's Paſtoral of the Faithful Shepherdeſs; which is for the moſt part Rhyme, though not refin'd to that purity to which it hath ſince been brought: And theſe Examples are enough to clear us from a ſervile imitation of the French.

But to return whence I have digreſs'd, I dare boldly affirm theſe two things of the Engliſh *Drama:* Firſt, That we have many Plays of ours as regular as any of theirs; and which, beſides, have more variety of Plot and Characters: And ſecondly, that in moſt of the irregular Plays of *Shakeſpeare* or *Fletcher*, (for *Ben. Johnſon*'s are for the moſt part regular) there is a more maſculine Fancy and greater Spirit in the writing, than there is in any of the French. I could produce even in *Shakeſpeare*'s and *Fletcher*'s Works, ſome Plays which are almoſt exactly form'd; as *The Merry Wives of* Windſor, and *The Scornful Lady:* but becauſe (generally ſpeaking) *Shakeſpeare*, who writ firſt, did not perfectly obſerve the Laws of Comedy, and *Fletcher*, who came nearer to perfection, yet through careleſneſs made many faults; I will take the pattern of a perfect Play from *Ben. Johnſon*, who was a careful and learned Obſerver of the Dramatique Laws, and from all his Comedies I ſhall ſelect *The Silent Woman*; of which I will make a ſhort Examen, according to thoſe Rules which the French obſerve.

As *Neander* was beginning to examine *The Silent Woman*, *Eugenius*, earneſtly regarding him; I beſeech you, *Neander*, ſaid he, gratifie the company and me in particular ſo far, as before you ſpeak of the Play, to give us a Character of the Author; and tell us frankly your opinion, whether you do not think all Writers, both French and Engliſh, ought to give place to him?

I fear, replied *Neander*, That in obeying your Commands, I ſhall draw ſome envy on my ſelf. Beſides, in performing them, it will be firſt neceſſary to ſpeak ſomewhat of *Shakeſpeare* and *Fletcher*, his Rivals in Poeſie; and one of them, in my opinion, at leaſt his equal, perhaps his ſuperiour.

To begin then with *Shakeſpeare*; he was the Man who of all Modern, and perhaps Ancient Poets, had the largeſt and moſt comprehenſive Soul. All the Images of Nature were ſtill preſent to him, and he drew them not laborioufly, but luckily: when he deſcribes any thing, you more than ſee it, you feel it too. Thoſe who accuſe him to have wanted learning, give him the greater commendation: he was naturally learn'd; he needed not the Spectacles of Books to read Nature; he look'd inwards, and found her there. I cannot ſay he is every where alike; were he ſo, I ſhould do him injury to compare him with the greateſt of Mankind. He is many times flat, inſipid; his Comick Wit degenerating into Clenches, his ſerious Swelling into Bombaſt. But he is always great, when ſome great occaſion is preſented to him: no Man can ſay he ever had a fit ſubject for his Wit, and did not then raiſe himſelf as high above the reſt of Poets,

Quantum lenta ſolent inter Viburna Cupreſſi. The

The conſideration of this made Mr. *Hales* of *Eaton* ſay, That there was no Subject of which any Poet ever writ, but he would produce it much better done in *Shakeſpeare*; and however others are now generally preferr'd before him, yet the Age wherein he liv'd, which had Contemporaries with him, *Fletcher* and *Johnſon* never equall'd them to him in their eſteem: And in the laſt King's Court, when *Ben*'s reputation was at higheſt, Sir *John Suckling*, and with him the greater part of the Courtiers, ſet our *Shakeſpeare* far above him.

Beaumont and *Fletcher*, of whom I am next to ſpeak, had, with the advantage of *Shakeſpeare*'s Wit, which was their precedent, great natural gifts, improv'd by ſtudy. *Beaumont* eſpecially being ſo accurate a Judge of Plays, that *Ben. Johnſon* while he liv'd, ſubmitted all his Writings to his Cenſure, and, 'tis thought, us'd his Judgment in correcting, if not contriving all his Plots. What value he had for him, appears by the Verſes he writ to him; and therefore I need ſpeak no farther of it. The firſt Play that brought *Fletcher* and him in eſteem was their *Philaſter*; for before that, they had written two or three very unſucceſsfully: as the like is reported of *Ben. Johnſon*, before he writ *Every Man in his Humour*. Their Plots were generally more regularly than *Shakeſpeare*'s, eſpecially thoſe which were made before *Beaumont*'s death; and they underſtood and imitated the Converſation of Gentlemen much better; whoſe wild Debaucheries, and quickneſs of Wit in Reparties, no Poet before them, could paint as they have done. Humour, which *Ben. Johnſon* deriv'd from particular perſons, they made it not their buſineſs to deſcribe: they repreſented all the Paſſions very lively, but above all, Love. I am apt to believe the Engliſh Language in them arriv'd to its higheſt perfection; what words have ſince been taken in, are rather ſuperfluous than ornamental. Their Plays are now the moſt pleaſant and frequent entertainments of the Stage; two of theirs being acted through the Year for one of *Shakeſpeare*'s or *Johnſon*'s: the reaſon is, becauſe there is a certain gayety in their Comedies, and Pathos in their more ſerious Plays, which ſuits generally with all Mens humours. *Shakeſpeare*'s Language is likewiſe a little obſolete, and *Ben. Johnſon*'s Wit comes ſhort of theirs.

As for *Johnſon*, to whoſe Character I am now arriv'd, if we look upon him while he was himſelf, (for his laſt Plays were but his Dotages) I think him the moſt learned and judicious Writer which any Theater ever had. He was a moſt ſevere Judge of himſelf as well as others. One cannot ſay he wanted Wit, but rather that he was frugal of it. In his Works you find little to retrench or alter. Wit and Language, and Humour alſo in ſome meaſure we had before him; but ſomething of Art was wanting to the *Drama* till he came. He manag'd his ſtrength to more advantage than any who preceded him. You ſeldom find him making Love in

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any of his Scenes, or endeavouring to move the Paſſions; his Genius was too ſullen and Saturnine to do it gracefully, eſpecially when he knew he came after thoſe who had performed both to ſuch an height. Humour was his proper Sphere, and in that he delighted moſt to repreſent Mechanick People. He was deeply converſant in the Ancients, both *Greek* and *Latine*, and he borrow'd boldly from them: there is ſcarce a Poet or Hiſtorian among the *Roman* Authours of thoſe times whom he has not tranſlated in *Sejanus* and *Cataline*. But he has done his Robberies ſo openly, that one may ſee he fears not to be taxed by any Law. He invades Authours like a Monarch, and what would be Theft in other Poets, is only Victory in him. With the ſpoils of theſe Writers he ſo repreſents old *Rome* to us, in its Rites, Ceremonies, and Cuſtoms, that if one of their Poets had written either of his Tragedies, we had ſeen leſs of it than in him. If there was any fault in his Language, 'twas, that he weav'd it too cloſely and laborioufly, in his Comedies eſpecially: perhaps too, he did a little too much Romanize our Tongue, leaving the words which he tranſlated almoſt as much *Latine* as he found them: wherein though he learnedly followed their Language, he did not enough comply with the Idiom of ours. If I would compare him with *Shakeſpeare*, I muſt acknowledge him the more correct Poet, but *Shakeſpeare* the greater Wit. *Shakeſpeare* was the *Homer*, or Father of our Dramatick Poets; *Johnſon* was the *Virgil*, the Pattern of elaborate Writing; I admire him, but I love *Shakeſpeare*. To conclude of him, as he has given us the moſt correct Plays, ſo in the Precepts which he has laid down in his Diſcoveries, we have as many and profitable Rules for perfecting the Stage as any wherewith the *French* can furniſh us.

Having thus ſpoken of the Authour, I proceed to the Examination of his Comedy, *The Silent Woman*.

Examen of the Silent Woman.

To begin firſt with the Length of the Action; it is ſo far from exceeding the Compaſs of a Natural Day, that it takes not up an Artificial one. 'Tis all included in the Limits of Three hours and an half, which is no more than is required for the Preſentment on the Stage. A Beauty perhaps not much obſerv'd; if it had, we ſhould not have look'd on the *Spaniſh* Tranſlation of Five hours with ſo much Wonder. The Scene of it is laid in *London*; the Latitude of Place is almoſt as little as you can imagine: for it lies all within the Compaſs of two Houſes, and after the firſt Act, in one. The Continuity of Scenes is obſerv'd more than in any of our Plays, except his own *Fox* and *Alchymiſt*. They are not broken above twice or thrice at moſt, in the whole Comedy, and in the two beſt of *Corneille*'s Plays, the *Cid* and *Cinna*, they are interrupted once. The Action of the Play is intirely one; the end or Aim of which is the ſettling *Moroſe*'s Eſtate on *Dauphine*. The Intrigue of it is the greateſt and moſt Noble of any pure unmix'd Comedy in any Language: you ſee in it many

Perſons of various Characters and Humours, and all delightful: As firſt, *Moroſe*, or an old Man, to whom all Noiſe, but his own talking, is offenſive. Some, who would be thought Criticks, ſay this Humour of his is forc'd: but to remove that Objection, we may conſider him, firſt, to be naturally of a delicate hearing, as many are to whom all ſharp Sounds are unpleaſant; and ſecondly, we may attribute much of it to the peeviſhneſs of his Age, or the wayward Authority of an old Man in his own Houſe, where he may make himſelf obeyed; and to this the Poet ſeems to allude in his Name *Moroſe*. Beſide this, I am aſſur'd from divers Perſons, that *Ben. Johnſon* was actually acquainted with ſuch a Man, one altogether as ridiculous as he is here repreſented. Others ſay it is not enough to find one Man of ſuch an Humour; it muſt be common to more, and the more common the more natural. To prove this, they inſtance in the beſt of Comical Characters, *Falſtaffe:* There are many Men reſembling him; Old, Fat, Merry, Cowardly, Drunken, Amorous, Vain, and Lying: But to convince theſe people, I need but tell them, that Humour is the ridiculous extravagance of Converſation, whereIn one Man differs from all others. If then it be common, or communicated to many, how differs it from other Mens? Or what indeed cauſes it to be ridiculous ſo much as the ſingularity of it? As for *Falſtaffe*, he is not properly one Humour, but a Miſcellany of Humours or Images, drawn from ſo many ſeveral Men; that wherein he is ſingular is his Wit, or thoſe things he ſays, *præter expectatum*, unexpected by the Audience; his quick evaſions when you imagine him ſurpriz'd, which as they are extremely diverting of themſelves, ſo receive a great addition from his Perſon; for the very ſight of ſuch an unweildy old debauch'd Fellow, is a Comedy alone. And here having a place ſo proper for it, I cannot but enlarge ſomewhat upon this Subject of Humour into which I am fallen. The Ancients have little of it in their Comedies; for the τὸ γελοῖον, of the old Comedy, of which *Ariſtophanes* was chief, was not ſo much to imitate a Man, as to make the People laugh at ſome odd Conceit, which had commonly ſomewhat of unnatural or obſcene in it. Thus when you ſee *Socrates* brought upon the Stage, you are not to imagine him made ridiculous by the Imitation of his Actions, but rather by making him perform ſomething very unlike himſelf: ſomething ſo childiſh and abſurd, as by comparing it with the Gravity of the true *Socrates*, makes a ridiculous Object for the Spectators. In their new Comedy which ſucceeded, the Poets ſought indeed to expreſs the τὸ ΩΣ, as in their Tragedies the πάθος of Mankind. But this τὸ ΩΣ contain'd only the general Characters of Men and Manners; as Old Men, Lovers, Serving-men, Courtizans, Paraſites, and ſuch other Perſons as we ſee in their Comedies; all which they made alike: that is, one Old Man or Father; one Lover, one Courtizan ſo like another, as if the firſt of them had begot the reſt

of every ſort: *Ex homine hunc natum dicas.* The ſame Cuſtom they obſerv'd likewiſe in the Tragedies. As for the *French*, though they have the word *humeur* among them, yet they have ſmall uſe of it in their Comedies, or Farces; they being but ill Imitations of the *ridiculum*, or that which ſtirr'd up Laughter in the old Comedy. But among the *Engliſh* 'tis otherwiſe: where, by Humour is meant ſome extravagant Habit, Paſſion, or Affection; particular (as I ſaid before) to ſome one Perſon: by the oddneſs of which, he is immediately diſtinguiſh'd from the reſt of Men; which being lively and naturally repreſented, moſt frequently begets that malicious pleaſure in the Audience which is teſtified by Laughter: as all things which are Deviations from Cuſtoms are ever the apteſt to produce it: though by the way this Laughter is only accidental, as the Perſon repreſented is Fantaſtick or Bizarre; but Pleaſure is eſſential to it, as the Imitation of what is natural. The Deſcription of theſe Humours, drawn from the Knowledge and Obſervation of particular Perſons, was the peculiar Genius and Talent of *Ben. Johnſon*; to whoſe Play I now return.

Beſides *Moroſe*, there are at leaſt, nine or ten different Characters and Humours in the *Silent Woman*, all which Perſons have ſeveral Concernments of their own, yet all us'd by the Poet, to the conducting of the main Deſign to Perfection. I ſhall not waſte time in commending the writing of this Play, but I will give you my Opinion, that there is more Wit and acuteneſs of Fancy in it than in any of *Ben. Johnſon*'s. Beſides, that he has here deſcrib'd the Converſation of Gentlemen in the perſons of *True-Wit*, and his Friends, with more Gayety, Air, and Freedom, than in the reſt of his Comedies. For the Contrivance of the Plot, 'tis extreme elaborate, and yet withal eaſie; for the λύσις, or untying of it, 'tis ſo admirable, that when it is done, no one of the Audience would think the Poet could have miſs'd it; and yet it was conceal'd ſo much before the laſt Scene, that any other way would ſooner have enter'd into your Thoughts. But I dare not take upon me to commend the Fabrick of it, becauſe it is altogether ſo full of Art, that I muſt unravel every Scene in it to commend it as I ought. And this excellent Contrivance is ſtill the more to be admir'd, becauſe 'tis Comedy where the Perſons are only of common Rank, and their buſineſs private, not elevated by Paſſions or high Concernments, as in ſerious Plays. Here every one is a proper Judge of all he ſees; nothing is repreſented but that with which he daily converſes: ſo that by conſequence all faults lie open to diſcovery, and few are pardonable. 'Tis this which *Horace* has judiciouſly obſerv'd:

Creditur ex medio quia res arceſſit habere
Sudoris minimum, ſed habet Comœdia tanto
Plus oneris, quanto veniæ minus. ——————

But our Poet, who was not ignorant of theſe difficulties, has made uſe of all Advantages; as he who deſigns a large leap; takes his riſe from the higheſt ground. One of theſe advantages, is that which *Corneille* has laid down as the greateſt which can arrive to any Poem, and which he himſelf could never compaſs above thrice in all his Plays, *viz.* the making choice of ſome ſignal and long-expected day, whereon the Action of the Play is to depend. This day was that deſign'd by *Dauphine*, for the ſetling of his Uncle's Eſtate upon him; which to compaſs he contrives to marry him: That the Marriage had been plotted by him long beforehand, is made evident, by what he tells *True-Wit* in the ſecond Act, that in one moment he had deſtroy'd what he had been raiſing many months.

There is another Artifice of the Poet, which I cannot here omit, becauſe by the frequent practice of it in his Comedies, he has left it to us almoſt as a Rule, that is, when he has any Character or Humour wherein he would ſhew a *Coupe de Maiſtre*, or his higheſt skill; he recommends it to your obſervation, by a pleaſant deſcription of it before the Perſon firſt appears. Thus, in *Bartholomew-Fair*, he gives you the Pictures of *Numps* and *Cokes*, and in this, thoſe of *Daw*, *Laſoole*, *Moroſe*, and the *Collegiate Ladies*; all which you hear deſcrib'd before you ſee them. So that before they come upon the Stage you have a longing expectation of them, which prepares you to receive them favourably; and when they are there, even from their firſt appearance you are ſo far acquainted with them, that nothing of their humour is loſt to you.

I will obſerve yet one thing further of this admirable Plot; the buſineſs of it riſes in every Act. The ſecond is greater than the firſt; the third than the ſecond, and ſo forward to the fifth. There too you ſee, till the very laſt Scene, new difficulties ariſing to obſtruct the Action of the Play; and when the Audience is brought into deſpair, that the buſineſs can naturally be effected, then, and not before, the diſcovery is made. But that the Poet might entertain you with more Variety all this while, he reſerves ſome new Characters to ſhow you, which he opens not till the ſecond and third Act. In the ſecond, *Moroſe*, *Daw*, the *Barber* and *Otter*; in the third, the *Collegiate Ladies:* All which he moves afterwards in by-walks, or under-Plots, as Diverſions to the main deſign, leſt it ſhould grow tedious, though they are ſtill naturally join'd with it, and ſomewhere or other ſubſervient to it. Thus, like a skilful Cheſs-player, by little and little, he draws out his Men, and makes his Pawns of uſe to his greater Perſons.

If this Comedy, and ſome others of his, were tranſlated into French Proſe (which would now be no wonder to them, ſince *Moliere* has lately given them Plays out of Verſe, which have not diſpleas'd them) I believe the Controverſie would ſoon be decided betwixt the two Nations, even making them the Judges. But we need not call our Heroes to our Aid; Be it ſpoken to the Honour of the *Engliſh*, our Nation

Nation can never want in any Age ſuch who are able to diſpute the Empire of Wit with any People in the Univerſe. And though the fury of a Civil War, and Power, for twenty Years together, abandon'd to a barbarous Race of Men, Enemies of all good Learning, had buried the Muſes under the ruins of Monarchy; yet with the reſtoration of our Happineſs, we ſee reviv'd Poeſie lifting up its head, and already ſhaking off the rubbiſh which lay ſo heavy on it. We have ſeen ſince his Majeſty's return, many Dramatick Poems which yield not to thoſe of any foreign Nation, and which deſerve all Laurels but the Engliſh. I will ſet aſide Flattery and Envy: it cannot be deny'd but we have had ſome little blemiſh either in the Plot or Writing of all thoſe Plays which have been made within theſe ſeven Years: (and perhaps there is no Nation in the World ſo quick to diſcern them, or ſo difficult to pardon them, as ours:) yet if we can perſwade our ſelves to uſe the candour of that Poet, who (though the moſt ſevere of Criticks) has left us this caution by which to moderate our cenſures;

-----Ubi plura nitent in carmine, non ego paucis offendar maculis.

If in conſideration of their many and great Beauties, we can wink at ſome ſlight and little Imperfections; if we, I ſay, can be thus equal to our ſelves, I ask no favour from the French. And if I do not venture upon any particular judgment of our late Plays, 'tis out of the conſideration which an Ancient Writer gives me; *Vivorum, ut magna admiratio, ita cenſura difficilis:* betwixt the extreams of admiration and malice, 'tis hard to judge upright of the living. Only I think it may be permitted me to ſay, that as it is no leſs'ning to us to yield to ſome Plays, and thoſe not many of our own Nation in the laſt Age, ſo can it be no addition to pronounce of our preſent Poets, that they have far ſurpaſs'd all the Ancients, and the Modern Writers of other Countries.

This was the ſubſtance of what was then ſpoke on that occaſion; and *Liſideius*, I think was going to reply, when he was prevented thus by *Crites:* I am confident, ſaid he, that the moſt material things that can be ſaid, have been already urg'd on either ſide; if they have not, I muſt beg of *Liſideius* that he will defer his Anſwer till another time: for I confeſs I have a joynt Quarrel to you both, becauſe you have concluded, without any reaſon given for it, that Rhyme is proper for the Stage. I will not diſpute how ancient it hath been among us to write this way; perhaps our Anceſtors knew no better till *Shakeſpeare*'s time. I will grant it was not altogether left by him, and that *Fletcher* and *Ben. Johnſon* us'd it frequently in their Paſtorals, and ſometimes in other Plays. Farther, I will not argue whether we receiv'd it originally from our own Countrymen, or from the French; for

that

that is an inquiry of as little benefit as theirs, who in the midſt of the late Plague were not ſo ſollicitous to provide againſt it, as to know whether we had it from the malignity of our own Air, or by tranſportation from *Holland*. I have therefore only to affirm, That it is not allowable in ſerious Plays; for Comedies I find you already concluding with me. To prove this, I might ſatisfie my ſelf to tell you, how much in vain it is for you to ſtrive againſt the ſtream of the Peoples inclination; the greateſt part of which are prepoſſeſs'd ſo much with thoſe excellent Plays of *Shakeſpeare*, *Fletcher*, and *Ben. Johnſon*, (which have been written out of Rhyme) that except you could bring them ſuch as were written better in it, and thoſe too by perſons of equal reputation with them, it will be impoſſible for you to gain your cauſe with them, who will ſtill be judges. This it is to which in fine all your reaſons muſt ſubmit. The unanimous conſent of an Audience is ſo powerful, that even *Julius Cæſar* (as *Macrobius* reports of him) when he was perpetual Dictator, was not able to ballance it on the other ſide. But when *Laberius*, a Roman Knight, at his requeſt contended in the *Mime* with another Poet, he was forc'd to cry out, *Etiam favente me victus es Laberi*. But I will not on this occaſion, take the advantage of the greater number, but only urge ſuch reaſons againſt Rhyme, as I find in the Writings of thoſe who have argu'd for the other way. Firſt then, I am of opinion, that Rhyme is unnatural in a Play, becauſe Dialogue there is preſented as the effect of ſudden thought. For a Play is the imitation of Nature; and ſince no Man, without premeditation, ſpeaks in Rhyme, neither ought he to do it on the Stage.; this hinders not but the Fancy may be there elevated to an higher pitch of thought than it is in ordinary diſcourſe: for there is a probability that Men of excellent and quick parts may ſpeak noble things *ex tempore*: but thoſe thoughts are never fetter'd with the numbers or ſound of Verſe without ſtudy, and therefore it cannot be but unnatural to preſent the moſt free way of ſpeaking, in that which is the moſt conſtrain'd. For this Reaſon, ſays *Ariſtotle*, 'Tis beſt to write Tragedy in that kind of Verſe which is the leaſt ſuch, or which is neareſt Proſe: and this amongſt the Ancients was the Iambique, and with us is blank Verſe, or the meaſure of Verſe, kept exactly without Rhyme. Theſe Numbers therefore are fitteſt for a Play; the others for a Paper of Verſes, or a Poem; blank Verſe being as much below them, as Rhyme is improper for the *Drama*. And if it be objected, that neither are blank Verſes made *ex tempore*, yet as neareſt Nature, they are ſtill to be preferr'd. But there are two particular Exceptions which many beſides my ſelf have had to Verſe; by which it will appear yet more plainly, how improper it is in Plays. And the firſt of them is grounded on that very reaſon for which ſome have commended Rhyme: they ſay the quickneſs of Repartees in argumentative Scenes receives an ornament from Verſe. Now what is more unreaſonable than

than to imagine, that a Man ſhould not only imagine the Wit, but the Rhyme too upon the ſudden? This nicking of him who ſpoke before both in ſound and meaſure, is ſo great an happineſs, that you muſt at leaſt ſuppoſe the perſons of your Play to be born Poets, *Arcades omnes & cantare pares & reſpondere parati*, they muſt have arriv'd to the degree of *quicquid conabar dicere*: to make Verſes almoſt whether they will or no: if they are any thing below this, it will look rather like the deſign of two, than the anſwer of one: it will appear that your Actors hold intelligence together, that they perform their tricks like Fortune-tellers, by confederacy. The hand of Art will be too viſible in it againſt that Maxim of all Profeſſions; *Ars eſt celare artem*, That it is the greateſt perfection of Art to keep it ſelf undiſcover'd. Nor will it ſerve you to object, that however you manage it, 'tis ſtill known to be a Play; and conſequently the Dialogue of two perſons underſtood to be the labour of one Poet. For a Play is ſtill an imitation of Nature; we know we are to be deceiv'd, and we deſire to be ſo; but no Man ever was deceiv'd but with a probability of truth, for who will ſuffer a groſs lie to be faſten'd on him? Thus we ſufficiently underſtand that the Scenes which repreſent Cities and Countries to us, are not really ſuch, but only painted on Boards and Canvaſs: But ſhall that excuſe the ill painture or deſignment of them? Nay, rather, ought they not to be labour'd with ſo much the more diligence and exactneſs to help the imagination, ſince the mind of Man does naturally tend to truth? and therefore the nearer any thing comes to the imitation of it, the more it pleaſes.

Thus, you ſee, your Rhyme is uncapable of expreſſing the greateſt thoughts naturally, and the loweſt it cannot with any grace: for what is more unbefitting the Majeſty of Verſe, than to call a Servant, or bid a Door be ſhut in Rhyme? And yet you are often forc'd on this miſerable neceſſity. But Verſe, you ſay, circumſcribes a quick and luxuriant fancy, which would extend it ſelf too far on every ſubject, did not the labour which is requir'd to well turn'd and poliſh'd Rhyme, ſet bounds to it. Yet this Argument, if granted, would only prove, that we may write better in Verſe, but not more naturally. Neither is it able to evince that; for he who wants judgment to confine his fancy in blank Verſe, may want it as much in Rhyme; and he who has it will avoid errours in both kinds. Latine Verſe was as great a confinement to the imagination of thoſe Poets, as Rhyme to ours: and yet you find *Ovid* ſaying too much on every ſubject. *Neſcivit* (ſays *Seneca*) *quod bene ceſſit relinquere*: of which he gives you one famous inſtance in his Deſcription of the Deluge,

Omnia pontus erat, deerant quoque Litora Ponto.

Now all was Sea, nor had that Sea a Shore. Thus *Ovid*'s fancy was not limited by Verſe, and *Virgil* needed not Verſe to have bounded his.

In

In our own Language we ſee *Ben. Johnſon* confining himſelf to what ought to be ſaid, even in the liberty of blank Verſe; and yet *Corneille*, the moſt judicious of the *French* Poets, is ſtill varying the ſame ſenſe an hundred ways, and dwelling eternally on the ſame Subject, though confin'd by Rhyme. Some other Exceptions I have to Verſe, but ſince theſe I have nam'd are for the moſt part already publick; I conceive it reaſonable they ſhould firſt be anſwer'd.

It concerns me leſs than any, ſaid *Neander*, (ſeeing he had ended) to reply to this Diſcourſe; becauſe when I ſhould have prov'd, that Verſe may be natural in Plays, yet I ſhould always be ready to confeſs, that thoſe which I have written in this kind come ſhort of that perfection which is requir'd. Yet ſince you are pleas'd I ſhould undertake this Province, I will do it, though with all imaginable reſpect and deference, both to that Perſon from whom you have borrow'd your ſtrongeſt Arguments, and to whoſe Judgment when I have ſaid all, I finally ſubmit. But before I proceed to anſwer your Objections, I muſt firſt remember you, that I exclude all Comedy from my defence; and next, that I deny not but blank Verſe may be alſo us'd, and content my ſelf only to aſſert, that in ſerious Plays where the Subject and Characters are great, and the Plot unmix'd with Mirth, which might allay or divert theſe Concernments which are produc'd as Rhyme, is there as natural, and more effectual than blank Verſe.

And now having laid down this as a Foundation, to begin with *Crites*, I muſt crave leave to tell him, that ſome of his Arguments againſt Rhyme reach no farther than from the faults or defects of ill Rhyme, to conclude againſt the uſe of it in general. May not I conclude againſt blank Verſe by the ſame reaſon? If the words of ſome Poets who write in it, are either ill choſen, or ill placed, (which makes not only Rhyme, but all kind of Verſe in any Language unnatural;) Shall I, for their vicious affectation, condemn thoſe excellent Lines of *Fletcher*, which are written in that kind? Is there any thing in Rhyme more conſtrain'd than this Line in blank Verſe? *I Heav'n invoke, and ſtrong reſiſtance make*; where you ſee both the clauſes are plac'd unnaturally; that is, contrary to the common way of ſpeaking, and that without the excuſe of a Rhyme to cauſe it: yet you would think me very ridiculous, if I ſhould accuſe the ſtubbornneſs of blank Verſe for this, and not rather the ſtiffneſs of the Poet. Therefore, *Crites*, you muſt either prove that words, though well choſen, and duly plac'd, yet render not Rhyme natural in it ſelf; or that however natural and eaſie the Rhyme may be, yet it is not proper for a Play. If you inſiſt on the former part, I would ask you what other conditions are requir'd to make Rhyme natural in it ſelf, beſides an election of apt words, and a right diſpoſition of them? For the due choice of your words expreſſes your ſenſe naturally, and the due placing them adapts the Rhyme to it. If you object, that one Verſe may be made for the ſake of another,

though

though both the Words and Rhyme be apt: I anſwer, it cannot poſſibly ſo fall out; for either there is a dependance of ſenſe betwixt the firſt line and the ſecond, or there is none: if there be that connection, then in the natural poſition of the words, the latter line muſt of neceſſity flow from the former: if there be no dependance, yet ſtill the due ordering of words makes the laſt line as natural in it ſelf as the other: ſo that the neceſſity of a Rhyme never forces any but bad or lazy Writers to ſay what they would not otherwiſe. 'Tis true, there is both Care and Art requir'd to write in Verſe; A good Poet never eſtabliſhes the firſt line, till he has ſought out ſuch a Rhyme as may fit the ſenſe, already prepar'd to heighten the ſecond: many times the cloſe of the ſenſe falls into the middle of the next Verſe, or farther of, and he may often prevail himſelf of the ſame advantages in Engliſh which *Virgil* had in Latine, he may break off in the *Hemyſtich*, and begin another line: indeed, the not obſerving theſe two laſt things, makes Plays, which are writ in Verſe, ſo tedious: for though, moſt commonly, the ſenſe is to be confin'd to the Couplet, yet nothing that does *perpetuo tenore fluere*, run in the ſame channel, can pleaſe always. 'Tis like the murmuring of a Stream, which not varying in the fall, cauſes at firſt attention, at laſt drowſineſs. Variety of cadences is the beſt rule, the greateſt help to the Actors, and refreſhment to the Audience.

If then Verſe may be made natural in it ſelf, how becomes it unnatural in a Play? You ſay the Stage is the repreſentation of Nature, and no Man in ordinary converſation ſpeaks in Rhyme. But you foreſaw, when you ſaid this, that it might be anſwer'd; neither does any Man ſpeak in blank Verſe, or in Meaſure without Rhyme. Therefore you concluded, that which is neareſt Nature is ſtill to be preferr'd. But you took no notice, that Rhyme might be made as natural as blank Verſe, by the well placing of the words, *&c.* all the difference between them when they are both correct, is the ſound in one, which the other wants; and if ſo, the ſweetneſs of it, and all the advantage reſulting from it, which are handled in the Preface to the *Rival Ladies*, will yet ſtand good. As for that place of *Ariſtotle*, where he ſays Plays ſhould be writ in that kind of Verſe which is neareſt Proſe; it makes little for you, blank Verſe being properly but meaſur'd Proſe. Now Meaſure alone in any modern Language, does not conſtitute Verſe; thoſe of the Ancients in Greek and Latine, conſiſted in quantity of words, and a determinate number of feet. But when, by the inundation of the *Goths* and *Vandals* into *Italy* new Languages were introduced, and barbarouſly mingled with the Latine (of which the *Italian*, *Spaniſh*, *French*, and ours, (made out of them and the *Teutonick*) are Dialects:) a new way of Poeſie was practis'd; new, I ſay, in thoſe Countries, for in all probability it was that of the Conquerours in their own Nations: at leaſt we are able to prove, that the Eaſtern People have us'd it from all Antiquity, *Vid.* Dan. *his Defence of Rhyme.* This new way conſiſted in

Meaſure or Number of Feet and Rhyme. The ſweetneſs of Rhyme, and obſervation of Accent, ſupplying the place of quantity in Words, which could neither exactly be obſerv'd by thoſe *Barbarians* who knew not the Rules of it, neither was it ſuitable to their Tongues as it had been to the Greek and Latine. No Man is tied in Modern Poeſie to obſerve any farther Rule in the Feet of his Verſe, but that they be diſſylables; whether *Spondee*, *Trochee*, or *Iambique*, it matters not; only he is obliged to Rhyme: Neither do the *Spaniſh*, *French*, *Italian*, or *Germans*, acknowledge at all, or very rarely, any ſuch kind of Poeſie as blank Verſe amongſt them. Therefore, at moſt, 'tis but a Poetick Proſe, a *Sermo pedeſtris*, and, as ſuch, moſt fit for Comedies, where I acknowledge Rhyme to be improper. Farther, As to that Quotation of *Ariſtotle*, our Couplet Verſes may be rendred as near Proſe as blank Verſe it ſelf by uſing thoſe advantages I lately nam'd, as breaks in an Hemyſtick, or running the Senſe into another line, thereby making Art and Order appear as looſe and free as Nature; or not tying our ſelves to Couplets ſtrictly, we may uſe the benefit of the Pindarique way, practis'd in the Siege of *Rhodes*; where the Numbers vary and the Rhyme is diſpos'd careleſly, and far from often chyming. Neither is that other advantage of the Ancients to be deſpis'd, of changing the kind of Verſe when they pleaſe with the change of the Scene, or ſome new entrance: for they confine not themſelves always to *Iambiques*, but extend their liberty to all *Lyrique* Numbers, and ſometimes even to *Hexameter*. But I need not go ſo far to prove that Rhyme, as it ſucceeds to all other Offices of Greek and Latine Verſe, ſo eſpecially to this of Plays, ſince the cuſtom of Nations at this day confirms it, the *French*, *Italian* and *Spaniſh* Tragedies are generally writ in it, and ſure the univerſal Conſent of the moſt civiliz'd parts of the World, ought in this, as it doth in other Cuſtoms, to include the reſt.

But perhaps you may tell me I have propos'd ſuch a Way to make Rhyme natural, and conſequently proper to Plays, as is unpracticable, and that I ſhall ſcarce find ſix or eight lines together in any Play, where the words are ſo plac'd and choſen as is requir'd to make it natural. I anſwer, No Poet need conſtrain himſelf at all times to it. It is enough he makes it his general Rule; for I deny not but ſometimes there may be a greatneſs in placing the words otherwiſe; and ſometimes they may ſound better, ſometimes alſo the variety it ſelf is excuſe enough. But if, for the moſt part, the words be plac'd as they are in the negligence of Proſe, it is ſufficient to denominate the way practicable; for we eſteem that to be ſuch, which in the tryal oftner ſucceeds than miſſes. And thus far you may find the Practice made good in many Plays; where you do not, remember ſtill, that if you cannot find ſix natural Rhymes together, it will be as hard for you to produce as many lines in blank Verſe, even among the greateſt of our Poets, againſt which I cannot make ſome reaſonable exception.

And

And this, Sir, calls to my remembrance the beginning of your Diſcourſe, where you told us we ſhould never find the Audience favourable to this kind of Writing, till we could produce as good Plays in Rhyme, as *Ben. Johnſon*, *Fletcher*, and *Shakeſpeare*, had writ out of it. But it is to raiſe envy to the living, to compare them with the dead. They are honour'd, and almoſt ador'd by us, as they deſerve; neither do I know any ſo preſumptuous of themſelves as to contend with them. Yet give me leave to ſay thus much, without injury to their Aſhes, that not only we ſhall never equal them, but they could never equal themſelves, were they to riſe and write again. We acknowledge them our Fathers in Wit, but they have ruin'd their Eſtates themſelves before they came to their Childrens hands. There is ſcarce an Humour, a Character, or any kind of Plot, which they have not us'd. All comes ſullied or waſted to us: and were they to entertain this Age, they could not now make ſo plenteous treatments out of ſuch decay'd Fortunes. This therefore will be a good Argument to us either not to write at all, or to attempt ſome other way. There is no Bays to be expected in their Walks; *Tentandia via eſt quâ me quoque poſſum tollere humo.*

This way of writing in Verſe, they have only left free to us; our Age is arriv'd to a perfection in it, which they never knew; and which (if we may gueſs by what of theirs we have ſeen in Verſe (as the *Faithful Shepherdeſs*, and *Sad Shepherd*:) 'tis probable they never could have reach'd. For the Genius of every Age is different: and though ours excel in this, I deny not but that to imitate Nature in that perfection which they did in Proſe, is a greater commendation than to write in Verſe exactly. As for what you have added, that the People are not generally inclin'd to like this way; if it were true, it would be no wonder, that betwixt the ſhaking off an old habit, and the introducing of a new, there ſhould be difficulty. Do we not ſee them ſtick to *Hopkins* and *Sternhold*'s Pſalms, and forſake thoſe of *David*, I mean *Sandys* his Tranſlation of them? If by the People, you underſtand the Multitude, the οἱ πολλοὶ, 'tis no matter what they think; they are ſometimes in the right, ſometimes in the wrong; their judgment is a meer Lottery. *Eſt ubi plebs recte putat, eſt ubi peccat.* *Horace* ſays it of the Vulgar, judging Poeſie. But if you mean the mix'd Audience of the Populace, and the Nobleſs, I dare confidently affirm, that a great part of the latter ſort, are already favourable to Verſe; and that no ſerious Plays written ſince the King's return have been more kindly receiv'd by them, than the Siege of *Rhodes*, the *Auſtapha*, the *Indian* Queen, and *Indian* Emperor.

But I come now to the inference of your firſt Argument. You ſaid, that the Dialogue of Plays is preſented as the effect of ſudden thought, but no Man ſpeaks ſuddenly, or *ex tempore* in Rhyme; And you inferr'd from thence, that Rhyme, which you acknowledge to be proper to

Epique Poeſie cannot equally be proper to Dramatick, unleſs we could ſuppoſe all Men born ſo much more than Poets, that Verſes ſhould be made in them, not by them.

It has been formerly urg'd by you, and confeſs'd by me, that ſince no Man ſpoke any kind of Verſe *ex tempore*, that which was neareſt Nature was to be preferr'd. I anſwer you therefore, by diſtinguiſhing betwixt what is neareſt to the nature of Comedy, which is the imitation of common perſons and ordinary ſpeaking, and what is neareſt the nature of a ſerious Play: this laſt is indeed the repreſentation of Nature, but 'tis Nature wrought up to an higher pitch. The Plot, the Characters, the Wit, the Paſſions, the Deſcriptions, are all exalted above the level of common converſe, as high as the imagination of the Poet can carry them, with proportion to veriſimility. Tragedy we know is wont to image to us the Minds and Fortunes of Noble Perſons, and to portray theſe exactly; Heroick Rhyme is neareſt Nature, as being the nobleſt kind of modern Verſe.

Indignatur enim privatis, & prope ſocco,
Dignis carminibus, narrari cœna Thyeſtæ. (Says *Horace.*)

And in another place,

Effutire leveis indigna tragœdia verſus.

Blank Verſe is acknowledg'd to be too low for a Poem; nay more, for a Paper of Verſes; but if too low for an ordinary Sonnet, how much more for Tragedy, which is by *Ariſtotle*, in the diſpute betwixt the Epique Poeſie and the Dramatick, for many reaſons he there alledges, rank'd above it?

But ſetting this defence aſide, your Argument is almoſt as ſtrong againſt the uſe of Rhyme in Poems as in Plays; for the Epique way is every where interlac'd with Dialogue, or diſcourſive Scenes; and therefore you muſt either grant Rhyme to be improper there, which is contrary to your aſſertion, or admit it into Plays by the ſame title which you have given it to Poems. For though Tragedy be juſtly preferr'd above the other, yet there is a great affinity between them, as may eaſily be diſcover'd in that definition of a Play which *Liſideius* gave us. The Genus of them is the ſame, a juſt and lively Image of Humane Nature, in its Actions, Paſſions, and Traverſes of Fortune: ſo is the end, namely for the Delight and Benefit of Mankind. The Characters and Perſons are ſtill the ſame, *viz.* the greateſt of both ſorts, only the manner of acquainting us with thoſe Actions, Paſſions and Fortunes is different. Tragedy performs it *viva voce*, or by action, in Dialogue, wherein it excels the Epique Poem, which does it chiefly by narration, and therefore is not ſo lively an Image of Humane Nature. However, the

the agreement betwixt them is ſuch, that if Rhyme be proper for one, it muſt be for the other. Verſe, 'tis true, is not the effect of ſudden thought; but this hinders not that ſudden thought may be repreſented in Verſe, ſince thoſe thoughts are ſuch as muſt be higher than Nature can raiſe them without premeditation, eſpecially to a continuance of them even out of Verſe, and conſequently you cannot imagine them to have been ſudden either in the Poet, or the Actors. A Play, as I have ſaid, to be like Nature, is to be ſet above it; as Statues which are plac'd on high are made greater than the life, that they may deſcend to the ſight in their juſt proportion.

Perhaps I have inſiſted too long on this Objection; but the clearing of it will make my ſtay ſhorter on the reſt. You tell us, *Crites*, that Rhyme appears moſt unnatural in Repartees, or ſhort Replies: when he who anſwers, (it being preſum'd he knew not what the other would ſay, yet) makes up that part of the Verſe which was left incompleat, and ſupplies both the ſound and meaſure of it. This, you ſay, looks rather like the confederacy of two, than the anſwer of one.

This, I confeſs, is an Objection which is in every Man's mouth who loves not Rhyme: but ſuppoſe, I beſeech you, the Repartee were made only in blank Verſe, might not part of the ſame Argument be turn'd againſt you? for the meaſure is as often ſupply'd there as it is in Rhyme. The latter half of the Hemyſtich as commonly made up, or a ſecond line ſubjoyn'd as a reply to the former; which any one leaf in *Johnſon*'s Plays will ſufficiently clear to you. You will often find in the Greek Tragedians, and in *Seneca*, that when a Scene grows up into the warmth of repartees, (which is the cloſe fighting of it) the latter part of the Trimeter is ſupply'd by him who anſwers; and yet it was never obſerv'd as a fault in them by any of the Ancient or Modern Criticks. The caſe is the ſame in our Verſe as it was in theirs; Rhyme to us being in lieu of quantity to them. But if no latitude is to be allow'd a Poet, you take from him not only his licence of *quidlibet audendi*, but you tie him up in a ſtraighter compaſs than you would a Philoſopher. This is indeed *Muſas colere ſeveriores*: You would have him follow Nature, but he muſt follow her on foot: you have diſmounted him from his *Pegaſus*. But you tell us, this ſupplying the laſt half of a Verſe, or adjoining a whole ſecond to the former, looks more like the deſign of two, than the anſwer of one. Suppoſe we acknowledge it: how comes this confederacy to be more diſpleaſing to you than in a Dance which is well contriv'd? You ſee there the united deſign of many perſons to make up one Figure: after they have ſeparated themſelves in many petty diviſions, they rejoyn one by one into a groſs: the confederacy is plain amongſt them; for chance could never produce any thing ſo beautiful, and yet there is nothing in it, that ſhocks your ſight. I acknowledge the hand of Art appears in Repartee, as of neceſſity it muſt in all kind of Verſe. But there is alſo the quick and poy-

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nant brevity of it (which is an high imitation of Nature in thoſe ſudden guſts of Paſſion) to mingle with it; and this join'd with the cadency and ſweetneſs of the Rhyme, leaves nothing in the Soul of the Hearer to deſire. 'Tis an Art which appears; but it appears only like the ſhadowings of Painture, which being to cauſe the rounding of it, cannot be abſent; but while that is conſidered they are loſt: ſo while we attend to the other Beauties of the matter, the Care and Labour of the Rhyme is carried from us, or at leaſt drown'd in its own Sweetneſs, as Bees are ſometimes buried in their Honey. When a Poet has found the Repartee, the laſt perfection he can add to it, is, to put it into Verſe. However good the thought may be; however apt the words in which 'tis couch'd, yet he finds himſelf at a little unreſt, while Rhyme is wanting: he cannot leave it till that comes naturally, and then is at eaſe, and ſits down contented.

From Replies, which are the moſt elevated Thoughts of Verſe, you paſs to thoſe which are moſt mean, and which are common with the loweſt of houſhold Converſation. In theſe, you ſay, the Majeſty of Verſe ſuffers. You inſtance in the calling of a Servant, or commanding a Door to be ſhut in Rhyme. This, *Crites*, is a good Obſervation of yours, but no Argument: for it proves no more but that ſuch thoughts ſhould be wav'd, as often as may be, by the Addreſs of the Poet. But ſuppoſe they are neceſſary in the places where he uſes them, yet there is no need to put them into Rhyme. He may place them in the beginning of a Verſe, and break it off, as unfit, when ſo debas'd for any other uſe: or granting the worſt, that they require more Room than the Hemyſtick will allow; yet ſtill there is a choice to be made of the beſt words, and leaſt vulgar (provided they be apt) to expreſs ſuch thoughts. Many have blam'd Rhyme in general, for this fault, when the Poet, with a little Care, might have redreſs'd it. But they do it with no more Juſtice, than if *Engliſh* Poeſie ſhould be made ridiculous for the ſake of the Water-Poets Rhymes. Our Language is noble, full, and ſignificant; and I know not why he who is Maſter of it may not cloath ordinary things in it as decently as the *Latine*; if he uſe the ſame diligence in his choice of words.

Delectus verborum Origo eſt Eloquentiæ.

It was the Saying of *Julius Cæſar*, one ſo curious in his, that none of them can be chang'd but for a worſe. One would think unlock the door was a thing as vulgar as could be ſpoken; and yet *Seneca* could make it ſound high and lofty in his *Latine*.——

Reſerate cluſos Regii poſtes Laris.

Set wide the Palace Gates.

But

But I turn from this Exception, both becauſe it happens not above twice or thrice in any Play that thoſe vulgar Thoughts are us'd; and then too (were there no other Apology to be made, yet) the neceſſity of them (which is alike in all kind of writing) may excuſe them. For if they are little and mean in Rhyme, they are of conſequence ſuch in Blank Verſe. Beſides that the great eagerneſs and precipitation, with which they are ſpoken, makes us rather mind the Subſtance than the Dreſs; that for which they are ſpoken, rather than what is ſpoke. For they are always the effect of ſome haſty concernment, and ſomething of conſequence depends on them.

Thus, *Crites*, I have endeavour'd to anſwer your Objections; it remains only that I ſhould vindicate an Argument for Verſe, which you have gone about to overthrow. It had formerly been ſaid, that the eaſineſs of Blank Verſe, renders the Poet too luxuriant; but that the labour of Rhyme bounds and circumſcribes an over-fruitful Fancy. The Scene there being commonly confin'd to the Couplet, and the words ſo order'd that the Rhyme naturally follows them, not they the Rhyme. To this you anſwer'd, That it was no Argument to the Queſtion in hand, for the Diſpute was not which way a Man may write beſt; but which is moſt proper for the Subject on which he writes.

Firſt, give me leave, Sir, to remember you, that the Argument againſt which you rais'd this Objection, was only ſecondary: it was built on this *Hypotheſis*, that to write in Verſe was proper for ſerious Plays. Which ſuppoſition being granted (as it was briefly made out in that diſcourſe, by ſhewing how Verſe might be made natural) it aſſerted, that this way of writing was an help to the Poets Judgment, by putting bounds to a wild over-flowing Fancy. I think therefore it will not be hard for me to make good what it was to prove on that ſuppoſition. But you add, that were this let paſs, yet he who wants judgment in the liberty of his Fancy, may as well ſhew the defect of it when he is confin'd to Verſe: for he who has Judgment will avoid Errors; and he who has it not, will commit them in all kinds of writing.

This Argument, as you have taken it from a moſt acute Perſon, ſo, I confeſs, it carries much weight in it. But by uſing the word Judgement here indefinitely, you ſeem to have put a Fallacy upon us: I grant he who has Judgment, that is, ſo profound, ſo ſtrong, or rather ſo infallible a Judgment, that he needs no helps to keep it always pois'd and upright, will commit no faults either in Rhyme or out of it. And on the other extream, he who has a Judgment ſo weak and craz'd, that no helps can correct or amend it, ſhall write ſcurvily out of Rhyme, and worſe in it. But the firſt of theſe Judgments is no where to be found, and the latter is not fit to write at all. To ſpeak therefore of Judgment as it is in the beſt Poets: they who have the greateſt proportion of it, want other helps than from it within. As for example, you would be loth to ſay, that he who is indued with a ſound Judge-

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ment has no need of Hiſtory, Geography, or Moral Philoſophy, to write correctly. Judgment is indeed the Maſter-workman in a Play: but he requires many ſubordinate hands, many tools to his Aſſiſtance. And Verſe I affirm to be one of theſe: 'Tis a Rule and Line by which he keeps his building compact and even, which otherwiſe lawleſs Imagination would raiſe either irregularly or looſly. At leaſt if the Poet commits Errors with this help, he would make greater and more without it: 'tis (in ſhort) a ſlow and painful, but the ſureſt kind of working. *Ovid*, whom you accuſe for luxuriancy in Verſe, had perhaps been farther guilty of it, had he writ in Proſe. And for your Inſtance of *Ben. Johnſon*, who, you ſay, writ exactly without the help of Rhyme; you are to remember 'tis only an aid to a luxuriant Fancy, which his was not: As he did not want Imagination, ſo none ever ſaid he had much to ſpare. Neither was Verſe then refin'd ſo much, to be an help to that Age, as it is to ours. Thus then the ſecond Thoughts being uſually the beſt, as receiving the matureſt digeſtion from Judgment, and the laſt and moſt mature product of thoſe thoughts being artful and labour'd Verſe, it may well be inferr'd, that Verſe is a great help to a luxuriant Fancy; and this is what that Argument which you oppos'd was to evince.

Neander was purſuing this Diſcourſe ſo eagerly, that *Eugenius* had call'd to him twice or thrice 'ere he took notice that the Barge ſtood ſtill, and that they were at the Foot of *Somerſet*-Stairs, where they had appointed it to land. The Company were all ſorry to ſeparate ſo ſoon, tho' a great part of the Evening was already ſpent; and ſtood a-while looking back on the Water, upon which the Moon-beams play'd, and made it appear like floating Quick-ſilver: at laſt they went up thro' a Crowd of *French* People, who were merrily dancing in the open Air, and nothing concern'd for the noiſe of Guns, which had allarm'd the Town that Afternoon. Walking thence together to the *Piazze*, they parted there; *Eugenius* and *Liſideius* to ſome pleaſant Appointment they had made, and *Crites* and *Neander* to their ſeveral Lodgings.

FINIS.

THE

Wild Gallant:

A

COMEDY.

As it is ACTED

BY

Their MAJESTIES Servants.

Written by

JOHN DRYDEN, Esq;.

LONDON,

Printed by *T. Warren* for *Henry Herringman*, and are to be Sold by *R. Bentley*, *J. Tonson*, *F. Saunders*, and *T. Bennet*, 1694.

SEALED

PREFACE.

IT would be a great Impudence in me to ſay much of a *Comedy*, which has had but indifferent ſucceſs in the action. I made the Town my Judges; and the greater part condemn'd it. After which I do not think it my Concernment to defend it, with the ordinary Zeal of a Poet for his decry'd Poem. Though *Corneille* is more reſolute in his *Preface* before his *Pertharite*, which was condemn'd more univerſally than this: for he avows boldly, That in ſpight of Cenſure his *Play* was well, and regularly written; which is more than I dare ſay for mine. Yet it was receiv'd at Court; and was more than once the Divertiſement of His Majeſty, by His own Command. But I have more modeſty than to aſcribe that to my Merit, which was His particular Act of Grace. It was the firſt attempt I made in *Dramatique Poetry*; and I find ſince, a very bold one, to begin it. The with *Comedy*; which is the moſt difficult part of

PREFACE.

Plot was not Originally my own: but ſo alter'd, by me (whether for the better or worſe, I know not) that whoever the Author was, he could not have challeng'd a Scene of it. I doubt-not but you will ſee in it, the uncorrectneſs of a young Writer: which is yet but a ſmall excuſe for him, who is ſo little amended ſince. The beſt Apology I can make for it, and the trueſt, is only this; That you have ſince that time received with Applauſe, as bad, and as uncorrect *Plays* from other Men.

The two laſt lines of the preceeding Page, read thus: find ſince, a very bold one, to begin with *Comedy*; which is the moſt difficult part of it. The Plot

PRO-

PROLOGUE

To the *Wild Gallant* Reviv'd.

AS ſome raw Squire, by tender Mother bred,
Till one and Twenty keeps his Maidenhead,
(Pleas'd with ſome Sport, which he alone does find,
And thinks a ſecret to all Human kind;)
Till mightily in love, yet half afraid,
He firſt attempts the gentle Dairy-Maid.
Succeeding there, and led by the renown
Of Whetſtones Park, *he comes at length to Town,*
Where enter'd by ſome School-fellow or Friend,
He grows to break Glaſs-Windows in the end:
His valour too, which with the Watch began,
Proceeds to duell, and he kills his Man.
By ſuch degrees, while knowledge he did want,
Our unfletch'd Author writ a Wild Gallant:
He thought him monſtrous lewd (I'll lay my life)
Becauſe ſuſpected with his Landlord's Wife:
But ſince his knowledge of the Town began,
He thinks him now a very civil man:
And, much aſham'd of what he was before,
Has fairly play'd him at three Wenches more.
'Tis ſome amends his frailties to confeſs;
Pray pardon him his want of wickedneſs:
He's towardly, and will come on apace;
His frank confeſſion ſhows he has ſome grace.
You balk'd him when he was a young beginner,
And almoſt ſpoyl'd a very hopeful ſinner;
But, If once more you ſlight his weak endeavour;
For ought I know, he may turn tail for ever.

Dramatis

Dramatis Perſonæ.

Lord *Nonſuch*,	An old rich humorous Lord.
Juſtice *Trice*,	His Neighbour.
Mr. *Loveby*,	The Wild Gallant.
Sir *Timorous*,	A baſhful Knight.
Failer, and *Burr*,	Hangers on of Sir *Timorous*.
Bibber,	A Taylor.
Setſtone,	A Jeweller,

WOMEN.

Lady *Conſtance*,	Lord *Nonſuch* his Daughter.
Madam *Iſabelle*,	Her Couſin.
Mrs. *Bibber*,	The Taylor's Wife.

Sergeants.
Boy to *Loveby*.
Servants.
A Bawd and Whores.
Watch and Conſtable.

The Scene *LONDON*.

THE

THE
Wild Gallant.

ACT I. SCENE I. *London.*

Failer *entring to* Burr; *who is putting on his Buff-Coat.*

Fail. WHat! Not ready yet, Man?

Burr. You do not conſider my Voyage from *Holland* laſt night.

Fail. Piſh, a meer Ferry; get up, get up; my Couſins Maids will come and Blanket thee anon: Art thou not aſhamed to lie a Bed ſo long?

Bur. I may be more aſhamed to riſe; and ſo you'l ſay, dear Heart, if you look upon my Cloaths; the beſt is, my Buff-coat will cover all.

Fail. I gad, there goes more cunning than one would think, to the putting thy Cloaths together: thy Doublet and Breeches are Guelphs and Ghibellins to one another; and the ſtitches of thy Doublet are ſo far aſunder, that it ſeems to hang together by the Teeth. No Man could ever gueſs to what part of the Body theſe fragments did belong unleſs he had been acquainted with 'em as long as thou haſt been: If they once loſe their hold, they can never get together again, except by chance the Rags hit the Tallies of one another. He that gets into thy Doublet, muſt not think to do't by ſtorm; no, He muſt win it inch by inch, as the *Turk* did *Rhodes*.

Burr. You are very merry with my Wardrobe; but till I am provided of a better, I am reſolv'd to receive all Viſits in this Truckle-bed.

Fail. Then will I firſt ſcotch the Wheels of it, that it may not run; thou haſt Cattle enough in it, to carry it down ſtairs, and break thy neck; 'tis got a yard nearer the door already.

Enter Boy.

Sir, *M. Bibber* your Taylor's below, and deſires to ſpeak with you.

Fail. He's an honeſt Fellow, and a faſhionable, he ſhall ſet thee forth I warrant thee.

Burr. I, but where's the Money for this, dear Heart?

Fail. ——— Well, but what think you of being put into a Suit of Cloaths without Money?

[*Aside,*

Burr.

Burr. You ſpeak of Miracles.

Fail. Do you know *Will. Bibber*'s humor?

Burr. Prethee, What have I to do with his humor?

Fail. Break but a Jeſt, and he'll beg to truſt thee for a Suit; nay, he will contribute to his own deſtruction; and give thee occaſions to make one: he has been my Artificer theſe three years; and, all the while I have liv'd upon his favourable apprehenſion: Boy, conduct him up. [*Exit* Boy.

Burr. But what am I the better for this? I ne'r made Jeſt in all my life.

Fail. A bare clinch will ſerve the turn; a Carwichet, a Quarterquibble, or a Punn.

Burr. Wit from a Low-Countrey-Souldier? One that has convers'd with none but dull *Dutchmen* theſe ten years! What an unreaſonable Rogue art thou? why, I tell thee, 'tis as difficult to me, as to pay him ready Money.

Fail. Come, you ſhall be rul'd for your own good. Lie down; I'll throw the Cloaths over you to help Meditation: and, upon firſt opportunity, ſtart you up, and ſurpriſe him with a Jeſt.

Burr. Well, I think this impoſſible to be done: but however I'll attempt. [*Lies down*, Failer *covers him*

Fail. Huſh't! he's coming up.

Enter Bibber.

Bib. Morrow Mr. *Failer*: What, I warrant you think I come a Dunning now?

Fail. No, I vow to Gad, *Will*, I have a better opinion of thy Wit, than to think, thou would'ſt come to ſo little purpoſe.

Bib. Pretty well that: No, no; my buſineſs is to drink my morning's Draught in Sack with you.

Fail. Will not Ale ſerve the turn, *Will.*

Bib. I had too much of that laſt night; I was a little diſguis'd, as they ſay.

Fail. Why diſguis'd? Hadſt thou put on a clean Band, or waſh'd thy Face lately? thoſe are thy Diſguiſes, *Bibber.*

Bibb. Well, in ſhort, I was drunk; damnably drunk with Ale; great Hogen Mogen bloody Ale, I was Porterly drunk, and that I hate of all things in Nature.

Burr. Riſing: And of all things in Nature I love it beſt.

Bib. Art thou there I'faith; and why, old Boy?

Burr. Becauſe when I am porterly drunk, I can carry my ſelf.

Bib. Ha, ha, Boy.

Fail. This Porter brings ſad News to you *Will.* you muſt truſt him for a ſuit of Cloaths, as bad as 'tis: come, he's an honeſt Fellow, and loves the King.

Bib. Why? it ſhall be my Suit to him, that I may truſt him.

Burr. I grant your Suit, Sir.

Fail. Burr. Make haſt and dreſs you: Sir *Timorous* dines here to day; you know him.

Burr. I, I, a good honeſt young Fellow; but, no Conjurer; he and I are very kind.

Fail. I gad we two have a conſtant Revenue out of him: he would now be

be admitted Suitor to my Lady *Conſtance Nonſuch*, my Lord *Nonſuch* his Daughter; our Neighbour here in *Fleetſtreet*.

Burr. Is the Match in any forwardneſs?

Fail. He never ſaw her before yeſterday, and will not be brought to ſpeak to her this Month yet.

Burr. That's ſtrange.

Fail. Such a baſhful Knight did I never ſee; but we muſt move for him.

Bib. They ſay here's a great Dinner to be made to day here, at your Couſin *Trice*'s, on prpuoſe for the enterview.

Burr. What, he keeps up his old humour ſtill?

Fail. Yes certain; he admires eating and drinking well, as much as ever, and meaſures every man's wit, by the goodneſs of his Palate.

Burr. Who Dines here beſides?

Fail. Jac. Loveby.

Bib. O, my Gueſt.

Burr. He has ever had the repute of a brave clear-ſpirited Fellow.

Fail. He's one of your Dear Hearts, a Debauchee.

Burr. I love him the better for't: the beſt Heraldry of a Gentleman is a Clap deriv'd to him, from three Generations: What fortune has he?

Fail. Good Fortune at all Games; but no Eſtate: he had one; but he has made a Devil on't long ago: he's a bold Fellow, I vow to Gad: a perſon that keeps company with his betters; and commonly has Gold in's pockets: come, *Bibber*; I ſee thou longeſt to be at thy mornings watering: I'll try what credit I have with the Butler.

Burr. Come away my noble Feſtus and new Cuſtomer.

Fail. Now will he drink till his Face be no bigger than a three-pence. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Loveby *and* Boy; *follow'd by* Frances Bibber's *Wife.*

Lov. Nay, the Devil take thee, ſweet Landlady, hold thy tongue: Was't not enough thou haſt ſcolded me from my Lodging, which, as long as I rent it, is my Caſtle; but to follow me here to Mr. *Trice*'s where I am invited; and to diſcredit me before ſtrangers, for a lowſy, Paltry ſumm of Money?

Franc. I tell you truly, Mr. *Loveby*, my husband and I cannot live by Love, as they ſay; we muſt have wherewithal, as they ſay; and pay for what we take; and ſo ſhall you, or ſome ſhall ſmoak for't.

Lov. Smoak! why a piece of hung Beef in *Holland* is not more ſmoakt, than thou haſt ſmoak'd me already. Thou know'ſt I am now faſting; let me have but fair play; when I have lined my ſides with a good dinner, I'll ingage upon reputation to come home again, and thou ſhalt ſcold at me all the afternoon.

Franc. I'll take the Law on you.

Lov. The Law allows none to ſcold in their own Cauſes: What do'ſt thou think the Lawyers take our money for?

Franc. I hope you intend to deal by my Husband like a Gentleman, as they ſay?

Lov. Then I ſhould beat him moſt unmercifully, and not pay him neither.

Franc. Come, you think to fobb me off with your Jeſts as you do my Huſband; but it wonn't be: yonder he comes, and Company with him; Husband, Husband; why, *William*, I ſay!

Enter Bibber, Burr, *and* Failer *at the other end.*

Lov. Speak ſoftly, and I will ſatisfie thee.

Franc. You ſhall not ſatisfie me, Sir; pay me for what you owe me, for Chamber-rent, and Diet, and many a good thing beſides, that ſhall be nameleſs.

Lov. What a Stygian Woman's this to talk thus? hold thy tongue till they be gone or I'll Cuckold thy husband.

Fran. You Cuckold him———would you durſt Cuckold him; I will not hold my Tongue, Sir.

Bib. Yonder's my Gueſt; what ſay you, Gentlemen? ſhall I call him to go down with us?

Lov. I muſt make a looſe from her, there's no other way: Save ye, Mr. *Failer*; is your Couſin *Trice* ſtirring yet? anſwer me quickly, Sir, is your Couſin *Trice* yet ſtirring?

Fail. I'll go and ſee, Sir?—ſure the man has a mind to beat me; but I vow to Gad I have no mind to be beaten by him: come away, *Burr. Will.* you'll follow us?

Bib. I'll be with you immediately——— [*Exeunt* Burr Failer.

Lov. Who was that with *Failer*, *Will?*

Bib. A man at Arms, that's come from *Holland.*

Lov. A man out at Arms thou mean'ſt, *Will*;

Bib. Good I'faith.

Franc. I, I; you run queſting up and down after your Gambols, and your Jeſts, *William*; and never mind the main chance, as they ſay: pray get in your Debts, and think upon your Wife and Children.

Lov. Think upon the Sack at *Cary-Houſe* with the *Apricot* flavour, *Will.* hang a Wife; What is ſhe, but a lawful kind of Manſlayer? every little hugg in bed, is a degree of murdering thee: and for thy Children fear e'm not: thy part of'um ſhall be Taylors, and they ſhall truſt; and thoſe thy Cuſtomers get for thee ſhall be Gentlemen, and they ſhall be truſted by their Brethren; and ſo thy children ſhall live by one another.

Bib. Did you mark that, *Frances*? there was wit now; he call'd me Cuckold to my face, and yet for my heart I cannot be angry with him: I perceive you love *Frances*, Sir; and I love her the better for your ſake; ſpeak truly, do you not like ſuch a pretty brown kind of Woman?

Lov. I do I'faith, *Will.* your fair Women have no ſubſtance in e'm, they ſhrink i'th' wetting.

Franc. Well, you may be undone if you will, Husband: I hear there are 2 or 3 Actions already out againſt him: you may be the laſt, if you think good.

Bib. 'Tis true ſhe tells me; I love your wit well, Sir; but I muſt cut my coat according to my cloath.

Franc. Sir, we'll come by our own as we can; if you put us off from week to week thus.

Lov. Nay, but good Landlady———.

Franc. Will [good Landlady] ſet on the Pot, as they ſay, or make the Jack go; then I'll hear you.

Bib. Now ſhe's too much on the t'other hand: hold your prating, *Frances*; or I'll put you out of your Pater noſters with a ſorrow to you.

Franc.

Franc. I did but lay the Law open to him, as they ſay, whereby to get our money in: but if you knew how he had uſed me, Husband.

Bib. Has he us'd you, *Frances*: put ſo much more into his Bill for Lodging.

Lov. Honeſt *Will*, and ſo he dy'd; I thank the little *Bibber*, being ſober! and when I am drunk, I will kiſs thee for't.

Bib. Thank me, and pay me my money, Sir; though I could not forbear my Jeſt, I do not intend to loſe by you; if you pay me not the ſooner, I muſt provide you another Lodging; ſay I gave you warning.

Lov. Againſt next quarter Landlord?

Bib. Of an hour, Sir.

Lov. That's ſhort warning *Will.*

Bib. By this hand you ſhall up in the Garret where the little bed is, I'll let my beſt room to a better paymaſter; you know the Garret, Sir.

Franc. I, he knows it by a good Token, Husband.

Lov. I ſweat to think of the Garret, *Will.* thou art not ſo unconſcionable to put me there: why 'tis a little kind of eaſe, to cramp thy rebellious Prentices in; I have ſeen an Uſurer's Iron Cheſt would hold two on't: a penny Looking-Glaſs cannot ſtand upright in the Window, that and the Bruſh fills it: the Hat-caſe muſt be diſpos'd under the Bed, and the Comb-caſe will hang down from the Cieling to the Floor. If I chance to Dine in my Chamber, I muſt ſtay till I am empty before I can get out: and if I chance to ſpill the Chamber-pot, it will over-flow it from top to bottom.

Bib. Well, for the deſcription of the Garret, I'll bate you ſomething of the Bill.

Lov. All, all good, *Will.* or to ſtay thy fury till my Rents come up; I will deſcribe thy little Face.

Bib. No, rather deſcribe your own little money; I am ſure that's ſo little, it is not viſible.

Lov. You are i'th' right, I have not a croſs at preſent, as I am a ſinner; and you will not believe me, I'll turn my Pockets inſide outward——— Ha! What's the meaning of this, my Pockets heavy; Has my ſmall Officer put in Counters to abuſe me?———How now, yellow Boys, by this good light! Sirrah, Varlet, how came I by this Gold? Ha!

Boy. What Gold do you mean, Sir? the Devil-a-piece you had this morning: in theſe laſt three weeks I have almoſt forgot what my Teeth were made for; laſt night good Mrs *Bibber* here took pity on me, and crumm'd me a Meſs of Gruel, with the Children, and I popt and popt my Spoon three or four times to my mouth, before I could find the way to't.

Lov. 'Tis ſtrange, how I ſhould come by ſo much Money! Has there been no body about my Chamber this morning, Landlady? [*aſide.*

Boy. O yes Sir; I forgot to tell you that: this morning a ſtrang Fellow, as ever eyes beheld, would needs come up to you when you were aſleep; but when he came down again, he ſaid, He had not wak'd you.

Lov. Sure this fellow, who e'r he was, was ſent by Fortune to miſtake me into ſo much Money,——Well this is not the firſt time my neceſſities have been ſtrangely ſupply'd: ſome *Cadua*, or other has a kindneſs for me, that's certain: *(aſide)*——— Well Monſieur *Bibber*, from henceforward I'll keep

my wit for more refin'd ſpirits; you ſhall be paid with dirt;——there's Money for you.

Bib Nay, Good Sir.

Lov. What's your ſumm? tell it out: Will the Money burn your fingers? Sirrah, Boy, fetch my Suit with the Gold Lace at Sleeves from Tribulation ——Gives him Gold. [*Exit* Boy.

Mr. *Taylor*, I ſhall turn the better Bill-man, and knock that little Coxcomb of yours, if you do not anſwer me what I owe you.

Bib. Pray, Sir, trouble not your ſelf; 'tis nothing, I feck now 'tis not.

Lov. How, nothing, Sir?

Franc. And't pleaſe your Worſhip, it was ſeventeen pounds and a Noble, yeſterday at noon, your Worſhip knows: and then your Worſhip came home ill laſt night and complain'd of your Worſhip's head; and I ſent for three Diſhes of *Tea* for your good Worſhip, and that was Sixpence more, and pleaſe your Worſhip's honour.

Lov. Well; there's eighteen pieces, tell 'em.

Bib. I ſay, *Frances*, do not take 'em.

Lov. What, Is all your pleading of neceſſity come to this?

Bib. Now I ſee he will pay, *Francis*; go home, and fetch him the whole bag of forty pounds, I'll lend it him, and the Leaſe of the Houſe too; he ſhall want for nothing.

Lov. Take the Money, or I'll leave your Houſe.

Bib. Nay rather than diſpleaſe his Worſhip, take it. [*She takes it.*

Lov. So, go home quietly, and Suckle my God-ſon, *Frances*. [*Exit* Frances.

Bib. If you are for the Cellar, Sir, you know the way. [*Exit* Bibber.

Lov. No, my firſt viſit ſhall be to my Miſtriſs, the Lady *Conſtance Nonſuch*; She's diſcreet, and how the Devil ſhe comes to love me, I know not; yet I am pretty confident ſhe Loves me: well, no woman can be wiſer than you know what will give her leave to be.

Enter Lady Conſtance, *and Madam* Iſabella.

Iſa. Look, look; Is not that your Servant, *Loveby?*

Lov. 'Tis ſhe; there's no being ſeen, till I am better habited——— [*Exit* Loveby.

Conſt. Let him go, and take no notice of him: poor Rogue! He little thinks I know his poverty.

Iſa. And leſs, that you ſupply it by an unknown hand.

Conſt. I, and falſified my Father's Keys to do it.

Iſa. How can you anſwer this to your diſcretion?

Conſt. Who could ſee him want ſhe loves?

Enter Setſtone.

Iſa. Oh here's Mr. *Setſtone* come, your Jeweller, Madam.

Conſt. Welcome, *Setſtone*, haſt thou perform'd thy viſit happily and without diſcovery?

Set.

Set. As you would wiſh it, Madam: I went up to his Chamber without interruption; and there found him drowning his cares, and pacifying his hunger with ſleep; which advantage I took, and undiſcovered by him, left the Gold divided in his Pockets.

Conſt. Well, this Money will furniſh him I hope, that we may have his company again.

Set. Two hundred and fifty good pounds; Madam! Has your Father miſs'd it yet.

Conſt. No; if he had, we ſhould have all heard on't before now: but, pray God Monſieur *Loveby* has no other haunts to divert him now he's ranſom'd: what a kind of woman is his Landlady?

Set. Well enough to ſerve a Taylor; or to kiſs when he comes home drunk, or wants money; but, far unlikely to create jealouſie in your Ladyſhip.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Madam, Juſtice *Trice* deſires your Ladyſhip's excuſe, that he has not yet perform'd the Civilities of his hour to you; he is diſpatching a little buſineſs, about which he is carneſtly employed.

Conſt. He's Maſter of his own occaſions. [*Exit* Servant.

Iſa. We ſhall ſee him anon, with his face as red, as if it had been boyl'd in Pump-water: but, When comes this Mirror of Knighthood that is to be preſented you for your Servant?

Conſt. Oh, 'tis well thought on; Faith thou knoweſt my affections are otherwiſe diſpos'd; he's rich and thou want'ſt a Fortune, atchieve him if thou can'ſt, 'tis but trying, and thou haſt as much wit as any Wench in *England*.

Iſa. On condition you'l take it for a Courteſie to be ridd of an Aſs, I care not if I marry him: the old Fool, your Father, would be ſo importunate to match you with a young Fool, that partly for quietneſs ſake I am content to take him.

Conſt. To take him! then you make ſure on't.

Iſa. As ſure, as if the Sack Poſſet were already eaten.

Conſt. But, What means wilt thou uſe to get him?

Iſa. I'll bribe *Failer*, he's the man.

Conſt. Why this Knight is his Inheritance; he lives upon him: Do'ſt thou think he'll ever admit thee to govern him? no, he fears thy wit too much: beſides, he has already received an hundred pounds to make the Match between Sir *Timerous* and me.

Iſa. 'Tis all one for that; I warrant you he ſells me Fee-ſimple of him.

Set. Your Father, Madam———

Enter Nonſuch.

Iſa. The Tempeſt is riſen; I ſee it in his face; he puffs and blows yonder, as if two of the Winds were fighting upward and downward in his belly.

Set. Will he not find your falſe Keyes, Madam?

Iſa. I hope he will have more Humanity than to ſearch us.

Conſt. You are come after us betimes, Sir.

Non. Oh Child! I am undone; I am robb'd. I am robb'd. I have utterly loſt all ſtomach to my dinner.

Conſt. Robb'd! good my Lord, how, or of what?

Non.

Non. Two hundred and fifty pounds in fair Gold out of my Study: a hundred of it I was to have paid a Courtier this afternoon for a Bribe.

Set. I proteſt, my Lord, I had as much ado to get that parcel of Gold for your Lordſhip.——

Non. you muſt get me as much more againſt to morrow; for then my Friend at Court is to pay his Mercer.

Iſa. Nay, if that be all, there's no ſuch haſt: the Courtiers are not ſo forward to pay their Debts.

Conſt. Has not the *Monkey* been in the Study? he may have carried it away, and dropt it under the Garden-window: the graſs is long enough to hide it.

Non. I'll go ſee immediately.

Enter Failer, Burr, Timerous.

Fail. This is the Gentleman, my Lord.

Non. He's wellcome——

Fail. And this the particular of his Eſtate.

Non. That's wellcome too.

Fail. But beſides the Land here mentioned, he has wealth in *ſpecie*.

Non. A very fine young Gentleman.

Tim. Now, my Lord, I hope there's no great need of Wooing: I ſuppoſe my Eſtate will ſpeak for me; yet, if you pleaſe to put in a word.

Non. That will I inſtantly.

Tim. I hope I ſhall have your good word too, Madam, to your Couſin for me; [*To* Iſabella.]

Iſa. Any thing within my power, Sir *Timerous*.

Non. Daughter, here's a perſon of Quality, and one that loves and honours you exceedingly——

Tim. Nay, good my Lord! you diſcover all at firſt daſh.

Non. Let me alone, Sir; Have not I the dominion over my own Daughter? *Conſtance*, here's a Knight in love with you, Child.

Conſt. In love with me, my Lord, it is not poſſible.

Non. Here he ſtands that will make it good, Child.

Tim. Who I, my Lord? I hope her Ladyſhip has a better opinion of me than ſo.

Non. What, are not you in love with my Daughter? I'll be Sworn you told me ſo but even now: I'll eat words for no man.

Tim. If your Ladyſhip will believe all reports that are raiſed on Men of Quality——

Non. He told it me with his own mouth, Child: I'll eat words for no man: that's more than ever I told him yet.

Fail. You told him ſo but juſt now; fye, Sir *Timerous*.

Non. He ſhall have no Daughter of mine and he were a thouſand Knights; he told me, he hop'd I would ſpeak for him, I'll eat no mans words; that's more than ever I told him yet.

Iſa. You need not keep ſuch a pudder about eating his words; you ſee he has eaten e'm already for you.

Non. I'll make him ſtand to his words, and he ſhall not marry my Daughter neither: by this good day, I will—— [*Exit* Nonſuch.

Conſt.

Conſt. 'Tis an ill day to him; he has loſt 250 *l.* in't. [*To* Iſab.

Burr. He ſwears at the rate of two thouſand pounds a year, if the *Rump* Act were ſtill in being.

Fail. He's in paſſion, man; and beſides, he has been a great Fanatick formerly, and now has got a habit of Swearing, that he may be thought a Cavalier.

Burr. What noiſe is that? I think I hear your Couſin *Trice*'s voice.

Fail. I'll go ſee——— [*Exit* Fail.

Iſa. Come, Sir *Timerous*, be not diſcouraged: 'tis but an old mans forwardneſs; he's always thus againſt rain.

Enter Failer.

Fail. O Madam, follow me quickly; and if you do not ſee ſport, Melancholy be upon my head——— [*Exeunt omnes.*

The Scene changes, and Trice *is diſcovered playing at Tables by himſelf, with Spectacles on, a Bottle, and Parmezan by him; they return and ſee him, undiſcovered by him.*

Trice. Cinque and Cater: my Cinque I play here, Sir, my Cater here, Sir: Now for you, Sir: but firſt I'll drink to you, Sir; upon my faith I'll do you reaſon, Sir: mine was thus full, Sir: pray mind your play, Sir:———Size Ace I have thrown, I'll play em at length, Sir:———will you, Sir? then you have made a blot, Sir; I'll try if I can enter: I have hit you, Sir.

———I think you can cog a Dye, Sir.

———I cog a Dye, Sir? I play as fair as you or any man.

———You lye, Sir, how lye, Sir; I'll teach you what 'tis to give a Gentleman the lye, Sir.——— [*Throws down the Table.*

They all laugh and diſcover themſelves.

Iſab. Is this your ſerious buſineſs?

Trice. O you Rogue, are you there? you are welcome, huſwife, and ſo are you, *Conſtance*, *fa tol de re tol de re la.* [*Claps their backs.*

Iſab. Prithee be not ſo rude, *Trice.*

Trice. Huſwife *Conſt*, I'll have you into my Larder, and ſhew you my proviſion: I have Cockles, dainty fat Cockles that came in the night; if they had ſeen the day, I would not have given a fart for e'm. I would the King had e'm.

Conſt. He has as good, I warrnat you.

Trice. Nay that's a lye, I could ſit and cry for him ſometimes, he does not know what 'tis to eat a good meal in a whole year: his Cooks are Aſſes: I have a delicate diſh of Ruffs to dinner, Sirrah.

Conſt. To dinner!

Trice. To dinner! why by ſupper they had been paſt their prime, I'll tell thee the ſtory of e'm: I have a friend.———

Enter Servant.

Sir, Dinner's upon the Table.

Trice. Well, well I have a friend as I told you———

Ser. Dinner ſtays, Sir, 'tis Dinner that ſtays: ſure he will hear now.

Trice. I have a friend, as I told you.———

Iſab.

Iſab. I believe he's your Friend, you are ſo loth to part with him——

Trice. Away away;——I'll tell you the ſtory between the courſes. Go you to the Cook immediately, Sirrah, and bring me word what we have to ſupper, before we go to dinner; I love to have the ſatisfaction of the day before me. [*Exeunt omnes.*

ACT II. SCENE II.

Enter from Dinner, Trice, Timerous, Failer, Burr, Conſtance, Iſabella.

Trice. SPeak thy conſcience; was it not well, Sirrah?

Tim. What think you of the Park; after our plenteous entertainment, Madam?

Iſab. I defie the Park, and all its works.

Conſt. Come, Mr *Trice*, we'll walk in your Garden.

[*Exeunt præter* Failer *and* Burr.

Fail. O, one thing I had almoſt forgot to tell you: one of us two muſt ever be near Sir *Timerous*.

Burr. Why?

Fail. To guard our intereſt in him from the Enemy, Madam *Iſabella*; who, I doubt, has deſigns upon him. I do not fear her wit, but her ſex; ſhe carries a prevailing argument about her.

Enter Bibber *with a bottle*

Bib. By this hand, I have a lightupon the beſt wine in your Couſin's Cellar, drink but one glaſs to me, to ſhew I am welcome, and I am gone.

Fail. Here then, honeſt *Will.* 'tis a cup of forbearance to thee.

Bib. Thank you Sir, I'll pledge you——now here's to you again.

Fail. Come away; what is't, *Will*?

Bib. 'Tis what you chriſtned it, a cup of forbearance, Sir.

Fail. Why I drink that to thee, *Will.* that thou ſhouldſt forbear thy Money.

Bib. And I drink this to you, Sir; henceforward I'll forbear working for you.

Fail. Then ſay I: take a little Bibber, and throw him in the River, and if he will truſt never, then there let him lie ever.

Bib. Then ſay I: take a little *Failer*, and throw him to the Jaylor; and there let him lie, till he has paid his Taylor.

Bur. You are very ſmart upon one another, Gentlemen.

Fail. This is nothing between us; I uſe to tell him of his Title, *Fiery Facias*; and his ſetting-dog, that runs into Ale-houſes before him, and comes queſting out again, if any of the woots his cuſtomers be within.

Bib. I Faith 'tis true; and I uſe to tell him of his two Capons tails about his Hat, that are laid ſpread-eagle-wiſe to make a feather; I would go into the ow at any time, and in a quarter of an hour I would come in with a better feather upon my head; and ſo farewell, Sir; I have had the better on you hitherto, and for this time I am reſolved to keep it. [*Exit* Bibber.

Fail. The Rogue's too hard for me; but the beſt on'tis, I have my revenge upon his Purſe.

Enter

Enter Iſabelle.

Iſab. Came not Sir *Timorous* this way, Gentlemen? he left us in the Garden, and ſaid he would look out my Lord *Nonſuch*, to make his peace with him.

Fail. Madam, I like not your enquiring after Sir *Timorous*: I ſuſpect you have ſome deſign upon him; you would fain undermine your Couſin, and marry him your ſelf.

Iſab. Suppoſe I ſhould deſign it; what are you the worſe for my good fortune? Shall I make a propoſition to you? I know you two carry a great ſtroke with him: make the match between us, and propound to your ſelves what advantages you can reaſonably hope: you ſhall chouſe him of horſes, cloaths and Money, and I'll wink at it.

Burr. And if he will not be chous'd, ſhall we beat him out on't?

Iſab. For that, as you can agree.

Fail. Give us a handſel of the bargain; let us enjoy you, and 'tis a match.

Iſab. Grammarcy i'faith, boyes; I love a good offer howe'r the World goes; but you would not be ſo baſe to wrong him that way.

Fail. I vow to gad but I would, Madam: in a Horſe or a Woman I may lawfully cheat my own Father: beſides, I know the Knight's complexion; he would be ſure to follow other Women; and all that.

Iſab. Nay, if he fought with the ſword, he ſhould give me leave to fight with the Scabbard.

Burr. What ſay you, Madam? is't a bargain.

Iſab. 'Tis but a promiſe; and I have learnt a Court trick for performing any thing. *(aſide.)* Well, Gentlemen, when I am married I'll think upon you; you'll grant there's a neceſſity I ſhould Cuckold him, if it were but to prove my ſelf a Wit.

Fail. Nay, there's no doubt you'll Cuckold him; and all that; for look you he's a perſon fit for nothing elſe, but I fear we ſhall not have the graſſing of the horns; we muſt have Livery and Seiſin before hand of you, or I proteſt to gad we believe you not.

Iſab. I have paſt my word, is't not ſufficient? what do you think, I would tell a lie to ſave ſuch a paltrie thing as a night's lodging? ——Hark you, Sir: [To *Burr.*

Fail. Now will ſhe attempt *Burr*; i'gad ſhe has found him out for the weaker veſſel.

Iſab. I have no kindneſs for that *Failer*, we'll ſtrike him out, and manage Sir *Timorous* our ſelves.

Burr. Indeed we wo'not.

Iſab. *Failer*'s a Rook, and beſides, he's ſuch a debauched fellow.

Burr. I am ten times worſe.

Iſab. Leave it, and him that taught it you: you have virtuous inclinations, and I would not have you ruine your ſelf. He that ſerves many Miſtreſſes, ſurfeits on his diet, and grows dead to the whole Sex: 'tis the folly in the World next long ears and braying.

Burr. Now I'm ſure you have a mind to me; when a Woman once falls to preaching, the next thing is ever Uſe and Application.

Iſab. Forbear your rudeneſs——

Bur. Then I am ſure you meant to jilt me: you decline *Failer*, becauſe he has wit; and you think me ſuch an Aſs, that you may pack me off ſo ſoon as you are Married; no, no, I'll not venture certainties for uncertainties.

Iſa. I can hold no longer; Mr. *Failer*, what do you think this fellow was ſaying of you?

Fail. Of me, Madam?

Iſa. That you were one of the erranteſt Cowards in Chriſtendom, though you went for one of the Dear Heart's: that your name had been upon more Poſts than Play-bills: and that he had been acquainted with you theſe ſeven years, drunk and ſober, and yet could never faſten a quarrel upon you.

Burr. Do you believe this, Dear Heart?

Iſa. If you deny it, I'll take his ſword, and force you to confeſs it.

Fail. I vow to gad this will not do, Madam: you ſhall not ſet us at variance ſo eaſily; neither ſhall you have Sir *Timerous*.

Iſa. No! then mark my words: I'll marry him in ſpight of you; and which is worſe, you ſhall both work my ends; and I'll diſcard you for your pains.

Fail. You ſhall not touch a bit of him: I'll preſerve his humbles from you igad; they ſhall be his Keepers Fees.

Burr. She ſhall cut an Atome ſooner than divide us. [*Exeunt* Burr *and* Failer.

Enter Conſtance.

Con. I have given 'em the ſlip in the Garden, to come and overhear thee: no fat overgrown Virgin of forty ever offer'd her ſelf ſo dog cheap, or was more deſpis'd: me-thinks now this ſhould mortifie thee exceedingly.

Iſa. Not a whit the more for that: Couſin mine, our Sex is not ſo eaſily put out of conceit with our own Beauties.

Con. Thou haſt loſt the opinion of thy honeſty, and got nothing in recompence: now that's ſuch an overſight in a Lady.

Iſab. You are deceiv'd: they think me to virtuous for their purpoſe, but I have yet another way to try, and you ſhall help me.

Enter Loveby *new habited.*

Con. Mr. *Loveby*, welcome, welcome: where have you been this fortnight?

Lov. Faith, Madam, out of Town to ſee a little thing that's fallen to me upon the death of a Grandmother.

Conſt. You thank death for the windfall, Servant: but why are you not in mourning for her.

Lov. Troth Madam it came upon me ſo ſuddenly I had not time: 'twas a fortune utterly unexpected by me.

Iſa. Why, was our Grandmother ſo young you could not look for her diſeaſe?

Lov. Not for that neither; but I had many other kindred whom ſhe might have left it to, only ſhe heard I liv'd here in faſhion, and ſpent my Money in the Eye of the World.

Conſt. You forge theſe things prettily; but I have heard you are as poor as a decimated Cavalier, and had not one foot of land in all the World.

Lov. Rivals tales, Rivals tales, Madam.

Conſt. Where lies your land, Sir?

Lov. I'll tell you, Madam, it has upon it a very fair Manor houſe; from one ſide you have in proſpect an hanging Garden.

Iſa.

Isa. Who was hang'd there? not your Grandmother I hope?

Lov. In the midst of it you have a Fountain: you have seen that at *Hampton-Court*; it will serve to give you a slight Image of it. Beyond the Garden you look to a River through a perspective of Fruit-trees; and beyond the River you see a Mead so flowry: well I shall never be at quiet, till we two make Hay there.

Const. But where lies this Paradice?

Lov. Pox on't; I am thinking to sell it, it has such a villanous unpleasant name; it would have sounded so harsh in a Ladies Ear. But for the Fountain, Madam.———

Const. The Fountain's a poor excuse, it will not hold water; come the name, the name.

Lov. Faith it is come so lately into my hands, that I have forget the name on't.

Isab. That's much, now, you should forget the name, and yet could make such an exact description of the place.

Lov. If you will needs know, the name's *Bawdy*; sure this will give a stop to their curiosity. (*aside.*)

Isa. At least you'll tell us in what County it lies, that my Cousin may send to enquire about it; come, this shall not serve your turn, tell us any Town that's near it.

Lov. 'Twill be somewhat too far to send; it lies in the very North of *Scotland*.

Isa. In good time, a Paradice in the *Highlands*; is't not so, Sir?

Const. It seems you went Post, Servant: in troth you are a rank rider, to go to the North of *Scotland*, stay and take Possession, and return again, in ten days time.

Isa. I never knew your Grandmother was a *Scotch* Woman: is she not a *Tartar* too: pray whistle for her, and let's see her daunce: come———whist Grannee!

Const. Fie-fie Servant; what, no invention in you? all this while a studying for a name of your Manor? come, come, where lyes it? tell me.

Lov. No faith, I am wiser than so; I'll discover my Seat to no man; so I shall have some damn'd Lawyer keep a prying into my title to defeat me of it.

Const. How then shall I be satisfied there is such a thing in nature?

Lov. Tell me what Jewel you would wear, and you shall have it: Enquire into my money, there's the trial.

Const. Since you are so flush, Sir, you shall give me a Locket of Diamonds of three hundred pounds.

Isa. That was too severe; you know he has but 250 *l.* to be bestow. [*to her.*]

Lov. Well you shall have it, Madam: but I cannot higgle: I know you'll say it did not cost above 200 pieces.

Isa. I'll be hang'd if he does not present you with a parcel of melted Flints set in Glod, or *Norfolk* Pebbles.

Lov. Little Gentlewoman you are so keen: —— Madam, this night I have appointed business, to morrow I'll wait upon you with it. [*Exit* Loveby.

Isa. By that time he has bought his Locket, and paid his Landlady, all his Money will be gone: but, Do you mean to prosecute your Plot, to see him this Evening?

Const. Yes, and that very privately; if my Father know it I am undone.

Enter Setſtone.

Iſa. I heard him ſay this night he had appointed buſineſs.

Set. Why that was it, Madam; according to your order I put on a diſguiſe, and found him in the *Temple*-Walks: having drawn him aſide, I told him, if he expected happineſs, he muſt meet me in a blind Alley I nam'd to him, on the back-ſide of Mr. *Trice*'s Houſe, juſt at the cloſe of Evening; there he ſhould be ſatisfied from whom he had his ſupplies of Money.

Conſt. And how did he receive the Summons?

Set. Like a bold Hector of *Troy*; without the leaſt doubt or ſcruple: but the jeſt on't was, he would needs believe that I was the Devil.

Conſt. Sure he was afraid to come then.

Set. Quite contrary; he told me I need not be ſo ſhy, to acknowledge my ſelf to him; he knew I was the Devil; but he had learnt ſo much civility, as not to preſs his Friend to a farther diſcovery than he was pleaſed, I ſhould ſee I had to do with a Gentleman; and any Courteſie I ſhould confer on him he would not be unthankful for; becauſe he hated ingratitude of all things.

Conſt. 'Twas well carried not to diſabuſe him: I laugh to think what ſport I ſhall have anon, when I convince him of his lies, and let him know I was the Devil to whom he was beholding for his Money: go, *Setſtone*, and in the ſame diſguiſe be ready for him. [*Exit* Setſtone.

Iſa. How dare you truſt this fellow?

Conſt. I muſt truſt ſome-body; gain has made him mine, and now fear will keep him faithful.

To them, Bur, Failer, Timorous, Trice, Nonſuch.

Fail. Pray, my Lord, take no picque at it: 'tis not given to all men to be confident: I'gad you ſhall ſee Sir *Timorous* will redeem all upon the next occaſion.

Non. A raw mieking Boy.

Iſa. And what are you but an old Boy of five and fifty? I never knew any thing ſo humorſome———I warrant you, Sir *Timorous*, I'll ſpeak for you.

Non. Would'ſt thou have me be friends with him? for thy ſake he ſhall only add five hundred a year to her Joynture and I'll be ſatisfied: come you hither, Sir.

Here Trice, *and* Nonſuch *and* Timorous *talk privately*; Burr *with* Failer *apart*; Conſtance *with* Iſabella.

Conſt. You'l not find your account in this trick to get *Failer* beaten; 'tis too palpable and open.

Iſa. I warrant you 'twill paſs upon *Burr* for a time: ſo my revenge, and your intereſt will go on together.

Fail. *Burr*, there's miſchief a brewing, I know it by their whiſpering I vow to gad: look to your ſelf, their deſign's on you; for my part I am a Perſon that am above 'em.

Tim. to *Trice.* But then you muſt ſpeak for me, Mr *Trice*; and you too, my Lord.

Non. If you deny't again, I'll beat you; look, to't, Boy.

Trice. Come on; I'll make the bargain.

Iſa. You were ever good in a Fleſh Market.

Trice. Come, you little Harlotry; What ſatisfaction can you give me for running away before the Ruffs came in? *Conſt.*

Conſt. Why I left you to 'em, that ever invite your own belly to the greateſt part of all your feaſts.

Trice. I have brought you a Knight here, Huſwife, with a plentiful Fortune to furniſh out a Table; and, What would you more? Would you be an Angel in Heaven?

Iſa. Your mind's ever upon your belly.

Trice. No 'tis ſometimes upon yours, but, What ſay'ſt thou to Sir *Timorous*, little *Conſtance*?

Conſt. Would you have me married to that King *Midas*'s Face?

Trice. *Midas*, me no *Midas*; he's a Wit; he underſtands eating and drinking well. *Poeta coquus*, the Heathen Philoſopher could tell you that.

Conſt. Come on, Sir; What's your will with me? [*Laughs.*

Tim. Why, Madam, I could only wiſh we were a little better acquainted, that we might not laugh at one another ſo.

Conſt. If the Fool puts forward I am undone.

Tim. Fool! do you know me, Madam?

Conſt. You may ſee I know you, becauſe I call you by your name.

Fail. You muſt endure theſe rebukes with patience, Sir *Timorous*.

Conſt. What, are you Plannet ſtruck? Look you, my Lord, the Gentleman is Tongue-ty'd.

Non. This is paſt enduring.

Fail. 'Tis nothing, my Lord; Courage, Sir *Timorous*.

Non. I ſay 'tis paſt enduring; that's more than ever I told you yet: Do you come to make a fool of my Daughter?

Iſa. Why, Lord?———

Non. Why, Lady?——— [*Exit* Nonſuch.

Trice. Let's follow the old Man, and pacifie him.

Iſa. Now, Couſin—— [*Exeunt* Iſabelle, Trice, Burr.

Conſt. Well, Mr. *Failer*, I did not think you of all the reſt would have endeavoured a thing ſo much againſt my inclination, as this Marriage: if you had been acquainted with my heart, I am ſure you would not.

Fail. What can the meaning of this be? you would not have me believe you love me; and yet how otherwiſe to underſtand you I vow to gad I cannot comprehend.

Conſt. I did not ſay I lov'd you, but if I ſhould take a fancy to your Perſon and Humour: I hope it is no Crime to tell it you. Women are ty'd to hard unequal Laws: the paſſion is the ſame in us, and yet we are debarr'd the freedom to expreſs it. You make poor *Grecian* beggers of us, Ladies; our deſires muſt have no language; but onely be faſtned to our breaſts.

Fail. Come, come; I'gad I know the whole Sex of you: your Love's at beſt but a kind of blind-mans-buff, catching at him that's next in your way.

Conſt. Well, Sir, I can take nothing ill from you; when 'tis too late you'l ſee how unjuſt you have been to me.——I have ſaid too much already.--- [*Is going.*

Fail. Nay, ſtay, ſweet Madam: I vow to gad my fortune's better than I could imagine.

Conſt. No, pray let me go, Sir; perhaps I was in jeſt.

Fail. Really, Madam, I look upon you as a Perſon of ſuch worth and all

that

that, that I Vow to gad I honour you of all Perſons in the World; and though I am a Perſon that am inconſiderable in the World, and all that Madam, yet for a Perſon of your Worth and Excellency, I would———

Conſt. What would you, Sir?

Fail. Sacrifice my Life and Fortunes, I vow to gad, Madam.

Enter Iſabelle, Burr, *and* Timorous, *at a diſtance from them.*

Iſa. There's *Failer* cloſe in Talk with my Couſin, he's ſolliciting your Suit, I warrant you, Sir *Timorous*: do but obſerve with what paſſion he courts for you.

Burr. I do not like that kneading of her hand though.

Iſa. Come, you are ſuch a jealous Coxcomb: I warrant you ſuſpect there's ſome amour between 'em; there can be nothing in't it is ſo open: pray obſerve.

Burr. But, How come you ſo officious, Madam; you, that e'r now had a deſign upon Sir *Timorous* for your ſelf?

Iſa. I thought you had a better opinion of my Wit, than to think I was in earneſt. My Couſin may do what ſhe pleaſes, but he ſhall never pin himſelf upon me aſſure him.

Conſt. } Sir *Timorous* little knows how dangerous a perſon he has employ-
to *Fail.* } ed in making love: ——— (*aloud*)

Burr. How's this! Pray my Lady *Conſtance*, what's the meaning of that you ſay to *Failer*.

Fail. What luck was this, that he ſhould over-hear you! Pax on't!

Conſt. Mr. *Burr*, I owe you not that ſatisfaction; what you have heard you may interpret as you pleaſe.

Tim. The Raſcal has betray'd me.

Iſa. In earneſt, Sir, I do not like it.

Fail. Dear Mr. *Burr*, be Pacify'd; you are a perſon I have an honour for; and this change of Affairs ſhall not be the worſe for you I gad Sir.

Conſt. Bear up reſolutely, Mr. *Failer*, and maintain my Favours, as becomes my ſervant.

Burr. He maintain 'em! go you *Judas*! I'll teach you what 'tis to play faſt and looſe with a man of War. [*Kicks him.*

Tim. Lay it on, *Burr*.

Iſa. Spare him not, *Burr*.

Conſt. Fear him not, *Servant*.

Fail. Oh, oh, would no body were on my ſide; here I am prais'd I vow to gad into all the Colours of the Rainbow.

Conſt. But, remember 'tis for me.

Burr. As you like this, proceed, Sir; but come not near me to night, while I'm in wrath. [*Exeunt* Burr *and* Timorous.

Conſt. Come, Sir; How fare you after your ſore Trial: you bore it with a moſt heroick patience.

Iſa. Brave man at Arms, but weak to *Balthazer*!

Fail. I hope to gad, Madam, you'l conſider the merit of my ſufferings: I would not have been beaten thus, but to obey that perſon in the World.—

Conſt. Heaven reward you for't: I never ſhall.

Fail. How Madam!

Iſa. Art thou ſuch an Aſs as not to perceive thou art abuſed: this beating I contriv'd

contriv'd for you: you know upon what account; and have yet another or two at your ſervice: yield up the Knight in time 'tis your beſt courſe.

Fail. Then, does not your Ladyſhip love me, Madam?

Conſt. Yes, yes, I love to ſee you beaten.

Iſa. Well, methinks now you have had a hard bargain on't: you have loſt your Cully, Sir *Timorous*, and your Friend *Burr*, and all to get a poor beating: but I'll ſee it mended againſt next time for you.

[*Exeunt* Conſtance, *and* Iſabelle *Laughing.*

Fail. I am ſo much amazed, I vow to gad, I do not underſtand my own condition. [*Exit* Failer.

Enter Loveby *ſolus in the dark; his Sword drawn; groping out his way* —

Loveby. This is the time and place he 'pointed me; and 'tis certainly the Devil I am to meet, for no mortal Creature could have that kindneſs for me, to ſupply my neceſſities as he has done, nor could have done it in ſo ſtrange a manner: he told me he was a Scholar, and had been a Parſon in the Fanaticks times; a ſhrewd ſuſpition it was the Devil; or at leaſt a limb of him. If the Devil can ſend Churchmen on his Errands, Lord have mercy upon the Laiety! Well, let every Man ſpeak as he finds, and give the Devil his due; I think him a very honeſt and well-natur'd Fellow: and if I hear any Man ſpeak ill of him, (except it be a Parſon that gets his living by it) I wear a Sword at his Service: yet for all this I do not much care to ſee him. He does not mean to hook me in for my Soul, Does he? if he does, I ſhall deſire to be excus'd. But what a Rogue am I, to ſuſpect a Perſon that has dealt ſo like a Gentleman by me? he comes to bring me Money, and would do it handſomely, that it might not be perceiv'd: let it be as 'twill, I'll ſeem to truſt him, and then if he have any thing of a Gentleman in him, he will ſcorn to deceive me, as much as I would to couſin him, if I were the Devil, and he *Jack Loveby.*

Enter Failer *at t'other end of the Stage.*

Fail. What will become of me to night! I am juſt in the condition of an outlying-Deer, that's beaten from his walk for offering to rutt: Enter I dare not for *Burr.*

Lov. I hear a Voice, but nothing do I ſee; ſpeak what thou art.

Fail. There he is, watching for me: I muſt venture to run by him; and when I am in, I hope my Couſin *Trice* will defend me: the Devil would not lie abroad in ſuch a night.

Lov. I thought it was the Devil before he nam'd himſelf.

[Failer *goes to run off, and falls into* Loveby's *Arms.*

Lov. Honeſt Sathan! well encounter'd! I am ſorry with all my heart it is ſo dark: 'Faith I ſhould be very glad to ſee thee at my Lodging; prithee let's not be ſuch ſtrangers to one another for the time to come; and, what haſt thou got under thy Cloak there little Sathan; I warrant thou haſt brought me ſome more Money.

Fail. Help; help; Thieves, Thieves. [Loveby *lets him go.*

Lov. This is *Failer*'s Voice: How the Devil was I miſtaken! I muſt get off, e'er Company comes in. [*Exit* Loveby.

Fail. Thieves! Thieves!

Enter

Enter Trice, Burr, Timorous, *undreſs'd.*

All. Where! where!

Fail. One was here juſt now; and it ſhould be *Loveby* by his Voice; but I have no Witneſs.

Trice. It cannot be; he wants no Money.

Burr. Come, Sirrah; I'll take pity on you to night; you ſhall lie in the Truckle-bed.

Trice. Pox o' this noiſe, it has diſturb'd me from ſuch a Dream of Eating. [*Exeunt omnes.*

ACT III.

Conſtance, *and* Iſabelle.

Conſt. 'TWas ill luck to have the meeting broke laſt night, juſt as *Setſtone* was coming towards him.

Iſa. But in part of recompence you'll have the pleaſure of putting him on farther ſtreights, O, theſe little miſchiefs are meat and drink to me.

Conſt. He ſhall tell me from whence he has his Money: I am reſolv'd now to try him to the utmoſt.

Iſa. I would deviſe ſomething for him to do, which he could not poſſibly perform.

Conſt. As I live, yonder he comes with the Jewel in his hand he promis'd me; prithee leave me alone with him.

Iſa. Speed the Plough; if I can make no ſport, I'll hinder none: I'll to my Knight, Sir *Timorous*; ſhortly you ſhall hear news from *Damætas.* [*Ex.* Iſabelle.

Enter Loveby.

Lov. Look you, Madam, here's the Jewel; do me the favour to accept it, and ſuppoſe a very good Complement deliver'd with it.

Conſt. Believe me a very fair Jewel: but, Why will you be at this needleſs Charge? What acknowledgment do you expect? you know I will not Marry you.

Lov. How the Devil do I know that? I do not conceive my ſelf under correction, ſo inconſiderable a Perſon.

Conſt. You'll alter your partial Opinion, when I tell you 'tis not a flaſh of Wit fires me, nor is it a gay out-ſide can ſeduce me to Matrimony.

Lov. I am neither Fool, nor deform'd ſo much as to be deſpicable. What do I want?

Conſt. A good Eſtate, that makes every thing handſome; nothing can look well without it.

Lov. Does this Jewel expreſs Poverty?

Conſt. I conjure you by your love to me, tell me one truth not minc'd by your invention: How came you by this Jewel?

Lov. 'Tis well I have a Voucher; pray ask your own Jeweller *Setſtone*, if I did not buy it of him?

Conſt.

Const. How glad you are now, you can tell a truth ſo near a lie; but, Where had you the Money that purchas'd it? come, ——— without circumſtances and preambles.———

Lov. Umh, ——— perhaps that may be a ſecret.

Conſt. Say it be one; yet he that lov'd indeed, could not keep it from his Miſtreſs.

Lov. Why ſhould you be thus importunate?

Conſt. Becauſe I cannot think you love me, if you will not truſt that to my knowledge, which you conceal from all the World beſide.

Lov. You urge me deeply———

Conſt. Come, ſweet Servant, you ſhall tell me; I am reſolv'd to take no denial: Why do you ſigh?

Lov. If I be blaſted it muſt out.

Conſt. Either tell me, or reſolve to take your leave for ever.

Lov. Then know I have my means; I know not how.

Conſt. This is a fine ſecret.

Lov. Why then if you will needs know; 'tis from the Devil; I have Money from him, what, and when I pleaſe.

Conſt. Have you ſeal'd a Covenant, and given away your Soul for Money?

Lov. No ſuch thing intended on my part.

Conſt. How then?

Lov. I know not yet what conditions he'll propoſe: I ſhould have ſpoke with him laſt night, but that a croſs chance hinder'd it.

Conſt. Well, my opinion is, ſome great Lady that is in Love with you, ſupplies you ſtill; and you tell me an incredible Tale of the Devil, meerly to ſhadow your infidelity.

Lov. Deviſe ſome means to try me.

Conſt. I take you at your Word; you ſhall ſwear freely to beſtow on me, whatever you ſhall gain this unknown-way; and for a proof, becauſe you tell me you can have Money, what, and when you pleaſe; bring me an hundred pounds e'r night: [If I do marry him for a Wit, I'll ſee what he can do; he ſhall have none from me.] [*Aſide.*

Lov. You overjoy me, Madam; you ſhall have it, and 'twere twice as much.

Conſt. How's this!

Lov. The Devil a croſs that I have; or know where to get; but I muſt promiſe well to ſave my credit: now Devil, if thou do'ſt forſake me! [*Aſide.*

Conſt. I miſtruſt you; and therefore if you fail, I'll have your hand to ſhow againſt you; here's Ink and Paper. [Loveby *Writes.*

Enter Burr *and* Timorous.

Burr. What makes *Loveby* yonder? he's Writing ſomewhat.

Tim. I'll go ſee——— [*Looks over him.*

Lov. Have you no more manners than overlook a man when he's a Writing? ———Oh, Is't you, Sir *Timorous*? you may ſtand ſtill; now I think on't you cannot read Written hand.

Burr. You are very familiar with Sir *Timorous*.

Lov. So I am with his Companions, Sir.

Burr. Then there's hopes you and I may be better acquainted: I am one of his Companions.

Lov. By what title? as you are an Aſs, Sir?

Conſt. No more *Loveby*.——

Lov. I need not Madam? alaſs this Fellow is only the Sollicitor of a quarrel, till he has brought it to an head, and will leave the fighting part to the Courteous pledger. Do not I know theſe fellows? you ſhall as ſoon perſwade a Maſtiff to faſten on a Lyon, as one of theſe to ingage with a Courage above their own: they know well enough who they can beat, and who can beat them.

Enter Failer *at a diſtance.*

Fail. Yonder they are; now would I compound for a reaſonable ſumm; that I were Friends with *Burr*: if I am not, I ſhall loſe Sir *Timorous*.

Conſt. O, Servant, have I ſpyed you! let me run into your Arms.

Fail. I renounce my Lady *Conſtance*: I vow to gad I renounce her.

Tim. To your Task, *Burr*.

Enter Nonſuch *and* Habelle.

Conſt. Hold, Gentlemen; no ſign of quarrel!

Non. O friends! I think I ſhall go mad with grief, I have loſt more Money.

Lov. Would I had it: that's all the harm I wiſh my ſelf: your Servant Madam; I go about the buſineſs.—— [*Exit* Loveby.

Non. What? Does he take no pitty on me?

Conſt. Prithee moan him, *Iſabelle*.

Iſa. Alas alas poor Nunckle! could they find in their hearts to rob him!

Non. Five hundred pounds out of poor ſix thouſand pounds a year! I and mine are undone for ever.

Fail. Your own Houſe you think is clear, my Lord?

Conſt. I dare anſwer for all there, as much as for my ſelf.

Burr. Oh that he would but think that *Loveby* had it!

Fail. If you'll be friends with me, I'll try what I can perſwade him to.

Burr. Here's my hand, I will dear heart.

Fail. Your own Houſe being clear, my Lord; I am apt to ſuſpect this *Loveby* for ſuch a perſon: Did you mark how abruptly he went out?

Non. He did indeed, Mr. *Failer*, but why ſhould I ſuſpect him? his carriage is fair, and his means great: he could never live after this rate if it were not.

Fail. This ſtill renders him the more ſuſpicious: he has no land to my knowledge.

Burr. Well ſaid miſchief.—— [*Aſide.*

Conſt. My Father's credulous, and this Rogue has found the blind ſide of him, would *Loveby* heard him!—— [*To* Iſab.

Fail. He has no Means, and he loſes at Play: ſo that for my part, I proteſt to gad, I am reſolved he picks Locks for his Living.

Burr. Nay, to my Knowledge, he picks locks.

Tim. And to mine.

Fail. No longer ago than laſt night he met me in the dark, and offer'd to dive into my Pockets.

Non. That's a main argument for ſuſpition.

Fail.

Fail. I remember once when the Keyes of the *Exchequer* were loſt in the Rump-time, he was ſent for upon an extremity, and I gad he opens me all the Locks with the Blade-bone of a Breaſt of Mutton

Non. Who, this *Loveby*?

Fail. This very *Loveby*: Another time, when we had ſate up very late at *Ombre* in the Country, and were hungry towards morning, he Plucks me out, I vow to gad I tell you no lie, four-teen-peny-Nailes from the Dairy-Lock with his teeth, fetches me out a Meſs of Milk; and knocks me 'em in again with his Head, upon Reputation.

Iſa. Thou Boy!

Non. What ſhall I do in this caſe? my comfort is, my Gold's all mark'd.

Conſt. Will you ſuſpect a Gentleman of *Loveby*'s worth, upon the bare report of ſuch a Raſcal as this *Failer*.

Non. Hold thy tongue, I charge thee; upon my bleſſing hold thy tongue, I'll have him apprehended before he ſleeps; come along with me, Mr. *Failer*.

Fail. Burr, Look well to Sir *Timorous*; I'll be with you inſtantly.

Conſt. I'll watch you, by your favour. [*Aſide.*

[*Exeunt* Nonſuch, Failer, Conſtance *following them.*

Iſa. A word, Sir *Timorous*.

Burr. She ſhall have a courſe at the Knight, and come up, [*Gets behind.*] to him, but when ſhe is juſt ready to pinch he ſhall give ſuch a looſe from her, ſhall break her heart.

Iſa. *Burr* there ſtill, and watching us? there's certainly ſome Plot in this, but I'll turn it to my own advantage. [*Aſide.*

Tim. Did you mark *Burr*'s retirement, Madam?

Iſa. I; his guilt it ſeems makes him ſhun your Company.

Tim. In what can he be guilty?

Iſa. You muſt needs know it; he Courts your Miſtriſs.

Tim. Is he too, in love with my Lady *Conſtance*;

Iſa. No, no; but which is worſe, he Courts me.

Tim. Why, what have I to do with you? you know I care not this for you.

Iſa. Perhaps ſo; but he thought you did: and good reaſon he had for it.

Tim. What reaſon, Madam?

Iſa. The moſt convincing in the World: he knew my Couſin *Conſtance* never lov'd you: he has heard her ſay, you were as invincibly ignorant as a Townſop judging a new Play: as ſhamefac'd as a great over-grown School-Boy: in fine, good for nothing but to be worm'd out of your Eſtate, and Sacrificed to the god of Laughter.

Tim. Was your Couſin ſo barbarous to ſay this?

Iſa. In his hearing.

Tim. And would he let me proceed in my ſuit to her?

Iſa. For that I muſt excuſe him; he never thought you could love one of my Couſin's humor: but took your Court to her, only as a blind to your affection for me: and being poſſeſſed with that opinion, he thought himſelf as worthy as you to marry me.

Tim. He is not half ſo worthy; and ſo I'll tell him in a fair way.

Burr *to a* Boy, *entring.*] Sirrah Boy, deliver this Note to Madam *Iſabelle*; but be not known I am ſo near.

Boy. I warrant you, Sir.

Burr. Now fortune all I desire of thee, is, that Sir *Timorous* may see it; if he once be brought to believe there is a kindness between her and me, it will ruine all her Projects.

Isa. To the *Boy.* From whom?

Boy. From Mr. *Burr*, Madam,

Isabelle reads. These for Madam *Isabelle.*

Dear Rogue.

Sir Timorous *knows nothing of our kindness, nor shall for me; seem still to have designs upon him; it will hide thy affection the better. to thy Servant* Burr.

Isa. Alas poor Woodcock, dost thou go a birding: thou hast e'n set a Spring to catch thy own neck: look you here Sir *Timorous*; here's something to confirm what I have told you. [*Gives him the Letter.*

Tim. D, e, a, re, Dear, R, o, g, u, e, Ro-gue. Pray Madam read it: this written hand is such a damned pedantique thing I could never away with it.

Isa. He would fain have robbed you of me! Lord, Lord! to see the malice of a man.

Tim. She has perswaded me so damnably, that I begin to think she's my Mistris indeed.

Isab. Your Mistris? why I hope you are not to doubt that at this time of day. I was your Mistris from the first day you ever saw me.

Tim. Nay, like enough you were so; but I vow to gad now, I was wholly ignorant of my own affection.

Isa. And this Rogue pretends he has an interest in me meerly to defeat you: look you, look you where he stands in ambush, like a Jesuit behind a Quaker, to see how his design will take.

Tim. I see the Rogue: now could I find in my heart to marry you in spight to him; what think you on't in a fair way?

Isa. I have brought him about as I would wish; and now I'll make my own conditions (*Aside.*) Sir *Timorous*, I wish you well; but he I marry must promise me to live at *London*: I cannot abide to be in the Country, like a wild beast in the wilderness, with no Christian Soul about me.

Tim. Why I'll bear you Company.

Isa. I cannot endure your early hunting matches there; to have my sleep disturbed by break of day, with high *Jowler*, *Jowler*, there *Venus*, ah *Beauty*! and then a serenade of deep mouth'd Currs, to answer the salutation of the Huntsman, as if Hell were broke loose about me: and all this to meet a pack of Gentlemen Salvages to ride all day like mad-men, for the immortal fame of being first in at the Hares death: to come upon the spur after a trayl at four in the afternoon to destruction of cold meat and cheese, with your lewd company in boots; fall a drinking till Supper-time, be carried to bed, rop'd out of your Cellar, and be good for nothing all the night after.

Tim. Well, Madam, what is it you would be at? you shall find me reasonable to all your propositions.

Isa. I have but one condition more to add; for I will be as reasonable as you, and that is a very poor request, to have all the money in my disposing.

Tim. How, all the Money?

Isa.

Iſa. I, for I am ſure I can Huſwife it better for your honour; not but that I ſhall be willing to encourage you with pocket money, or ſo, ſometimes.

Tim. This is ſomewhat hard.

Iſa. Nay, if a Woman cannot do that, I ſhall think you have an ill opinion of my virtue: not truſt your own fleſh and blood, Sir *Timorous*!

Tim. Well, is there any thing more behind?

Iſa. Nothing more, only the choice of my own Company, my own hours, and my own actions: theſe trifles granted me, in all things of moment, I am your moſt obedient Wife and Servant *Iſabelle*.

Tim. Is't a match then?

Iſa. For once I am content it ſhall; but 'tis to redeem you from thoſe Raſcals *Burr.* and *Failer*——————that way Sir *Timorous*, for fear of Spies; I'll meet you at the Garden door.—————————— [*Exit* Timorous.

Sola. I have led all Women the way, if they dare but follow me; and now march off, if I can ſcape but ſpying, with my Drums beating, and my Colours flying. [*Exit* Iſa.

Burr. So their wooing's at an end; thanks to my wit.

Enter Failer.

Fail. Oh *Burr!* whither is it Sir *Timorous* and Madam *Iſabelle* are gone together?

Burr. Adore my wit, Boy; they are parted never to meet again.

Fail. I ſaw 'em meet juſt now at the Garden door: ſo ho, ho, ho, who's within there: help here quickly, quickly.

Enter Nonſuch *and two Servants.*

Nonſ. What's the matter?

Fail. Your Niece *Iſabelle* has ſtolen away Sir *Timorous*.

Nonſ. Which way took they?

Fail. Follow me, I'll ſhew you.

Nonſ. Break your necks after him, you idle Varlets. [*Exeunt Omnes.*

Enter Loveby: Loveby's *Collar unbutton'd, Band careleſly on, Hat on the Table, as new riſing from ſleep.*

Lov. Boy, how long have I ſlept Boy?

Enter Boy.

Boy. Two hours and a half, S r.

Lov. What's a Clock, Sirrah?

Boy. Near four, Sir.

Lov. Why there's it: I have promiſed my Lady *Conſtance* an hundred pounds e'r night; I had four hours to perform it in when I engaged to do it; and I have ſlept out more than two of them: all my hope to get this money lies within the compaſs of that Hat there.—before I lay down I made bold a little to prick my finger, and write a note in the blood of it, to this ſame Friend of mine in t'other World, that uſes to ſupply me, the Devil has now had above two hours to perform it in; all which time I have ſlept, to give him the better opportunity: time enough for a Gentleman of his agility to fetch it from the *Eaſt-Indies*; out of one of his Temples where they Worſhip him; or if he were lazy, and not minded to go ſo far; 'twere but ſtepping over Sea, and borrow-

ing

ing ſo much Money, out of his own Bank at *Amſterdam*! hang't, what's an hundred pounds between him and me.—— Now does my heart go pit a pat, for fear I ſhould not find the Money there: I would fain lift it up to ſee, and yet I am ſo fraid of miſſing: yet a plague, why ſhould I fear he'll fail me; the name of friend's a ſacred thing; ſure he'll conſider that:—— methinks this Hat looks as if it ſhould have ſomething under it: if one could ſee the yellow Boys peeping underneath the Brims now; ha! (*Looks under round about*) in my conſcience I think I do: ſtand out o'th' way, Sirrah, and be ready to gather up the pieces that will fluſh out of the Hat as I take it up.

Boy. What is my Maſter mad trow?

Loveby ſnatches up the Hat, looks in it haſtily, and ſees nothing but the Paper.]

Now the Devil, take the Devil: ah Plague! was ever man ſerv'd as I am? (*throws his Hat upon the ground*) to break the bonds of Amity for 100 pieces: well, it ſhall be more out of thy way than thou imagin'ſt, Devil: I'll turn Parſon, and be at open defiance with thee; I'll lay the wickedneſs of all people upon thee, though thou art never ſo innocent; I'll convert thy Bawds and Whores; I'll Hector thy Gameſters, that they ſhall not dare to ſwear, curſe or bubble; nay, I'll ſet thee out ſo, that thy very Uſurers and Aldermen ſhall fear to have to do with thee. [*A noiſe within of* Iſabelle *and* Frances.

Enter Frances, *thruſting back* Iſabelle *and* Timorous.

Fran. How now, what's the matter?

Iſa. Nay, ſweet Miſtreſs be not ſo hard-hearted; all I deſire of you is but harbour for a minute: you cannot in humanity deny that ſmall ſuccour to a Gentlewoman.

Fran. A Gentlewoman! I thought ſo, my houſe affords no harbour for Gentlewomen: you are a company of proud Hallottries; I'll teach you to take place of Tradeſmens Wives with a wannion to you.

Lov. How's this, Madam *Iſabelle?*

Iſa. Mr. *Loveby*! how happy am I to meet with you in my diſtreſs!

Lov. What's the matter, Madam?

Iſa. I'll tell you, if this Gentlewoman will give me leave.

Franc. No, Gentlewoman, I will not give you leave; they are ſuch as we maintain your pride, as they ſay. Our Husbands truſt } Iſabelle, } *Whiſper.* you, and you muſt go before their Wives, I am ſure } Loveby, } my Goodman never goes to any of your Lodgings but he comes home the worſe for it, as they ſay.

Lov. Is that all! prithee good Landlady, for my ſake, entertain my Friends.

Franc. If the Gentlemans Worſhip had come alone, it may be I might have entertained him; but for your Minion!

Enter Nonſuch, Failer, Burr, *and Officers: A cry within here, here.*

Fail. My Lord, arreſt Sir *Timorous*, upon a promiſe of Marriage to your Daughter, and we'll witneſs it.

Timor. Why, what a ſtrange thing of you's this Madam *Iſabelle*, to bring a man into trouble thus?

Fail. You are not yet Married to her?

Tim. Not that I remember.

Iſabelle. Well, *Failer*, I ſhall find a time to reward your diligence.

Lov. If the Knight would have own'd his action, I ſhould have taught ſome of you more manners, than to come with Officers into my Lodging.

Franc. I'm glad with all my heart, this Minx is prevented of her deſign: the Gentleman had got a great catch of her, as they ſay. His old Father in the Country would have given him but little thanks for't, to ſee him bring down a fine-bred Woman, with a Lute, and a Dreſſing-box, and a handful of Money to her Portion.

Iſa. Good Miſtreſs whatdeelack! I know your quarrel to the Ladies, do they take up the Gallants from the Tradeſmens Wives? Lord, what a grievous thing it is for a She-Citizen to be forced to have Children by her own Huſband!

Franc. Come, come, you'r a ſlanderful Huswife, and I ſquorn your hallottry trick, that, I do, ſo I do.

Iſa. Steeple Hat your Husband never gets a good look when he comes home, except he brings a Gentleman to Dinner; who if he caſts an amorous Eye towards you; then, truſt him good Husband, ſweet Husband truſt him for my ſake: verily the Gentleman's an honeſt man, I read it in his countenance: and if you ſhould not be at home to receive the Money, I know he will pay the debt to me. Is't not ſo Miſtreſs?

Enter Bibber *in Slippers, with a skein of Silk about his neck.*

Franc. Will you ſee me wronged thus, under my own roof, as they ſay, *William?*

Iſa. Nay, 'tis very true Miſtreſs: you let the men with old Complements take up new Cloaths: I do not mean your Wives Cloaths, Mr. Merchant-Taylor.

Bibb. Good i'faith! a notable ſmart Gentlewoman!

Iſa. Look to your Wife, Sir, or in time ſhe may undo your Trade: for ſhe'll get all your men-Cuſtomers to her ſelf.

Bibb. And I ſhould be hang'd, I can forbear no longer.

[*He plucks out his Meaſure, and runs to* Iſabelle, *to take meaſure of her.*

Iſa. How now! what means Prince *Pericles* by this?

Bibber *on his knees.*

I muſt beg your Ladyſhip e'n to have the honour to truſt you but for your Gown, for the ſake of that laſt jeſt. Flowr'd Satten, wrought Tabby, Silver upon any grounds: I ſhall run mad if I may not truſt your Ladyſhip.

Franc. I think you are mad already, as they ſay, *William*: you ſhall not truſt her—— [*Plucks him back.*

Bibb. Let me alone, *Frances*; I am a Lyon when I am Anger'd.

Iſa. Pray do not pull your Lyon by the tail ſo Miſtreſs.——In theſe Cloaths that he now takes meaſure of me for, will I marry Sir *Timorous*, mark that, and tremble, *Failer*.

Fail. Never threaten me, Madam, you'r a Perſon I deſpiſe.

Iſa. I vow to gad I'll be even with you, Sir. [*Exit* Iſabelle.

Nonſuch *to the Bailiffs*——And when you have arreſted him, be ſure you Search him for my gold.

Bailiffs to Loveby. We arreſt you Sir, at my Lord *Nonſuch* his Suit.

Lov. Me, you Raſcals!

Nay,

Non. Search him for my gold? you know the marks on't.

Lov. If they can find any mark'd or unmark'd gold about me; they'll find more than I can, You expect I should resist now; no, no, I'll hamper you for this.——

Bath. There's nothing to be found about him.

Fail. 'Tis no matter, to Prison with him; there all his debts will come upon him.

Lov. What hurried to durance like a Stinkard!

Bibb. Now as I live, a pleasant Gentleman; I could find in my heart to bail him; but I'll overcome my self, and steal away. [*Is going.*

Bail Come, Sir, we must provide you of another Lodging; but I believe you'l scarce like it.

Lov. If I do not, I ask no favour, pray turn me out of doors.

Bibb. Turn him out of doors! What a jest was there? Now and I should be hang'd I cannot forbear Bayling him. Stay Officers; I bail him Body and Soul for that Jest.

Fail. Let us be gone in time, *Burr.* [*Exeunt* Burr, Failer, Timorous.

Franc. You shall not Bayl him.

Bibb. I know I am a Rogue to do it; but his Wit has prevailed upon me, and a man must not go against his Conscience. There Officers.

Lov. to *Non.* Old Man, if it were not for thy Daughter.

Non. Well, well; take your course, Sir. [*Exit* Nonsuch *and* Bailiffs.

Lov. Come, *Will.* I'll thank thee at the Tavern. *Frances*, remember this the next time you come up to make my Bed.

Franc. Do your worst, I fear you not, Sir. This is twice to day, *William*; to trust a Gentlewoman and Bail a Ragamuffin: I am sure he call'd you Cuckold but yesterday, and said he would make you one.

Lov. Look you *Frances*, I am a man of Honour, and if I said it, I'll not break my word with you.

Bibb. There he was with you again, *Frances*: an excellent good jest I'faith la.

Fran. I'll not endure it, that I won't, so I won't, I'll go to the Justice Worship and fetch a Warrant for him.

Lov. But Landlady, the word Cuckold will bear no Action in the Law, except you could prove your Husband prejudiced by it. Have any of his Customers forsook him for't? or, any Mercer refused to trust him the less, for my calling him so?

Franc. Nay, I know not for the Mercers; perhaps the Citizens may take it for no slander among one another; as they say; but for the Gentlemen.——

Lov. Will, Have they forsaken thee upon it?

Bibb. No, I assure you, Sir.

Lov. No, I warrant 'em: a Cuckold has the signification of an honest well meaning Citizen; one that is not given to jealousies or suspitions; a just person to his Wife, &c. one that to speak the worst of him, does but to her, what he would be content should be done to her by other men.

Franc. But that another man should be the Father of his Children, as they say; I don't think that a civil thing, Husband.

Lov. Not civil, Landlady! Why all things are civil that are made so by Custom.

Bibb.

Bib. Why may not he get as fine Children as I or any man?

Franc. But if thoſe Children, that are none of yours, ſhould call you Father, *William*!

Bibb. If they call me Father, and are none of mine; I am the more beholding to 'em.

Franc. Nay, If that be your humour, Husband, I am glad I know it, that I may pleaſe you the better another time, as they ſay. [*Exit* Frances.

Bibb. Nay, but *Frances*, *Frances*; 'tis ſuch another Woman. [*Exit* Bibber.

Lov. 'Tis ſuch another Man.———My Coat and Sword *Boy*, I muſt go to Juſtice *Trice*'s; bring the Women, and come after me. [*Exit* Loveby.

ACT IV.

Table ſet with Cards *upon it.*

Trice *walking*: *Enter* Servant.

Serv. SIR, ſome Company is without upon Juſtice-buſineſs.

Trice. Sawcy Raſcal, to diſturb my Meditations. [*Exit* Servant. ———I, it ſhall be he; *Jack Loveby*, what think'ſt thou of a Game of Picquet, we two, hand to fiſt! you and I will play one ſingle Game for ten Pieces, 'tis deep ſtake *Jack*, but 'tis all one between us two: you ſhall Deal, *Jack*: who I, Mr. Juſtice, that's a good one, you muſt give me uſe for your hand then; that's ſix i'th hundred? Come, lift, lift, mine's a ten; Mr. Juſtice:— mine's a King, oh ho, *Jack* you Deal. I have the advantage of this I'faith, if I can keep it.

He Deals 12 a piece; 2 by 2.

And looks on his own Cards.

I take ſeven, and look on this ———Now for you, *Jack Loveby*.

Enter Loveby *behind.*

Lov. How's this? am I the man he fights with?

Trice. I'll do you right *Jack*; as I am an honeſt Man you muſt diſcard this, there's no other way: if you were my own Brother I could do no better for you.———Zounds, the Rogue has a Quint-Major, and three Aces younger hand.——

Looks on t'other Cards.

Stay; what am I for the Point? but bare Forty, and he Fifty one: Fifteen and Five for the Point, 20, and 3 by Aces, 23. well, I am to play firſt: 1. 23. 2. 23. 3. 23. 4. 23. ——— Pox on't, now I muſt play into his hand: 5 —— now you take it *Jack*, 5. 24. 25. 26. 27. 28. 29. 30. and the Cards Forty.

Lov. Hitherto it goes well on my ſide.———

Trice. Now I Deal: How many do you take *Jack*? All? then I am gone: What a riſe is here! 14 by Aces, and a Sixieme Major: I am gone, without looking

looking into my Cards.——— I, I thought ſo: if ever Man Play'd with ſuch curs'd Fortune, I'll be hang'd, and all for want of this damned Ace———there's your ten peices, with a pox to you, for a Rooking beggarly Raſcal, as you are. {*Takes up an Ace and bites it.*

Loveby *Enters.*

Lov. What occaſions have I given you for theſe words, Sir? Rook and Raſcal! I am no more Raſcal than your ſelf, Sir.

Trice. How's this, how's this!

Lov. And though for this time I put it up, becauſe I am a winner.

[*Snatches the Gold.*

Trice. What a Devil do'ſt thou put up? not my Gold I hope, *Jack.*

Lov. By your Favour but I do; and 'twas won fairly; Sixieme, and Fourteen by Aces by your own confeſſion.———What a Pox we don't make Childrens Play I hope?

Trice Well, remember this *Jack*; from this hour I forſwear playing with you when I am alone; What, will you bate me nothing on't?

Lov. Not a farthing, *Juſtice*: I'll be judged by you, if I had loſt you would have taken every piece on't: what I win, I win———and there's an end.

[*Enter* Servant.

Serv. Sir, theſe People ſtay without, and will not be anſwer'd.

Trice. Well, what's their buſineſs?

Serv. Nay, no great matter; only a fellow for getting a Wench with Child.

Trice. No great matter ſaiſt thou? Faith but it is; is he a poor Fellow, or a Gentleman?

Serv. A very poor fellow, Sir.

Trice. Hang him, Rogue, make his Mittimus immediately; muſt ſuch as he preſume to get Children?

Lov. Well conſider'd: a poor louſie Raſcal, to intrench upon the Game of Gentlemen! he might have paſſed his time at Nine-pins, or Shovel-board, that had been fit ſport for ſuch as he; Juſtice, have no Mercy on him.

Trice. No, by the Sword of Juſtice will I not.

Lov. Swear'ſt thou, ungracious Boy? that's too much on t'other hand for a Gentleman. I Swear not, I drink not, I curſe not, I Cheat not; they are unneceſſary Vices: I ſave ſo much out of thoſe Sins, and take it out in that one neceſſary Vice of Wenching.

[*Enter* Loveby's *Boy.*

Boy. Sir the Parties are without according to your order.

Lov. 'Tis well; bring 'em in Boy.

[*Enter Lady* Du-Lake, *and two or three Whores.*

Juſtice I recommend this antient Gentlewomen, with theſe virtuous Ladies, to thy Patronage; for her part, ſhe is a perſon of exemplary life and behaviour; of ſingular conduct to break through, and patience to bear the aſſaults of Fortune: a general Benefactreſs of Mankind, and in fine, a promoter of that great Work of Nature, Love.

Trice.

Trice. Or, as the Vulgar Tranſlation hath it, a very ſufficient and ſingular good Bawd: is't not ſo *Boy*?

Lov. I, Boy: Now for ſuch a petty-fogging Fellow as thy Clerk to perſecute this Lady: prithee think on't: 'tis a grievance of the free-born Subject.

L. *Dulake.* To ſee the ingratitude of this Generation! I that have ſpent my youth, ſet at nought my Fortune, and what is more dear to me, my honour, in the ſervice of Gentlemen; ſhould now in my old age be left to want and beggary, as if I were the vileſt, and moſt unworthy creature upon God's Earth. [*Crying.*

Lov. Nay, good Mother, do not take it ſo bitterly.

L. *Dulake.* I confeſs the unkindneſs of it troubles me.

Lov. Thou ſhalt not want ſo long as I live: look, here's five Peices of Cordial Gold to comfort thy heart with, I won it e'n now of Mr. Juſtice; and I dare ſay he thinks it well beſtow'd.

Trice. My Money's gone to very pious uſes.

L. *Dulake,* (Laying her hand on *Loveby's* head.)

Son *Loveby*, I knew thy Father well; and thy Grandfather before him; Fathers they were both to me; and I could weep for joy to ſee how thou tak'ſt after them. (*Weeping again*) I wiſh it lay in my power too, to gratifie this worthy Juſtice in my Vocation.

Trice. 'Faith I doubt I am paſt that noble Sin.

Lov. Prithee good Magiſtrate drink to her, and wipe ſorrow from her eyes.

Trice. Right Reverend, my Service to you in Canary.

——— [*She Drinks after him, and ſtays at half-Glaſs.*

L. *Dulake.* 'Tis a great way to the the bottom; but Heaven is alſufficient to give me ſtrength for it; [*Drinks it up.*

Why, God's Bleſſing on your heart, Son *Trice.* I hope 'tis no offence to call you Son: Hem, hem! Son *Loveby*, I think my Son *Trice* and I are much of the ſame years; let me ſee Son if Nature be utterly extinct in you: are you tickliſh, Son *Trice*? [*Tickles him.*

Trice. Are you Tickliſh Mother *Dulake.* [*Tickles her ſides.*

[*She falls of her Chair, he falls off his to her; they rowl one over the other.*

Lov. I would have all *London* now ſhew me ſuch an other ſight of kindneſs in Old Age: [*They help each other up.*

Come, a Dance, a dance; call for your Clerk Juſtice, he ſhall make one in ſign of Amity: [*Strike up Fidlers.*

[*They Dance a round Dance, and Sing the Tune.*

Enter Iſabelle *and* Conſtance.

Iſa. Are you at that Sport, I'faith? have among you, blind Harpers:

She falls into the Dance.

At the Dances ending Loveby *ſees* Conſtance.

Trice. Is ſhe come! a Pox of all honeſt Women at ſuch a time!

Lov. If ſhe knows who theſe are, by this Light I am undone.

Conſt. Oh Servant, I come to mind you of your promiſe; come, produce my hundred pounds; the time's out I ſet you.

Lov. Not till dark night upon my Reputation: I have not yet ſpoke with the Gentleman in the black Pantalloons; you know he ſeldom walks abroad by day-light. Dear Madam, let me wait on you to your Coach, and if I bring it not within this hour, diſcard me utterly.

Conſt. You muſt give me leave to ſalute the Company: What are they?

Lov. Perſons of Quality of my acquaintance; but, I'll make your excuſe to 'em.

Conſt. Nay, if they are Perſons of Quality, I ſhall be rude to part from 'em ſo abruptly.

Lov. Why ſo! the Devil ow'd me a ſhame; and now he has paid me. I muſt preſent 'em what e'r come on't. [*Aſide.*——This, Madam, is my Lady *Du Lake.*——the Lady *Spring well,*——The Lady *Hoyden.*

[*She and* Iſabelle *Salute 'em.*

Iſa. What a Whiff was there came from my Lady *Hoyden*! and, What a Garlick breath my Lady *Spring-well* had?

Trice. Ha, ha, ha.

Lov. Do not betray me, Juſtice, if you do.——

Iſa. Oh, Are you thereabouts, Sir; then I ſmell a Rat I'faith but I'll ſay nothing.

Conſt. Ladies, I am an humble Servant to you all, and account it my happineſs to have met with ſo good Company, at my Couſin *Trice*'s.

Trice. Ha, ha, ha.

L. *Du Lake.* Are theſe two Ladies of your acquaintance, Son *Loveby*?

Lov. Son quoth a! a pox of our Relation.—— [*Aſide.*

L. *Du Lake.* I ſhall be glad to be better known to your Ladyſhips.

Conſt. You too much honour Servants, Madam.

Iſa. How *Loveby* fidges up and down: in what pain he is! well, if theſe be not they they call Whores, I'll be hanged, though I never ſaw one before.---[*Aſide.*

Lov. Will your Ladyſhip pleaſe to go, Madam?

Conſt. I muſt beg the favour of theſe Ladies firſt, that I may know their Lodgings, and wait of 'em.

L. *Du Lake.* It will be our Duty to pay our reſpects firſt to your Ladyſhip.

Conſt. I beg your Ladyſhips pardon, Madam——

L. *Du Lake.* Your Ladyſhip ſhall excuſe us, Madam.——

Iſab. Trice. Ha, ha, ha!

Lov. Ah Devil grin you—— [*Aſide.*

Trice. I muſt go out, and laugh my belly full. [*Exit* Trice.

Conſt. But in earneſt Madam, I muſt have no denyal; I beſeech your Ladyſhip inſtruct me where I may tender my devoyres?

L. *Du Lake.* Since your Ladyſhip commands me, Madam, I dare diſobey no longer. My Lodgings are in St. *Lucknors* Lane, at the Cat and Fiddle.

Conſt. Whereabouts is that Lane, Servant?

Lov. Faith Madam, I know not that part o'th' Town.——Lord how I ſweat for fear—— [*Aſide.*

Conſt. And yours Madam, where I beſeech your Ladyſhip.

2*d. Wh.* In *Dog and Bitch Yard*, and't pleaſe your Ladyſhip.

3*d. Wh.* And mine in *Sodom*, ſo like your Ladyſhip.

Conſt.

Conſt. How *Loveby*! I did not think you would have us'd me thus!

Lov. I beſeech your Ladyſhip but hear my Juſtification as I lead you.

Conſt. By no means, Sir; that were ſuch a rudeneſs to leave perſons of quality, to wait upon me: unhand me Sir.

Iſa. Ha, ha, ha.—— [*Exeunt* Conſtance, Iſabelle.

Lov. I am ruin'd! for ever ruin'd, Plague had you no Places in the Town to Name but *Sodom*, and *Lucknors Lane* for Lodgings!

L. *Du Lake.* If any prejudice ariſe from it, upon my honour Son 'twas by miſtake, and not intended you: I thought ſhe deſir'd to have been admitted of the quality.

Lov. I was curſt when I had firſt to do with you—— [*Kicks 'em.*

L. *Du Lake.* Well, I thank Heaven, that has indued me with ſuch patience.

[*Exeunt all but* Loveby *and his Boy.*

Lov. I have made a fair hand on't to day—both loſt my Miſtreſs, and hear no News from my Friend below: the World frowns upon me, and the Devil and my Miſtreſs have forſake me: my Godfathers and Godmothers have promiſed well for me: inſtead of renouncing them, they have renounc'd me.

Boy. Sir, I ſaw my Lady *Conſtance* ſmile as ſhe went out: I am confident ſhe's Angry but from the teeth outwards; you might eaſily make fair weather with her, if you could get the Money you promis'd her, but there's the Devil——

Lov. Where is he Boy? ſhew me him quickly.

Boy. Marry God bleſs us! I mean Sir, there's the difficulty.

Lov. Damn'd Rogue to put me in hope ſo.——

Enter Bibber *at the other end.*

Lov. Uds ſo, look where *Bibber* is: now I think on't, he offer'd me a bag of forty pounds, and the Leaſe of his Houſe yeſterday: but that's his Pocky humour, when I have Money and do not ask him, he will offer it; but when I ask him he will not lend a farthing——turn this way Sirrah, and make as though we did not ſee him.

Bibb. Our Gentleman I thing a talking with his Boy there.——

Lov. You underſtand me——

Boy. I warrant you Sir.

Lov. No News yet; what an unlucky Raſcal 'tis! if the Rogue ſhould hereafter be reduced to the raiment of his own Shreds, I ſhould not pitty him——

Bibb. How's this!

Lov. Now is this Raſcal hunting after jeſts, to make himſelf the greateſt to all that know him.

Bib. This muſt be.

Boy. I can hear neither tale nor tydings of him, I have ſearched him in all his haunts; amongſt his Creditors; and in all Companies where they are like to break the leaſt jeſt, I have viſited the Coffee-Houſes for him; but among all the news there, I heard none of him. [Bib. *Good I'faith.*

Lov. Where's the warrant, I'll put in my own name, ſince I cannot find him.

Boy. Sir, I gave it a Scrivener at next door becauſe I could not write, to fill up the Blank place with Mr. *Bibber*'s Name.

Lov.

Lov. What an unlucky vermin 'tis? now for an 100 *l.* could I have gratified him with a waiter's Place at Cuſtom-houſe, that had been worth to him an 100 *l.* a year upon the nail.

Bib. Could you ſo, could you ſo, Sir? give me your hand, and I thank you heartily Mr. *Loveby*.

Lov. Art thou honeſt *Will*? faith 'tis not worth thy thanks till it be done: I wiſh I had the money for thee.

Bib. How much is't Sir?

Lov. An hundred pounds would do it.

Bib. Let me ſee forty I have already by me; take that in part Sir;——and that, and the Leaſe of my Houſe would over do-it.

Lov. By all means thy Leaſe *Will*: ne'er ſcruple at that; hang a piece of Parchment, and two bits of ſoft wax: thou ſhalt do't, thou ſhalt, Boy.

Bib. Why then I will, Sir: ——but ſtay, ſtay; now I think on't, *Frances* has an 120 pieces of old Grandam Gold an Aunt left her, that ſhe would never let me touch: if we could get that, Mr. *Loveby*——but ſhe'll never part with't.

Lov. 'Tis but ſaying the place is for her; a Waiting-woman's place in the Cuſtom-houſe: Boy go and tell her on't immediately. [*Exit* Boy.

Bib. Hold a little; ſhe has been very deſirous to get a place in Court that ſhe might take place as the Queen's Servant.

Lov. She ſhall have a Dreſſers place, if thou'lt keep counſel. The worſt on't is, I have never a Warrant ready.

Bib. 'Tis all one for that Sir; ſhe can neither write nor read; 'tis but my telling her 'tis a Warrant and all's well. I can but laugh to think how ſhe'll be chous'd.

Lov. And you too: *Mum.* She's here, *Will.*

[*Enter* Frances.

Franc. A Waiting-womans place in the Cuſtom-Houſe! there's news for me! thank you kind Mr. *Loveby*; you have been inſtrumental I hear of my preferment.

Lov. No 'tis a Dreſſers place at Court, Landlady.

Franc. O gemini! that's better news.

Bib. I, but you muſt make haſt and fetch an hundred pieces: I can aſſure you 500 are bidden for it: and the Courtiers are ſuch ſlippery youths, they are ever for the faireſt Chapman.

Franc. I'll fetch it preſently; oh how my hearts quops now, as they ſay: I'll fetch it preſently: ſweet Mr. *Loveby*, if the buſineſs can be done, it ſhall be a good thing in your Worſhips way I promiſe you: O the Father! that it could be done: O ſweet father! [Loveby *plucks out a Paper.*

Lov. Here Mr. *Bibber*, pray put in Madam *Bibber's* name into the Warrant.

Bibb. Madam *Bibber*, there's joy, I muſt call you Wife no more, 'tis Madam *Bibber* now.

Franc. Pray read it Mr. *Bibber*.

Bibb. An Order for the admiſſion of the Illuſtrious Lady Madam *Bibber* into her Majeſties ſervice.

Franc.

Franc. Pray give me the Paper, I'll have no body touch it but my ſelf; I am ſure my Money pays for it as they ſay. Theſe are the fineſt words; Madam *Bibber*; pray Chicken ſhew me where Madam is Written that I my kiſs it all over. I ſhall make bold now to bear up to theſe flirting Gentlewomen, that ſweep it up and down with their long tails. I thought my ſelf as good as they when I was as I was, but now I am, as I am.

Lov. Good Landlady diſpatch, and bring the Money.——

Franc. Truly in the place of a Dreſſer, I dare be bold to ſay, as they ſay; I ſhall give their Majeſties Worſhips good content: I'll go fetch it. ——

[*Exit* Frances.

Bibb. We muſt keep the poor Soul in ignorance as long as we can, Sir; for, when ſhe has once ſmoak'd it, I have no other way but to retreat into the body of my *Janizaries* my Journey-men, and never come out into her preſence more: Where will you be at nine a Clock, Sir, that we my rejoyce over our good Fortune.

Lov. Call me at my Lord *Nonſuch* his Houſe, and I'll go with you.

Bibb. We'll have the Fiddles and triumph I'faith. [*Exit* Bibb.

Lov. Lord. how eager this Vermin was to cheat himſelf: well, I'll after, I long to finger theſe Jacobuſes: perhaps they may make my peace again with my Miſtreſs. [*Exit* Loveby.

Enter Failer, Nonſuch.
Conſtance *and* Iſabelle *liſtning.*

Fail. I Vow to Gad my Lord, Sir *Timorous* is the moſt dejected perſon in the World, and ſo full of regret for what is paſt. 'Twas his misfortunes to be drawn in by ſuch a Perſon as Madam *Iſabelle.*

Non. 'Tis well his Eſtate pleads for him; he ſhould ne'r ſet foot more within my doors elſe.

Fail. I'll be ſecurity for him for time to come: leave it to me get the Licence: all I deſire is, your Daughter may be ready to morrow morning.

Non. Well, let me alone with her. [*Exeunt* Failer, Nonſuch.

Iſa. You heard the dreadful ſound [To morrow] Couſin.

Conſt. I would not throw my ſelf away upon this Fool, if I could help it.

Iſa. Better marry a Tertian Ague then a Fool, that's certain; there's one good day and night in that.

Conſt. And yet thou art mad of him thy ſelf.

Iſa. Nay, the Fool is a handſome Fool, that's ſomewhat; but 'tis not that; 'tis a kind of fancy I have taken to a Glaſs Coach, and ſix *Flanders* Mares; rich Liveries, and a good Fortune.

Conſt. Prithee do not mind me of 'em; for though I want 'em not, yet I find all Women are caught with Gayeties: one grain more would turn the ballance on his ſide; I am ſo vexed at the wild courſes of this *Loveby.*

Iſa. Vex'd? Why vex'd? the worſt you can ſay of him, is, he loves Women: and ſuch make the kindeſt Husbands I am told. If you had a Summ of Money to put out; you would not look ſo much whether the Man were an honeſt Man, (for the Law would make him that) as if he were a good ſufficient Pay-maſter.

Enter

Enter Setſtone.

Conſt. As I live thou art a mad Girl.

Set. She muſt be us'd as Mad-folks are then; had into the dark and cur'd.

Conſt. But, all this is no comfort to the word [To morrow.]

Iſa. Well, what ſay you, if I put you to night into the Arms of *Loveby*?

Conſt. My condition's deſperate, and paſt thy Phyſick.

Iſa. When Phyſick's paſt, what remains but to ſend for the Divine? here's little *Nicodemus* your Father's Chaplain; I have ſpoke with him already; for a brace of Angels he ſhall make all ſure betwixt you without a Licenſe. I, and prove ten at night a more Canonical hour than ten i'th' Morning.

Conſt. I ſee not which way thou canſt perform it; but if thou do'ſt; I have many admirations in ſtore for thee. [*Whiſpers.*

Iſa. Step in, and get a Cuſhion underneath your Apron.

Conſt. O, I muſt be with Child it ſeems!

Iſa. And *Loveby*, ſhall bring you to Bed to night, if the Devil be not in the Dice: away, make haſte;——— [*Exit* Conſtance.

Setſtone, Be not you far off; I ſhall have need of you too: I hear my Unckle coming.———

Methinks I long to be revenged of this wicked Elder for hindering of my Marriage to day: Hark you *Setſtone*.———

Set. 'Tis impoſſible Madam: 'twill never take.

Iſa. I warrant you, Do not I know him? he has not Brains enough, if they were butter'd to feed a black-bird —— Nay, no replyes ——— out of what I have ſaid, you may inſtruct my Couſin too. [*Exit* Setſtone.

Enter Nonſuch.

Iſa. Oh, Are you there, Sir? Faith it was kindly done of you to hinder me of a good Husband this afternoon: and but for one thing, I would reſolve to leave your Houſe.

Non. I'm gald there's any thing will ſtay thee.

Iſa. If I ſtay; 'tis for love of my Couſin *Conſtance*, not of you: I ſhould be loath to leave her in this ſad condition!

Non. What condition?

Iſa. Nay, I know not; ſhe has not worn her Busk this fortnight. I think ſhe's grown fat o'th ſudden.

Non. O Devil, Devil! what a fright am I in?

Iſa. She has qualms too every morning: ravins mightily for green-fruit; and Swoons at the ſight of hot meat.

Non. She's with Child: I am undone! I am undone!

Iſa. I underſtand nothing of ſuch matters: She's but in the next room: beſt call her, and examine her about it.

Non. Why *Conſtance*, *Conſtance*?

Enter Conſtance *as with Child.*

Iſa. Now for a broad-ſide, turn your prow to him Couſin. [*To her.*

Non. Now Gentlewomen! is this poſſible?

Conſt. I do not reach your meaning, Sir.

Non. Where have you been of late?

Conſt.

Conſt. I ſeldom ſtir without you, Sir: theſe Walls moſt commonly confine me.

Non. Theſe Walls can get no Children; nor theſe Hangings; though there be Men wrought in 'em.

Iſa. Yet, by your favour Nuncle, Children may be wrought behind the Hangings.

Non. O *Conſtance*, *Conſtance*! How, have my gray hairs deſerv'd this of thee? Who got that Belly there?

Conſt. You, I hope, Sir.

Non. Tell me the truth; for I will know it; come, the Story.

Conſt. The Story's quickly told, Sir, I'm with Child.

Non. And whoſe the Father?

Conſt. I do not know, Sir.

Non. Not know! went there ſo many to't?

Conſt. So far from that, that there were none at all, to my beſt Knowledge, Sir.

Non. Waſt got by Miracle? who was the Father?

Conſt. Who got your Money, Sir, that you have loſt?

Non. Nay, Heaven knows who got that.

Conſt. And, Heaven knows who got this: for, on my Conſcience, he that had your Money, was the Father on't.

Non. The Devil it was as ſoon.

Conſt. That's all I fear, Sir.

Iſa. 'Tis ſtrange: and yet 'twere hard, Sir, to ſuſpect my Couſin's Vertue, ſince we know the Houſe is Haunted.

Non. 'Tis true, that nothing can be laid, though under Lock and Key but it Miſcarries.

Iſa. 'Tis not to be believed what theſe villanous Spirits can do: they go inviſible.

Conſt. Firſt they ſtole away my Prayer-Book; and a little after that a ſmall Treatiſe I had againſt Temptation; and when they were gone, you know, Sir.——

Iſa. If there be ſuch doings, pray Heaven we are not all with Child: 'tis certain that none that live within theſe Walls, but they have Power off; I have fear'd *Toby* the Coachman any time this Fortnight.

Non. Out Impudence! a Man with Child! why 'tis unnatural.

Iſa. I, ſo is he that got it.

Non. Thou are not in earneſt.

Iſa. I would I were not; Hark, I hear him groan hither: come in poor *Toby*.

Enter Toby *Coachman, with an Urinal.*

Non. How now! what have you there, Sirrah?

Tob. And't pleaſe your Worſhip 'tis my Water; I had a ſpice o'th' New Diſeaſe here i'th' Houſe, and ſo carried it to Maſter Doctor.

Non. Well; and what did he ſay to you?

Tob. He told me very ſad News, and pleaſe you: I am ſomewhat baſhful to ſpeak on't.

Isa. Out with it Man.

Tob. Why truly he told me the party that ow'd the Water was with Child.

Isa. I told you so; Uncle.

Non. To my best remembrance I never heard of such a thing before.

Tob. I never stretch out my self to snap my Whip, but it goes to th' heart of me.

Isa. Alass poor *Toby.*

Non. Be gone, and put off your Livery, Sirrah. You shall not stay a minute in my Service.

Tob. I beseech your good Worship, be good to me; 'twas the first Fault I ever Committed in this kind: I have three Poor Children by my Wife, and if you leave me to the wide World, with a New Charge upon my self——

Non. Be gone, I will not hear a word.

Tob. If I must go, I'll not go alone: *Ambrose Tinis* the Cook is as Bad as I am.

Non. I think you'l make me mad: Call the Rascal hither, I must account with him upon another score now I think on't.

Enter Ambrose Tinis.

Non. Sirrah, what made you send a Pheasant with one wing to the Table Yesterday?

Amb. I beseech your Worship to pardon me, I long'd for't.

Isa. I fear'd as much.

Amb. And I beseech your Worship let me have a Boy to help me in the Kitchen; for I find my self unable to go through with the Work: besides the Doctor has warn'd me of stooping to the fire, for fear of a mischance.

Non. Why, are you with Child, Sirrah!

Amb. So he tells me: but if I were put to my Oath, I know not that ever I deserv'd for't.

Non. Still worse and worse: and here comes *Setstone* groaning.

Enter Setstone.

Set. O Sir, I have been so troubled with swooning fits; and have so long'd for Cherries.

Non. He's Poopt to.

Isa. Well, this is not the worst yet: I suspect something more; than I will speak on.

Non. What dost thou suspect, ha!

Isa. Is not your Lordship with Child too?

Non. Who, I with Child! Marry Heaven forbid: what dost thou see by me to ground it on?

Isa. You'r very Round of late; that's all, Sir.

Non. Round, that's only fat I hope: I have had a very good stomach of late I'm sure.

Isa. Alass, and well you may: you eat for two, Sir.

Non. *Setstone*, Look upon me, and tell me true: do you observe any alteration in me?

Set. I would not dishearten your Ladyship:——your Lordship I would say but

but I have obſerv'd of late, your colour goes and comes extreamly: Methinks your Lordſhip looks very ſharp, and bleak i'th' Face, and mighty puff i'th' Body.

Non. O the Devil! wretched men that we are all: nothing grieves me, but that in my old Age, when others are paſt Child-Bearing, I ſhall come to be a diſgrace to my Family.

Con. How do you, Sir? your Eyes look wondrous dim; is not there a miſt before 'em?

Iſa. Do you not feel a Kicking in your belly? when do you look Nuncle?

Non. Uh, uh! Me-thinks I am very ſick o'th' ſudden.

Iſa. What ſtore of old ſhirts have you againſt the good time? ſhall I give you a ſhift Nuncle?

Non. Here's like to be a fine Charge towards: we ſhall all be brought to Bed together: well, if I be with Devil I will have ſuch Goſſips: an Uſurer and a Scrivener ſhall be Godfathers.

Iſa. I'll help you Nuncle, and *Saundyes* two Grannies ſhall be Godmothers: the Child ſhall be Chriſtned by the Directory, and the Goſſips Gift ſhall be the gude Scotch Kivenant.

Conſt. Set. Non. Toby, Ambr. Uh, uh, uh!

Iſa. What rare muſick's here!

Non. When e'r it comes from me 'twill kill me, that's certain.

Set. Beſt take a vomit.

Iſa. And't come upward the horns will choak him.

Non. Maſs and ſo they will.

Iſa. Your only way is to make ſure o'th' Man-midwife.

Non. But my Childs diſhonour troubles me the moſt: if I could but ſee her well married before I underwent the labour and peril of Child-Bearing—— What would you adviſe, Niece?

Iſa. That which I am very loath to do: ſend for honeſt *Jack Loveby*, and let him know the truth on't: he's a fellow without a Fortune, and will be gald to leap at the occaſion.

Non. But why *Loveby* of all the World? 'tis but ſtaying till to Morrow, and then Sir *Timorous* will marry her.

Con. Uh! I ſwell ſo faſt, I cannot hide it till to Morrow.

Iſa. Why there's it now.

Non. I'll ſend for the old Alderman *Getwel* immediately: he'll Father the Devil's Baſtard I warrant you.

Iſa. Fie Nuncle! my Couſin's ſome what too good yet for an Alderman; if it were her third Child, ſhe might hearken to you.

Non. Well, ſince it muſt be ſo, *Setſtone* go you to *Loveby*, make my excuſe to him for the arreſt, and let him know what fortune may attend him.

Iſa. Mr. *Setſtone*, pray acquaint him with my Couſins affection to him; and Prepare him to Father the Cuſhion underneath her Petticoat. [*Aſide to* Set.

Set. I'll bring him immediately. [*Exit* Setſtone.

Iſa. When he comes Nuncle, pray cover your great Belly with your Hat, that he may not ſee it.

Non. It goes againſt my heart to marry her to this *Loveby*; but what muſt be, muſt be.

Enter Loveby.

Con. O, Mr. *Loveby*! the welcom'ſt Man alive: you met *Setſtone* I hope, that you came ſo opportunely.

Lov. No faith Madam, I came of my own accord.

Iſa. 'Tis unlucky he's not prepar'd.

Lov. Look you Madam, I have brought the 100*l.* the Devil was as punctual as three a clock at a Play-houſe: here 'tis right I warrant it without telling: I took it upon his word——— [*Gives it.*

Con. Your kindneſs ſhall be requited, Servant: but I ſent for you upon another buſineſs: Pray Couſin tell't him, for I am aſhamed to do't.

Lov. Ha! 'tis not that great belly I hope! is't come to that?

Iſa. Hark you, Mr. *Loveby*,———a word with you.

Lov. A word with you Madam: whither is your Couſin bound?

Iſa. Bound, Sir?

Lov. I, bound; look you, ſhe's under ſail, with a luſty fore-wind.

Non. I ſent for you Sir, but to be plain with you, 'twas more out of neceſſity than Love.

Lov. I wonder my Lord at your invincible ill nature: you forget the arreſt that I paſſed by: but this 'tis to be civil to unthankfull perſons; 'tis feeding an ill-natur'd dog, that ſnarles while he takes the victuals from your hand.

Non. All Friends, all Friends: no ripping up old ſtories; you ſhall have my Daughter.

Lov. Faith I ſee your Lordſhip would let Lodgings ready furniſh'd, but I am for an empty Tenement.

Non. I had almoſt forgot my own great belly; if he ſhould diſcover that too!—— [*Claps his Hat before it.*

Iſa. to *Loveby.* You will not hear me, Sir: 'tis all Roguery as I live.

Lov. Flat Roguery I'll ſwear; if I had been Father on't; nay, if I had but laid my breeches upon the bed, I would have married her: but I ſee we are not ordain'd for one another.——— [*Is going.*

Non. I beſeech you, Sir.——

Lov. Pray cover, my Lord.

Iſa. He does his great belly, methinks——

Non. I'll make it up in money to you.

Lov. That cannot tempt me; I have a Friend that ſhall be nameleſs, that will not ſee me want———and ſo your Servant. [*Exit* Loveby.

Iſa. I'll after, and bring him back———

Non. You ſhall not ſtir after him; does he ſcorn my Daughter.

Iſa. Lord how fretful you are: this breeding makes you ſo peeviſh Nuncle.

Non. 'Tis no matter, ſhe ſhall ſtraight be married to Sir *Timorous.*

Conſt. I am ruin'd, Couſin.

Iſa. I warrant you:——My Lord, I wiſh her well married to Sir *Timorous*; but *Loveby* will certainly infect him with the news of her great belly.

Non. I'll diſpatch it e'r he can ſpeak with him.

Iſa. When e'r he comes, he'll ſee what a *bona roba* ſhe is grown.

Non. Therefore it ſhall be done i'th' Evening.

Iſa. It ſhall, my Lord.

Conſt.

Conſt. Shall it?

Iſa. Let me alone Couſin,——and to this Effect ſhe ſhall write to him, that *to conform to your will, and his modeſty, ſhe deſires him to come hither alone this Evening.*

Non. Excellent Wench! I'll get my Chaplain ready. [*Exit* Nonſ.

Conſt. How can you hope to deceive my Father?

Iſa. If I do not, I have hard luck.

Conſt. You go ſo ſtrange a way about it, your bowl muſt be well byaſſed to come in.

Iſa. So plain a ground there's not the leaſt rub in't, I'll meet Sir *Timorous* in the dark, and in your room marry him.

Con. You'll be ſure to provide for one.

Iſa. You miſtake me, Couſin: Oh! here's *Setſtone* again.

Enter Setſtone.

Mr Jeweller, you muſt again into your Devil's ſhape, and ſpeak with *Lovel-by*: but pray be careful not to be diſcover'd.

Set. I warrant you Madam, I have couſened wiſer men than he in my own ſhape; and if I cannot continue it in worſe, let the Devil I make bold with, e'n make as bold with me.

Iſa. You muſt guide him by back-ways to my Uncle's Houſe, and ſo to my Couſins Chamber, that he may not know where he is when he comes there: the reſt I'll tell you as we go along. [*Exeunt omnes.*

Enter Timorous; *after him* Burr *and* Failer.

Tim. Here, here, read this Note; there's news for us.

Fail. Let me ſee't. (*Reads.*)

Sir Timorous,

Be at the Garden door at nine this Evening, there I'll receive you with my Daughter; to gratifie your modeſty I deſign'd this way, after I had better conſidered on it: and pray leave your Catterpillers, Burr *and* Failer *behind you,*

Yours *Nonſuch.*

There is ſome trick in this, what e'r it be: but this word Catterpillers you ſee *Burr*, Sir *Timorous*, is like to be lur'd from us.——

Bur. Is there no prevention? [*To him aſide.*

Fail. One way there is: Sir *Timorous*, pray walk a turn, while *Burr* and I confer a little upon this matter————Look you *Burr*, there is but one remedy in Nature I vow to gad: that is for you to have a new Sir *Timorous*, exceeding this perſon in bounty to you. Obſerve then, in Sir *Timorous* his place will I go, and i'gad I'll marry my Lady *Conſtance*; and then from the bowels of friendſhip bleſs thee with a thouſand pounds, beſides Lodging and Diet for thy life, Boy.———

Burr. Umh——very well thought on.———No Sir, you ſhall truſt to my bounty; I'll go in his place, murmur, or repine, ſpeak the leaſt word, or give thy lips the leaſt motion; and I'll beat thee till thou art not in Condition to go.

Fail.

Fail. I vow to gad this is extream injuſtice: was it not my invention?

Burr. Why: doſt thou think thou art worthy to make uſe of thy own invention?——ſpeak another word d'ee ſee——come, help me quickly to ſtrip Sir *Timorous*: his Coat may conduce to the deceipt. Sir *Timorous*, by your leave.—— [*Falls on him.*

Tim. O Lord! what's the matter?——Murder, Murder.——

Burr. D'ee open? I have ſomething in my Pocket that will ſerve for a gag, now I think on't. [*Gags and binds him.*)

So lye there Knight. Come Sir, and help to make me Sir *Timorous*; and when I am married, remember to increaſe your manners with my Fortune—— yet we'll alwayes drink together [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

Conſtance, Iſabelle, and *Nonſuch.*

Con. THis is juſt the Knight's hour; and Lovers ſeldom come after their time.

Non. Good night Daughter, I'll to bed; and give you joy to morrow Morning. [*Exit* Nonſuch.

Iſa. I'm glad he's gone: what, your train takes?

Conſt. Yes, yes; *Loveby* will come: *Setſtone* has been with him in diſguiſe; and promis'd him golden Mountains if he will not be wanting to his own Fortune.

Iſa. Is your habit provided too?

Con. All is ready.

Iſa. A way then; for this is the place where we muſt part like Knights Errant, that take ſeveral paths to their adventures.

Con. 'Tis time; for I hear ſome body come along the Alley; without queſtion 'tis *Timorous*. Farewell, the Captain ſtayes for me in my Chamber.

Iſa. And I'll poſt after you to Matrimony; I have laid a freſh Parſon at the next Stage that ſhall carry me tantivy. [*Exit* Conſtance.

Enter Burr *with* Timorous *his Coat on.*

Burr. My Lady *Conſtance*!

Iſa The ſame: Sir *Timorous*!

Burr. The ſame.

Iſa. Sir *Timorous* takes me for my Couſin. [*Aſide.*

Burr. My Lady *Conſtance* miſtakes me for the Knight. [*Aſide.*

Iſa. Here, Sir; through the dark walk; 'tis but a little way about:—— he's my own beyond Redemption.—— [*Aſide.*

Burr. The Indies are mine; and a handſome Lady into the bargain.——

[*Exeunt.*

Enter

Enter Failer, *dogging them as they go off.*

Fail. He ſhall be hang'd e'r he ſhall get her. Thus far I have dogg'd 'em, and this way I am ſure they muſt paſs e'r they come to the Houſe: the Rogue had got the old Dog-trick of a Stateſman, to fiſh things out of wiſer heads than his own, and never ſo much as take notice of him that gave the Counſel.——— [*Enter* Iſabelle *and* Burr *again.* Now if I can but give her the hint without his knowledge!———Madam, ———my Lady *Conſtance.*

Iſa. Whoſe voice is that?

Fail. A word in private, ; or you are undone:——— Pray ſtep Aſide.

Burr. Where are you, Madam?

Iſa. Immediately, Sir *Timorous.*

Fail. You are miſtaken, Madam; 'tis not Sir *Timorous*; but *Burr* in his Cloaths: he has ſtript the Knight; gag'd him, and lock'd him up.

Iſa. Failer?

Fail. The ſame: I could not but prevent your unhappineſs, though I hazard my Perſon in the diſcovery, I vow to Gad, Madam.

Burr. Who's that talks to you, my Lady *Conſtance?*

Iſa. A Maid of my acquaintance that's come to take her leave of me before I marry; the poor Soul does ſo pity me.

Burr. How will that Maid lie thinking of you and me to night!

Iſa. Has he the Key about him? [*To* Failer.

Fail. I think ſo, Madam.

Iſa. Could not you poſſibly pick his Pocket, and give me the Key? then let me alone to releaſe Sir *Timorous*; and you ſhall be witneſs of the wedding.

Fail. I gad you want your Couſin *Iſabelles* Wit to bring that to paſs, Madam.

Iſa. I warrant you my own wit will ſerve to fool *Burr*,———and you too, or I am much deceiv'd——— [*Aſide.*

Fail. I am a little apprehenſive of the Raſcal's Fingers ſince I felt 'em laſt; and yet my fear has not power to reſiſt the ſweet temptation of Revenge; I vow to Gad I'll try, Madam.———

Iſa. Never fear; let me alone to keep him buſie.——

Burr. Come, Madam and let me take off thoſe taſtleſs Kiſſes the Maid gave you; may we not joyn lips before we are Married?

Iſa. No, fye, Sir *Timorous.*

[*They ſtruggle a little, and in that time* Failer *picks his Pocket of the Key.*

Fail. I have it,——here 'tis,——now ſhift for your ſelf as I'll do: I'll wait you in the Alley. [*Exit* Failer.

Iſa. Sir *Timorous*, pray go into my Chamber; and make no noiſe till I return: I'll but fetch the little Man of God, and follow you in a twinkling.

Burr. There's no light I hope.——

Iſa. Not a ſpark.

Burr. For to light me to the mark——— [*Exit* Burr.

Iſa. What a ſcowring have I ſcap't to night! fortune, 'tis thou haſt been ingenious

ingenious for me! Allons *Iſabelle!* Courage! now to deliver my Knight from the Enchanted Caſtle. [*Exit* Iſabelle.

Enter Loveby *led by* Setſtone *Antickly habited; with a torch in one Hand, and a Wand in the other.*

Lov. What art thou that haſt led me this long Hour
Through Lanes and Alleys, and Blind Paſſages?
Set. I am thy *Genius*; and Conduct thee to
Wealth, Fame, and Honour; what thou com'ſt to do
Do Boldly: Fear not, with this Rod I charm thee;
And neither Elf nor Goblin now can harm thee.
Lov. Well, March on; if thou art my *Genius*, thou art bound to be anſwerable for me: I'll have thee hang'd if I miſcarry.
Set. Fear not, my Son.
Lov. Fear not quoth a! then prithee put on a more Familiar ſhape:——— one of us two ſtinks extreamly: prithee do not come ſo near me. I do not love to have my Face Bleach'd like a Tiffany with thy Brimſtone.———
Set. Fear not, but follow me.——
Lov. 'Faith I have no great Mind to't: I am ſomewhat godly at preſent; but ſtay a Month longer and I'll be proud, and fitter for thee: in the mean time prithee ſtay thy ſtomach with ſome *Dutch-man:* an *Hollander* with Butter will fry rarely in Hell.
Set. Mortal, 'tis now too late for a retreat: go on and live: ſtep back and thou are mine.
Lov. So I am however; firſt or laſt, but for once I'll truſt thee.———

The Scene opens, and diſcovers Conſtance, *and a Parſon by her, ſhe habited like Fortune.*

Enter again.

Set. Take here the mighty Queen of good and ill;
Fortune firſt Marry, then enjoy thy fill
Of Lawful pleaſures; but depart e'r morn:
Slip from her Bed, or elſe thou ſhall be torn
Piece-meale by Fiends, thy Blood carous'd in Bowls,
And thy four quarters Blown to th' top of *Pauls.*
Lov. By your Favour I'll never venture it: is Marrying the buſineſs? I'll none I thank you.——— [*Here* Conſtance *Whiſpers* Setſtone.
Set. Fortune will turn her Back if twice deny'd.
Lov. Why ſhe may turn her Girdle too on t'other ſide.
This is the Devil; I will not venture on her.
Set. Fear not ſhe ſwears thou ſhall receive no harm.
Lov. I, if a Man durſt truſt her; but the Devil is got into ſuch an ill Name for lying.
Set. When e'r you are not pleas'd, it ſhall be lawful to ſue out your Divorce.
Lov. I; but where ſhall I get a Lawyer? there you are aforehand with me:

me; you have retained moſt of them already——— for the favours I have received, I am very much her Servant, but in the way of Matrimony, Mr. Parſon there can tell you 'tis an Ordinance; and muſt not be enter'd into without mature deliberation: beſides, Marriages you know are made in Heaven; and that I am ſure this was not.

Set. She bids you then at leaſt, reſtore the Gold, which ſhe, too laviſhly, pour'd out on you unthankful Man.——

Lov. Faith I have it not at preſent; 'tis all gone, as I am a Sinner; but 'tis gone wickedly; all ſpent in the Devil her Fathers ſervice.

Set. Where is the grateful ſenſe of all your favours? Come Fiends, with Fleſh-hooks tear the Wretch in pieces, and bear his Soul upon your leather wings, below the Fountain of the dark abyſs.

Lov. What, are you a Conjuring? if you are good at that ſport, I can Conjure as well as you——— [*Draws his Sword.*

Con. Hold? for Heaven's ſake hold, I am no ſpirit: touch but my hand; Ghoſts have no Fleſh and Blood. [*Diſcovering.*

Lov. My Lady *Conſtance!* I began to ſuſpect it might be a trick; but never could imagine you the Author: it ſeems you are deſirous I ſhould Father this *Hans en Helder beere.*

Conſt. I know not how, without a bluſh, to tell you a cheat I practis'd for your Love.

Set. A meer Tympany, Sir, rais'd by a Cuſhion; you ſee 'tis gone already.

Conſt. Setſtone was ſent to have acquainted you; but by the way unfortunately miſs'd you.

Lov. 'Twas you then that ſupply'd me all this while with Money; pretty Familiar, I hope to make thee amends e'r I ſleep to night: come Parſon, prithee make haſt and joyn us. I long to be out of her debt, poor Rogue.

[*The Parſon takes them to the ſide of the Stage: they turn their backs to the Audience, while he mumbles to them.*

Set. I'll be Clark; *Amen.* Give you joy Mr. Bridegroom, and Mrs. Bride.

Lov. Con. Thanks honeſt *Setſtone.*

[*Bibb. Franc.* And Muſick without, they Play.

Muſick. God give your Worſhip a good even, Mr. *Loveby.*

Con. Hark? what noiſe is that? Is this Muſick of your providing, *Setſtone?*

Set. Alaſs, Madam, I know nothing of it.

Lov. We are betray'd to your Father, but the beſt on't is, he comes too late to hinder us———fear not, Madam, I'll bear you through them all.———

[*As they ruſh out*; Bibber, Frances, *and Muſick are entring in:* Bibber *and* Frances *are beaten down.*

[*Exeunt* Loveby, Conſtance, Setſtone, Parſon.

All cry out, Oh the Devil! the Devil! the Devil!

Bibb. Lord bleſs us, where are you, *Frances?*

Franc. Here *William!* this is a judgment, as they ſay, upon you *William*; for truſting Wits; and calling Gentlemen to the Tavern, *William.*

Bibb. No; 'twas a Judgment upon you, for deſiring Preferment at Court,

Frances. Let's call up the Watch, and Juſtice *Trice*, to have the Houſe ſearch'd.

Franc. I, I; there's more Devils there I warrant you. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Loveby, Conſtance, Setſtone, *again.*

Lov. It was certainly *Will. Bibber* and his wife with Muſick: for now I remember my ſelf I pointed him this hour at your Father's houſe: but we frighted them worſe then they frighted us.

Conſt. Our Parſon run away too: when they cry'd out——The Devil!

Lov. He was the wiſer: for if the Devil had come indeed, he has Preach'd ſo long againſt him it would have gone hard with him.

Set. Indeed I have always obſerv'd Parſons to be more fearful of the Devil than other People.

Lov. Oh the Devil's the Spirit, and the Parſon's the Fleſh: and betwixt thoſe two there muſt be War: yet to do 'em both right, I think in my Conſcience they quarrel only like Lawyers for their Fees; and meet good Friends in private to laugh at their Clients.

Con. I ſaw him run in at my Couſin *Iſabelles* Chamber door, which was wide open; I believe ſhe's return'd: we'll fetch a light from the Gallery and give her joy.——

Lov. Why, is ſhe Married, Madam?

Con. I'll tell you as we go.—— [*Exeunt.*

The Scene changes; Burr *and the Parſon enter, meeting in the dark.*

Burr. My Lady *Conſtance*, are you come again? that's well: I have waited ſufficiently for you in the dark.

Parſ. Help, help, help good Chriſtian People! the Devil, the Devil's here.

Burr. 'Tis I Madam; what do you mean?

Parſ. Avoid Sathan! avoid, avoid.

Burr. What have I here, the hairy Women?

Enter Loveby, Conſtance *with the light.*

Burr. Ha! yonder's my Lady *Conſtance*? Who have I got, a ſton'd Prieſt by this good Light. How's this, *Loveby* too?

Lov. Burr, a beating my Reverend Clergy: What make you here at this unſeaſonable hour? I'll know your buſineſs—— [*Draws.*

Burr. Will you Sir?——

Conſt. Set. Parſon. Help, Murder, murder.

Enter at one Door, Trice *Drunk*, *with the Watch*, Bibber *and* Frances *following*: *At the other* Nonſuch *and Servants, and* Failer.

Non. Murder, murder! beat down their weapons: Will you murder Sir *Timorous*, Mr. *Loveby*?—— [*They diſarm both.*

Sir *Timorous.* Ha, *Burr*? Thieves; thieves! Sit down, down, good Mr. Juſtice, and take their Examinations: now I ſhall know how my Money went.

Trice. They ſhall have Juſtice, I warrant 'em.

Bib.

Bibb. The Juſtice is almoſt dead Drunk, my Lord.

Franc. But And't pleaſe your Worſhip, my Lord this is not the worſt ſight that we have ſeen here to night in your Worſhips Houſe, we met three or four hugeous ugly Devils, with eyes like Sawcers, that threw down my Husband, threw down me, that made my heart ſo panck ever ſince, as they ſay.

Non. The Devil again in my Houſe!

Lov. Nay, here he was, that's certain; he brought me hither, I know not how my ſelf, and Married me; Mr. *Setſtone* there can juſtifie it: but the beſt is, I have a Charm about me that will lay him yet e'r midnight.

Fail. And I Vow to Gad, my Lord, I know as little how I came hither as any man.

Burr. Nor I.

Trice. Nor I.

Lov. No, I dare ſwear do'ſt thou not, Mr. Juſtice.

Trice. But I wonder how the Devil durſt come into our ward, when he knows I have been at the Duties of——my Family——this evening.

Enter one of the Watch, with Timorous *and* Iſabelle.

Watch. And't pleaſe your Worſhip I met this couple in the ſtreet late, and ſo ſeeing them to be Man and Woman, I brought 'em along with me, upon ſuſpicion of Felony together.

Franc. This is the proud Minx that ſought ſhelter in my Houſe this Afternoon, Mr. Juſtice.

Fail. Sir *Timorous*, and Madam *Iſabelle?* I Vow to Gad we are undone, *Burr.*——

Iſa. Do not you know me, Mr. Juſtice?

Lov. Juſtice is Blind, he knows no body.

Iſa. My name is *Iſabelle.*

Franc. No, thy name is *Jezabelle*: I warrant you there's none but Rogues and Papiſts would be abroad at this time of Night.

Bibb. Hold, *Frances.*——

Trice. She's drunk I warrant her, as any Beaſt: I wonder, Woman, you do not conſider what a crying ſin Drunkenneſs is; Whom do you learn it from in our Pariſh? I'm ſure you never ſee me worſe.

Iſa. Burr and *Failer*; acknowledge your ſelves a couple of recreant Knights: Sir *Timorous* is mine: I have won him in fair Field from you.

Con. Give you joy, Couſin,——give you joy.

Lov. Married?

Iſa. And in *Diana*'s Grove, Boy.

Lov. Why 'tis fine by Heaven, 'tis wondous fine; as the Poet goes on ſweetly.

Tim. I am ſure they had gagg'd me, and bound me, and ſtrip'd me almoſt ſtark naked; and lock'd me up as faſt as a Butterfly, till ſhe came and made me a Man again; and therefore I have Reaſon to love her the longeſt day I have to live.

Iſa. I, and the longeſt night too, or you are to blame. And you have one argument I love you, if the Proverb be true, for I took you almoſt in your bare ſhirt.

Burr. So much for us, *Failer!*

Con. Well my Lord, it had as good at firſt as at laſt: I muſt beg you Lordſhips bleſſing for this Gentleman and my ſelf. [*Both Kneel.*

Non. Why: you are not Married to him I hope? he's Married to the Devil.

Lov. 'Twas a white Devil of your Lordſhip's getting then; Mr. *Setſtone*, and the Reverend here can witneſs it.

Set. Par. We muſt ſpeak truth, my Lord.

Non. Would I had another Child for your ſake, you ſhould ne'r ſee penny of my Money.

Lov. Thank you my Lord; but methinks 'tis much better as 'tis.

Iſa. Come Nuncle 'tis vain to hold out now 'tis paſt remedy: 'tis like the laſt Act of a Play when people muſt Marry; and if Fathers will not conſent then, they ſhould throw Oranges at 'em from the Galleries: why ſhould you ſtand off to keep us from a Dance?

Non. But there's one thing ſtill that troubles me, that's her great belly, and my own too.

Con. Nay, for mine my Lord, 'tis vaniſh'd already: 'twas but a trick to catch the old one.

Lov. But I'll do my beſt; ſhe ſhall not be long without another.

Iſa. But as for your great belly Nuncle I know no way to rid you on't but by taking out your Guts.

Loveby. 'Tis ſuch a pretty ſmart Raſcal; 'tis well I am pleas'd with my own choice; but I could have got ſuch Hectors and Poets and Gameſters out of thee.

Con. No, no; two Wits could never have liv'd well together; want would have ſo ſharpned you upon one another.

Iſa. A Wit ſhould naturally be joyned to a Fortune; by the ſame reaſon your Vintners feed their hungry Wines.

Conſt. And if Sir *Timorous* and I had married; we two fortunes muſt have built Hoſpitals with our Money, we could never have ſpent it elſe.

Lov. Or what think you of paying Courtiers debts with it.

Iſa. Well, to ſhew I am in charity with my Enemies. I'll make a Motion: while we are in Town, let us hire a large Houſe, and live together: *Burr* and *Failer*.——————

Fail. Shall be utterly diſcarded; I know 'twould come to that I vow to Gad.

Iſa. Shall be our Gheſts.

[*Burr and Failer throw up their Caps, and cry* Vive Madam Iſabelle.

Lov. And *Bibber* ſhall make our Wedding Cloaths without truſting.

Bib. No, hence forward I'll truſt none but landed men; and ſuch as have Houſes and Apple-trees in the Country: now I have got a Place in the Cuſtom-Houſe.

Franc. Nothing vexes me, but that this flirting Gentlewoman ſhould go before me; but I'll to the Heralds Office, and ſee whether the Queens Majeſties Dreſſer ſhould not take place of any Knights Wife in Chriſtendom.

Bibb. Now all will out——————no more, good *Frances*.

Franc. I will ſpeak, that I will, ſo I will: what! ſhall I be a Dreſſer to the Queens Majeſty and no body know on't; I'll ſend Mr. Church-warden word on't; and Gentlemen, when you come to St. *Brides* Church (if ever you come to Church, Gentlemen) you ſhall ſee me in the Pew that's next the Pulpit; thank Mr. *Loveby*'s Worſhip for't.

Loveby.

Loveby. Spare your thanks good Landlady, for the truth is we came too late, the Place is gone; and ſo is yours, *Will*; but you ſhall have 200 *l.* for One, if that will ſatisfie you.

Franc. This is bitter news, as they ſay.

Lov. Chear up thy Wife *Will*, where are thy Fiddles? a dance ſhould do it.

Bibb. I'll run and call 'em.

Iſa. I have found out that will comfort her: henceforward I Chriſten her by the name of *Madam Bibber*.

All. A Madam *Bibber*, A Madam *Bibber*.

Franc. Why, I thank you ſweet Gentlemen and Ladies, this is a Cordial to my drooping Spirits: I confeſs I was a little Eclips'd; but I'll chear up with abundance of love, as they ſay; Strike up Fiddles.

Lov. That's a good Wench.

Dance.

Trice. This Muſick, and a little nod has recovered me; I'll in and provide for the Sack-Poſſet.

Non. To Bed, to Bed; 'tis late: Son *Loveby*, get me a Boy to night, and I'll ſettle three thouſand a year upon him the firſt day he calls me Grandfire.

Lov. I'll do my beſt.

To make the Bargain ſure before I ſleep,
Where Love and Money ſtrike, the Blow goes deep.

EPI-

EPILOGUE

TO THE

WILD-GALLANT,

As it was first Acted.

THE Wild Gallant *has quite plaid out his game;*
He's Marry'd now, and that will make him tame;
Or if you think Marriage will not reclaim him,
The Critiques swear they'll damn him, but they'll tame him.
Yet though our Poet's threatned most by these,
They are the only People he can please:
For he to humour them, has shown to day,
That which they only like, a wretched Play:
But though his Play be ill, here have been shown
The greatest Wits, and Beauties of the Town.
And his Occasion having brought you here,
You are too grateful to become severe.
There is not any Person here so mean,
But he may freely judge each Act and Scene:
But if you bid him chuse his Judges then,
He boldly names true English Gentlemen:
For he ne'r thought a handsome Garb or Dress,
So great a Crime to make their Judgment less:
And with these Gallants he these Ladies joyns,
To judge that Language their Converse refines:
But if their Censures should condemn his Play,
Far from disputing, he does only pray,
He may Leander's *Destiny obtain:*
Now spare him, drown him when he comes again.

EPI-

EPILOGUE

TO THE

Wild-Gallant Reviv'd.

OF all Drammatick Writing, Comick Wit,
As 'tis the beſt; ſo 'tis moſt hard to hit.
For it lies all in level to the Eye,
Where all may judge, and each Defect may ſpye.
Humour is that which every Day we meet
And therefore known as every Publick Street;
In which, if e're the Poet go aſtray,
You all can point, 'twas there he loſt his way.
But, What's ſo common, to make pleaſant too,
Is more than any Wit can always do:
For 'tis like Turkes, *with* Hen *and* Rice *to treat;*
To make Regalio's out of common Meat.
But, in your Diet you grow Salvages:
Nothing but Humane Fleſh your Taſt can pleaſe:
And, as their Feaſts with ſlaughtered Slaves began,
So you, at each new Play muſt have a Man.
Hither you come, as to ſee Prizes fought;
If no Blood's drawn, you cry the Prize is naught.
But Fools grow wary now; and when they ſee
A Poet eyeing round the Company,
Straight each Man for himſelf begins to doubt;
They ſhrink like Seamen when a Preſs comes out.
Few of them will be found for Publick Uſe,
Except you charge an Oph upon each Houſe,
Like the Train-Bands: and every Man ingage
For a ſufficient Fool to ſerve the Stage.
And, when with much ado you get him there,
Where he and all his Glory ſhou'd appear,
Your Poets make him ſuch rare things to ſay,
That he's more Wit then any Man i'th' Play.
But of ſo ill a mingle with the reſt,
As when a Parrat's taught to break a jeſt.
Thus aiming to be fine, they make a ſhow
As tawdry Squires in Country Churches do.
Things well conſider'd, 'tis ſo hard to make
A Comedy, which ſhould the knowing take:

That

That our dull Poet, in deſpair to pleaſe,
Does humbly beg by me his Writ of eaſe,
'Tis a Land-Tax, which he's too poor to pay;
You therefore muſt ſome other Impoſt lay.
Would you but change for ſerious Plot and Verſe
This mottley Garniture of Fool and Farce,
Nor ſcorn a Mode, becauſe 'tis taught at home,
Which does, like Veſts, our Gravity become;
Our Poet yields you ſhould this Play refuſe,
As Tradeſmen by the change of Faſhions, loſe
With ſome content their Fripperies of France,
In hope it may their ſtaple Trade advance.

FINIS.

THE
Rival-Ladies:
A
Tragi-Comedy.

As it is Acted at the

THEATRE-ROYAL,

BY

Their MAJESTIES Servants.

Nos hæc novimus esse nihil.

Written by

JOHN DRIDEN, Esq;

LONDON,

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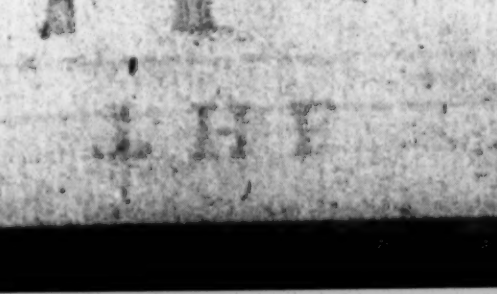
LITTLE MARIE'S TIES SCRAPPY;

BY

MARY P. WELLS SMITH,

AUTHOR OF

"LITTLE COUSIN," "KITTY-CLYDE'S BRIGADE," ETC.



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1877.

To the Right Honourable

ROGER Earl of *ORRERY.*

MY LORD,

THIS worthleſs Preſent was deſign'd you, long before it was a Play, when it was only a confus'd Maſs of Thoughts, tumbling over one another in the dark; when the Fancy was yet in its firſt Work, moving the ſleeping Images of things towards the light, there to be diſtinguiſh'd, and then either choſen or rejected by the Judgment: It was yours, *My Lord*, before I could call it mine. And, I confeſs, in that firſt Tumult of my Thoughts, there appear'd a diſorderly kind of Beauty in ſome of them, which gave me hope, ſomething worthy my Lord of *Orrery* might be drawn from them: But I was then in that eagerneſs of imagination, which by over-pleaſing Fanciful Men, flatters them into the danger of Writing; ſo that when I had molded it to that Shape it now bears, I look'd with ſuch Diſguſt upon it, that the Cenſures of our ſevereſt Criticks are charitable to what I thought (and ſtill think) of it my ſelf: 'Tis ſo far from me to think this perfect, that I am apt to conclude our beſt Plays are ſcarcely ſo; for the Stage being the Repreſentation of the World, and the Actions in it, how can it be imagin'd, that the Picture of humane Life can be more exact, than Life it ſelf is; He may be allowed ſometimes to Err, who undertakes to move ſo many Characters and Humours, as are requiſite in a Play, in thoſe narrow Chanels which are proper to each of them: To conduct his imaginary Perſons, through ſo many various Intrigues and Chances, as the Labouring Audience ſhall think them loſt under every Billow; and then at length to work them ſo naturally out of their Diſtreſſes, that when the whole Plot is laid open, the Spectators may reſt ſatisfied, that every cauſe was powerful enough to produce the effect it had; and that the whole Chain of them was with ſuch due Order link'd together, that the firſt Accident would naturally beget the ſecond, till they all render'd the concluſion neceſſary.

Theſe difficulties, *My Lord*, may reaſonably excuſe the Errors of my undertaking; but for this confidence of my Dedication, I have an Argument which is too advantagious for me, not to publiſh it to the World. 'Tis the kindneſs your Lordſhip has continually ſhown to all my Writings. You have been pleaſed, *My Lord*, they ſhould ſometimes croſs the *Iriſh* Seas to kiſs your hands; which paſſage (contrary to the Experience of others) I have found the leaſt dangerous in the World. Your favour has ſhone upon me at a remote diſtance, without the leaſt knowledge of my Perſon; and (like the Influence of the Heavenly Bodies) you have done

good, without knowing to whom you did it. 'Tis this Virtue in your Lordſhip, which emboldens me to this attempt: For did I not conſider you as my Patron, I have little reaſon to deſire you for my Judge; and ſhould appear with as much awe before you in the Reading, as I had when the full Theatre ſate upon the Action. For who could ſo ſeverely judge of faults as he, who has given teſtimony he commits none; your excellent Poems having afforded that knowledge of it to the World, that your Enemies are ready to upbraid you with it, as a crime for a Man of Buſineſs to Write ſo well. Neither durſt I have juſtified your Lordſhip in it, if Examples of it had not been in the World before you, if *Xenophon* had not written a Romance, and a certain *Roman*, call'd *Auguſtus Cæſar*, a Tragedy, and Epigrams. But their Writing was the entertainment of their Pleaſure, yours is only a Diverſion of your Pain. The *Muſes* have ſeldom employed your thoughts, but when ſome violent fit of the Gout has ſnatch'd you from Affairs of State: And, like the Prieſteſs of *Apollo*, you never come to deliver his Oracles, but unwillingly, and in torment. So that we are oblig'd to your Lordſhip's Miſery for our Delight: You treat us with the cruel pleaſure of a *Turkiſh* Triumph, where thoſe who cut and wound their Bodies, ſing Songs of Victory as they paſs, and divert others with their own Sufferings. Other Men endure their Diſeaſes, your Lordſhip only can enjoy them. Plotting and Writing in this kind, are certainly more troubleſome Employments than many which ſignifie more, and are of greater moment in the World: The Fancy, Memory, and Judgment are then extended (like ſo many Limbs) upon the Rack; all of them reaching with their utmoſt ſtreſs at Nature; a thing ſo almoſt Infinite and Boundleſs, as can never fully be comprehended, but where the Images of all things are always preſent. Yet I wonder not, your Lordſhip ſucceeds ſo well in this attempt; the Knowledge of Men is your daily practice in the World; to work and bend their ſtubborn Minds, which go not all after the ſame Grain, but each of them ſo particular a way, that the ſame common Humours, in ſeveral Perſons, muſt be wrought upon by ſeveral Means. Thus, *My Lord*, your Sickneſs is but the Imitation of your Health; the Poet but ſubordinate to the States-man in you; you ſtill govern Men with the ſame Addreſs, and manage Buſineſs with the ſame Prudence; allowing it here (as in the World) the due Increaſe and Growth, till it comes to the juſt heighth; and then turning it when it is fully ripe, and Nature calls out, as it were, to be deliver'd. With this only advantage of eaſe to you in your Poetry, that you have Fortune here at your command: with which, Wiſdom does often unſucceſsfully ſtruggle in the World. Here is no chance which you have not foreſeen; all your Heroes are more than your Subjects, they are your Creatures; and though they ſeem to move freely, in all the Sallies of their Paſſions, yet you make Deſtinies for them which they cannot ſhun. They are mov'd (if I may dare to ſay ſo) like the Rational Creatures of the Almighty Poet, who walk at Liberty, in their own Opinion, becauſe their Fetters are invincible, when indeed the Priſon of their Will, is the more ſure for being large: And inſtead of an abſolute Power over their

Actions,

Actions, they have only a wretched Desire of doing that, which they cannot choose but do.

I have dwelt, *My Lord*, thus long upon your Writing, not because you deserve not greater and more noble Commendations, but because I am not equally able to express them in other Subjects. Like an ill Swimmer, I have willingly staid long in my own Depth: And though I am eager of performing more, yet am loth to venture out beyond my Knowledge. For beyond your Poetry, *My Lord*, all is Ocean to me. To speak of you as a Soldier, or a States-man, were only to betray my own ignorance; and I could hope no better success from it, than that miserable *Rhetorician* had, who solemnly Declaim'd before *Hannibal*, of the Conduct of Arms, and the Art of War. I can only say in general, That the Souls of other Men shine out at little Cranies; they understand some one thing, perhaps to Admiration, while they are Darkned on all the other Parts: But your Lordship's Soul is an intire Globe of Light, breaking out on every side; and if I have only discover'd one Beam of it, 'tis not that the Light falls unequally, but because the Body which receives it, is of unequal Parts.

The acknowledgment of which is a fair occasion offer'd me, to retire from the consideration of your Lordship to that of my Self: I here present you, *My Lord*, with that in print, which you had the goodness not to dislike upon the Stage; and account it happy to have met you here in *England*: it being at best, like small Wines, to be drunk out upon the place, and has not body enough to endure the Sea. I know not whether I have been so careful of the Plot and Language as I ought; but for the latter, I have endeavour'd to write *English*, as near as I could distinguish it, from the Tongue of *Pedants*, and that of affected Travellers: Only I am sorry, that (speaking so noble a Language as we do) we have not a more certain measure of it, as they have in *France*, where they have an Academy erected for that purpose, and indow'd with large Priviledges by the present King. I wish we might at length leave to borrow Words from other Nations, which is now a Wantonness in us, not a Necessity; but so long as some affect to speak them; there will not want others who will have the boldness to write them.

But I fear lest defending the receiv'd words, I shall be accus'd for following the New way, I mean, of writing Scenes in Verse: Though, to speak properly, 'tis not so much a new way amongst us, as an old way new reviv'd; For many years before *Shakespear*'s Plays, was the Tragedy of Queen *Gorboduc* in *English* Verse, written by that famous Lord *Buckhurst*, afterwards Earl of *Dorset*, and Progenitor to that Excellent Person, who (as he inherits his Soul and Title) I wish may inherit his good Fortune. But supposing our Countrey-men had not receiv'd this Writing till of late; shall we oppose our selves to the most polish'd and civiliz'd Nations of *Europe*? Shall we with the same singularity oppose the World in this, as most of us do in pronouncing *Latin*? Or do we desire, that the Brand which *Barclay* has (I hope) unjustly laid upon the *English*, should still continue, *Angli suos ac sua omnia impense mirantur; cæteras nationes despectui habent.* All the *Spanish* and *Italian* Tragedies I have yet seen,

are

are writ in Rhyme: For the *French*, I do not name them, becauſe it is the Fate of our Countrey-men to admit little of theirs among us, but the Baſeſt of their Men, the Extravagancies of their Faſhions, and the Frippery of their Merchandiſe. *Shakeſpear* (who with ſome Errors not to be avoided in that Age, had, undoubtedly, a larger Soul of Poeſie than ever any of our Nation) was the firſt, who, to ſhun the pains of continual Rhyming, invented that kind of Writing, which we call Blank Verſe, but the *French* more properly, *Proſe Meſuree*: Into which the *Engliſh* Tongue ſo naturally ſlides, that in writing Proſe 'tis hardly to be avoided. And therefore I admire, ſome Men ſhould perpetually ſtumble in a way ſo eaſie. And inverting the order of their Words, conſtantly cloſe their Lines with Verbs; which though commended ſometimes in writing *Latine*, yet we were whipt at *Weſtminſter* if we us'd it twice together. I know ſome, who, if they were to write in Blank Verſe, Sir, *I ask your pardon*, would think it ſounded more Heroically to write, Sir, *I your pardon ask*. I ſhould judge him to have little command of *Engliſh*, whom the neceſſity of a Rhyme ſhould force often upon this Rock, though ſometimes it cannot eaſily be avoided: And indeed this is the only inconvenience with which Rhyme can be charged. This is that which makes them ſay, Rhyme is not natural, it being only ſo, when the Poet either makes a vicious choice of Words, or places them for Rhyme ſake ſo unnaturally, as no Man would in ordinary ſpeaking: But when 'tis ſo judiciouſly ordered, that the firſt Word in the Verſe ſeems to beget the ſecond, and that the next, till that becomes the laſt Word in the Line, which in the negligence of Proſe would be ſo; it muſt then be granted, Rhyme has all the advantage of Proſe, beſides its own. But the Excellence and Dignity of it, were never fully known till Mr. *Waller* taught it; he firſt made Writing eaſily an Art; firſt ſhew'd us to conclude the Senſe, moſt commonly, in Diſtichs; which in the Verſe of thoſe before him, runs on for ſo many Lines together, that the Reader is out of breath to overtake it. This ſweetneſs of Mr. *Waller*'s *Lyrick* Poeſie, was afterwards follow'd in the Epick by Sir *John Denham*, in his *Cooper's-Hill*: A Poem which your Lordſhip knows, for the Majeſty of the Style, is, and ever will be, the exact Standard of good Writing. But if we owe the Invention of it to Mr. *Waller*, we are acknowledging for the nobleſt uſe of it to Sir *William D'avenant*, who at once brought it upon the Stage, and made it perfect, in the Siege of *Rhodes*.

The advantages which Rhyme has over Blank Verſe, are ſo many, that it were loſt time to name them: Sir *Philip Sidney*, in his defence of Poeſie, gives us one, which, in my Opinion, is not the leaſt conſiderable; I mean, the help it brings to Memory: which Rhyme ſo knits up by the affinity of Sounds, that by remembring the laſt Words in one Line, we often call to mind both the Verſes. Then in the quickneſs of Repartees, (which in Diſcourſive Scenes fall very often) it has ſo particular a Grace, and is ſo aptly ſuited to them, that the ſudden ſmartneſs of the Anſwer, and the ſweetneſs of the Rhyme, ſet off the Beauty of each other. But that benefit which I conſider moſt in it, becauſe I have not ſeldom found it, is, that it

bounds

bounds and circumſcribes the fancy. For imagination in a Poet, is a Faculty ſo wild and lawleſs, that, like an high-ranging Spaniel, it muſt have Clogs tied to it, leſt it out-run the Judgment. The great eaſineſs of Blank Verſe, renders the Poet too luxuriant; he is tempted to ſay many things which might better be omitted, or at leaſt ſhut up in fewer words: But when the difficulty of Artful Rhyming is interpos'd, where the Poet commonly confines his Sence to his Couplet, and muſt contrive that Sence into ſuch Words, that the Rhyme ſhall naturally follow them, not they the Rhyme; the Fancy then gives leiſure to the Judgment to come in; which ſeeing ſo heavy a Tax impos'd, is ready to cut off all unneceſſary Expences. This laſt Conſideration has already anſwer'd an Objection which ſome have made; That Rhyme is only an Embroidery of Senſe, to make that which is ordinary in it ſelf, paſs for Excellent with leſs Examination. But certainly, that which moſt regulates the Fancy, and gives the Judgment its buſieſt employment, is like to bring forth the richeſt and cleareſt Thoughts. The Poet examines that moſt which he produceth with the greateſt leiſure, and which, he knows, muſt paſs the ſevereſt Teſt of the Audience, becauſe they are apteſt to have it ever in their Memory: As the Stomach makes the beſt Concoction, when it ſtrictly embraces the Nouriſhment, and takes account of every little Particle as it paſſes through. But as the beſt Medicines may loſe their Virtue by being ill applied, ſo is it with Verſe, if a fit Subject be not choſen for it. Neither muſt the Argument alone, but the Characters, and Perſons be great and noble; Otherwiſe: (as *Scaliger* ſays of *Claudian*) the Poet will be *Ignobiliore materia depreſſus.* The Scenes, which, in my Opinion, moſt commend it, are thoſe of Argumentation and Diſcourſe, on the reſult of which, the doing or not doing ſome conſiderable action ſhould depend.

But, *My Lord*, though I have more to ſay upon this Subject, yet I muſt remember, 'tis your Lordſhip to whom I ſpeak; who have much better commended this way by your Writing in it, than I can do by Writing for it. Where my Reaſons cannot prevail, I am ſure your Lordſhip's Example muſt. Your Rhetorick has gain'd my Cauſe; at leaſt, the greateſt part of my Deſign has already ſucceeded to my Wiſh, which was to intereſt ſo Noble a Perſon in the Quarrel, and withal, to teſtifie to the World how happy I eſteem my Self in the Honour of being,

MY LORD,

Your Lordſhip's moſt Humble

and moſt Obedient Servant,

JOHN DRIDEN.

PRO-

PROLOGUE
TO THE
RIVAL-LADIES.

'TIS much desir'd, you Judges of the Town
Would pass a Vote, to put all Prologues *down;*
For who can show me, since they first were Writ,
They e'r Converted one Hard-hearted Wit:
Yet the World's mended well; in former Days,
Good Prologues *were as scarce, as now good* Plays.
For the reforming Poets of our Age,
In this first Charge, spend their Poetick Rage:
Expect no more, when once the Prologue's *done;*
The Wit is ended e'er the Play's *begun.*
You now have Habits, Dances, Scenes, and Rhymes;
High Language often; I, and Sense, sometimes:
As for a clear Contrivance, doubt it not;
They blow out Candles, to give Light to th' Plot.
And for Surprize, two Bloudy-minded Men
Fight till they Die, then rise and Dance again:
Such deep Intrigues you're welcome to this Day:
But blame your selves, not him who Writ the Play;
Though his Plot's dull, as can be well desir'd,
Wit stiff as any you have e'er admir'd:
He's bound to please, not to Write well; and knows,
There is a Mode in Plays, *as well as Cloaths:*
Therefore, kind Judges----------

A SE-

A SECOND
PROLOGUE

Enters.

2. ------- *Hold; would you admit*
For Judges all you ſee within the Pit?
1. *Whom would be then Except, or on what Score?*
2. *All, who (like him) have writ ill Plays before;*
For they, like Thieves Condemn'd, are Hang-men made,
To execute the Members of their Trade.
All that are Writing now he would diſown:
But then he muſt Except, ev'n all the Town.
All Chol'rique, loſing Gameſters, who in ſpight,
Will Damn to Day, becauſe they loſt laſt Night.
All Servants, whom their Miſtreſs's ſcorn upbraids;
All Maudlin Lovers, and all Slighted Maids:
All who are out of Humour, or Severe;
All, that want Wit, or hope to find it here.

Perſonæ Dramatis.

Don Gonſalvo de Peralta, A young Gentleman, newly arriv'd from the *Indies*; } In Love with *Juliā*.

Don Rhodorigo de Sylva; In Love with the ſame Lady.

Don Manuel de Torres; Brother to alt *Julia*.

Julia, Elder Siſter to *Don Manuel*; } Promis'd to *Rhodorigo*.

Honoria, younger Siſter to *Don Manuel*, diſguis'd in the Habit of a Man, and going by the Name of *Hippolito*; } In Love with *Gonſalvo*.

Angellina, Siſter to *Don Rhodorigo*, in Man's Habit; } Likewiſe in Love with *Gonſalvo*, and going by the Name of *Amideo*.

Servants. } Sea-men.

Robbers. } Maſquers.

The Scene, Alicant.

THE

THE RIVAL-LADIES.

ACT I. SCENE I.

The SCENE, *A Wood.*

Enter Gonſalvo, Servant.

Gonſ. NAY, 'twas a ſtrange as well as cruel Storm,
To take us almoſt in the Port of *Sevil*,
And drive us up as far as *Barcellona*;
The whole Plate-Fleet was ſcatter'd, ſome part wrack'd;
There one might ſee the Sailors diligent
To caſt O'er board the Maſter's envy'd Wealth,
While he, all Pale, and Dying, ſtood in doubt
Whether to eaſe the burthen of the Ship,
By drowning of his Ingots, or himſelf.
Serv. Fortune is a Woman every where,
But moſt upon the Sea.
Gonſ. Had that been all,
I ſhould not have complain'd; but ere we could
Repair our Ship, to drive us back again,
Was ſuch a Cruelty------
Serv. Yet that ſhort time you ſtaid at *Barcellona*,
You husbanded ſo well, I think you left
A Miſtriſs there.
Gonſ. I made ſome ſmall Eſſays
Of Love; what might have been, I cannot tell:
But, to leave that, upon what part of *Spain*
Are we now caſt?
Serv. Sir, I take that City to be *Alicant*.
Gonſ. Some Days muſt of neceſſity be ſpent
In looking to our Ship; then back again

For *Sevil.*

Serv. There you're ſure you ſhall be welcome.

Gonſ. I, if my Brother *Rhodorick* be return'd
From *Flanders*; but 'tis now three years ſince I
Have heard from him, and ſince I ſaw him twelve.

Serv. Your growth, and your long abſence in the *Indies*,
Have alter'd you ſo much, he'll ſcarcely know you.

Gonſ. I'm ſure I ſhould not him, and leſs my Siſter,
Who, when I, with my Uncle, went this Voyage,
Was then one of thoſe little prating Girls,
Of whom fond Parents tell ſuch tedious ſtories.
Well, go you back.

Serv. I go, Sir.

Gonſ. And take care
None of the Sea-men ſlip aſhore.

Serv. I ſhall, Sir. [*Exit* Servant.

Gonſ. I'll walk a little while among theſe Trees,
Now the freſh ev'ning air blows from the Hills,
And breaths the ſweetneſs of the Orange-Flowers
Upon me, from the Gardens near the City.

Robbers within.

1 *Rob.* I ſay, make ſure, and kill him.

Hip. For Heavens dear ſake have pity on my Youth. [*Within.*

Gonſ. Some Violence is offer'd in the Wood
By Robbers to a Traveller; Whoe'er
Thou art, Humanity obliges me
To give thee Succour!

Hip. Help! Ah, cruel Men! [*Within.*

Gonſ. This way I think the Voice came, 'tis not far. [*Exit.*

[*The Scene draws, and diſcovers* Hippolito *bound to a Tree, and Two Robbers by him with drawn Swords.*

2 *Rob.* Strip him, and let him go.

1 *Rob.* Diſpatch him quite; off with his Doublet quickly.

Hip. Ah me, unfortunate!

Enter Gonſalvo, *ſeizes the Sword of one of them, runs him through; then, after a little Reſiſtance, diſarms the other.*

2 *Rob.* If you have Mercy in you, ſpare my Life;
I never was conſenting to a Deed,
So black as Murder, though my Fellow urg'd me:
I only meant to rob, and I am puniſh'd
Enough, in miſſing of my wicked Aim.

Gonſ. Do they rob Angels here? This ſweet Youth has
A Face ſo like one which I lately ſaw,
It makes your Crime of Kin to Sacrilege:

But

But live; and henceforth
Take Nobler Courſes to maintain your Life:
Here's ſomething that will reſcue you from Want,
Till you can find Employment.
[*Gives him Gold, and unbinds* Hippolito.

Hip. What ſtrange Adventure's this! How little hop'd I,
When thus diſguis'd I ſtole from *Barcellona*,
To be reliev'd by grave *Gonſalvo* here? [*Aſide.*

2 *Rob.* That Life you have preſerv'd ſhall ſtill be yours;
And that you may perceive how much my Nature
Is wrought upon, by this your generous Act;
That Goodneſs you have ſhown to me, I'll uſe
To others for your Sake, if you dare truſt me
A moment from your ſight.

Gonſ. Nay, take your Sword,
[*Exit* I will not ſo much cruſh a budding Virtue,
As to ſuſpect—— [*Gives him his Sword.*
[*Exit* Robber.

Sweet Youth, you ſhall not leave me,
Till I have ſeen you ſafe.

Hip. You need not doubt it:
Alas! I find I cannot if I would;
I am but free to be a greater Slave: [*Aſide.*
How much am I oblig'd, Sir, to your Valour?

Gonſ. Rather to your own Sweetneſs, pretty Youth;
You muſt have been ſome way preſerv'd, though I
Had not been near; my Aid did but prevent
Some Miracle more ſlowly ſetting out,
To ſave ſuch Excellence.

Hip. How much more gladly could I hear thoſe Words,
If he that ſpoke them knew he ſpoke to me! [*Aſide.*

Re-Enter the Robber, *with* Don Manuel *and* Julia *bound.*

My Brother and my Siſter Priſ'ners too!
They cannot ſure diſcover me through this
Diſguiſe; however I'll not venture it. [*Steps behind the Trees.*

2 *Rob.* This Gentleman and Lady [*To* Gonſalvo *privately.*
My Fellows bound. [*Exit* Robber.

Man. We muſt prepare to die;
This is the Captain of the Pickaroons.

Jul. Methinks he looks like one; I have a ſtrange
Averſion to that Man; he's fatal to me.

Gonſ. I ne'er ſaw Excellence in a Woman-kind [*Stares on her.*
Till now, and yet diſcern it at the firſt:
Perfection is diſcover'd in a moment.
He that ne'er ſaw the Sun before, yet knows him.

Jul. How the Villain ſtares upon me!

Gonſ.

Gonſ. Wonder prepares my Soul, and then Love enters:
But Wonder is ſo cloſe purſu'd by Love,
That, like a Fire, it warms as ſoon as born.
Man. If we muſt die, what need theſe Circumſtances?
Jul. Heav'n defend me from him.
Gonſ. Why, Madam, can you doubt a Rudeneſs from me?
Your very Fears and Griefs create an Awe.
Such Majeſty they bear, methinks I ſee
Your Soul retir'd within her inmoſt Chamber,
Like a fair Mourner ſit in State, with all
The ſilent Pomp of Sorrow round about her.
Man. Your Language does expreſs a Man bred up
To worthier ways than thoſe that follow now.
Gonſ. What does he mean? [*Aſide.*
Man. If (as it ſeems) you Love; Love is a Paſſion
Which kindles Honour into Noble Acts:
Reſtore my Siſter's Liberty; oblige her,
And ſee what Gratitude will work.
Gonſ. All this is ſtranger yet.
Man. What-e'er a Brother's Power
To morrow can do for you, claim it boldly.
Gonſ. I know not why you think your ſelves my Pris'ners;
This Lady's Freedom is a thing too precious
To be diſpos'd by any but her ſelf:
But value this ſmall Service as you pleaſe,
Which you reward too prodigally, by
Permitting me to pay her more.
Jul. Love from an Out-Law! from a Villain Love!
If I have that Power on thee thou pretend'ſt,
Go, and purſue thy Miſchiefs, but preſume not
To follow me: ------ Come, Brother. [*Ex.* Julia, Manuel.
Gonſ. Thoſe foul Names, of Out-Law, and of Villain,
I never did deſerve: They raiſe my Wonder. [*Walks.*
Dull that I was, not to find this before!
She took me for the Captain of the Robbers:
It muſt be ſo; I'll tell her her Miſtake.
[*Goes out haſtily, and returns immediately.*
She's gone, ſhe's gone, and who or whence ſhe is,
I cannot tell; methinks ſhe ſhould have left
A Track ſo bright, I might have follow'd her;
Like ſetting Suns, that vaniſh in a Glory.
O Villain, that I am! O hated Villain!

Re-Enter Hippolito.

Hip. I cannot ſuffer you to wrong your ſelf
So much; for though I do not know your Perſon,
Your Actions are too Fair, too Noble, Sir,

To

To merit that foul Name.
Gonſ. Prithee do not flatter me, I am a Villain;
That admirable Lady ſaid I was.
Hip. I fear you love her, Sir.
Gonſ. No, no; not love her:
Love is the Name of ſome more gentle Paſſion;
Mine is a Fury grown up in a moment
To an Extremity, and laſting in it:
An Heap of Powder ſet on fire, and burning
As long as any ordinary Fuel.
Hip. How could he love ſo ſoon? and yet alas!
What Cauſe have I to ask that Queſtion,
Who lov'd him the firſt minute that I ſaw him?
I cannot leave him thus, though I perceive,
His Heart engag'd another way. [*Aſide.*
Sir, can you have ſuch Pity on my Youth, [*To him.*
On my forſaken and my helpleſs Youth,
To take me to your Service?
Gonſ. Wouldſt thou ſerve
A Mad-Man? How can he take care of thee,
Whom Fortune and his Reaſon have abandon'd?
A Man, that ſaw, and lov'd, and diſoblig'd,
Is baniſh'd, and is mad, all in a moment.
Hip. Yet you alone have Title to my Service;
You make me Yours, by your preſerving me:
And that's the Title Heav'n has to Mankind.
Gonſ. Prithee, no more.
Hip. I know your Miſtreſs too.
Gonſ. Ha! Doſt thou know the Perſon I adore?
Anſwer me quickly; ſpeak, and I'll receive thee:
Ex. Julia. Haſt thou no Tongue?
Hip. Why, did I ſay I knew her?
All I can hope for, if I have my wiſh
To live with him, is but to be unhappy. [*Aſide.*
Gonſ. Thou falſe and lying Boy, to ſay thou knew'ſt her;
Prethee ſay ſomething, though thou coſen'ſt me.
Returns. *Hip.* Since you will know, her Name is *Julia*, Sir,
And that young Gentleman you ſaw, her Brother,
Don Emanuel de Torres.
Gonſ. Say I ſhould take thee, Boy, and ſhould employ thee
To that fair Lady, would'ſt thou ſerve me faithfully?
Hip. You ask me an hard Queſtion; I can die
For you, perhaps I cannot woo ſo well.
Gonſ. I knew thou would'ſt not do't.
Hip. I ſwear I would:
But, Sir, I grieve to be the Meſſenger
Of more unhappy News; ſhe muſt be Marri'd.

This

This day to one *Don Rodorick de Sylva*,
Betwixt whom and her Brother there has been
A long (and it was thought a mortal) Quarrel:
But now it muſt for ever end in peace:
For hapning both to love each others Siſters,
They have concluded it in a croſs Marriage;
Which, in the Palace of *Don Rodorick*,
They went to celebrate, from their Country-houſe,
When, taken by the Thieves, you reſcu'd them.
Gonſ. Me-thinks I am grown patient on a ſudden,
And all my rage is gone: Like loſing Gameſters,
Who fret, and ſtorm, and ſwear at little loſſes:
But when they ſee all hope of fortune vaniſh'd,
Submit and gain a Temper by their ruine.
Hip. Would you could caſt this Love, which troubles you,
Out of your mind.
Gonſ. I cannot, Boy; but ſince
Her Brother, with intent to cozen me,
Made me the promiſe of his beſt aſſiſtance;
I'll take ſome courſe to be reveng'd of him. [*Is going out.*
But ſtay, I charge thee, Boy, diſcover not
To any who I am.
Hip. Alas, I cannot, Sir, I know you not.
Gonſ. Why, there's it; I am mad again; Oh Love!
Hip. Oh Love! [*Exeunt ambo.*

SCENE II.

Enter two Servants of Don Rodorick's, *placing Chairs, and talking as they place them.*

1 *Serv.* Make ready quickly there; *Don Manuel*
And his fair Siſter, that muſt be our Lady,
Are coming in.
2. They have been long expected;
'Tis Evening now, and Canonick Hours
For Marriage are paſt.
1. The nearer Bed-time,
The better ſtill; my Lord will not defer it:
He ſwears the Clergy are not fit Judges
Of our Neceſſities.
2. Where is my Lord?
1. Gone out to meet his Bride.
2. I wonder, That my Lady *Angellina*
Went not with him, ſhe's to be married too.
1. I do not think ſhe fanſies much the Man;

Only to make the Reconcilement perfect
Betwixt the Families, ſhe's paſſive in it;
The Choice being but her Brother's, not her Own.
2. Troth, were't my Caſe, I care not who choſe for me.
1. Nor I; 'twould ſave the Proceſs of a tedious Paſſion,
A long Law-Suit of Love, which quite conſumes
An honeſt Lover 'ere he gets Poſſeſſion:
I would come plump, and freſh and all my ſelf,
Serv'd up to my Bride's Bed like a Fat Fowl,
Before the Froſt of Love had nipt me through.
I look on Wives as on good dull Companions,
For Elder Brothers to ſleep out their Time with;
All we can hope for in the Marriage-Bed,
Is but to take our Reſt; and what care I
Who lays my Pillow for me.

Enter a Poet *with Verſes.*

2. Now, What's your Buſineſs, Friend?
Poet. An *Epithalamium* to the Noble Bridegrooms.
1. Let me ſee; What's here? As I live, [*Takes it.*
Nothing but downright Bawdry: Sirrah, Raſcal,
Is this an Age for Ribaldry in Verſe?
When every Gentleman in Town ſpeaks it
With ſo much better Grace, than thou canſt write it.
I'll beat thee with a Staff of thine own Rhymes.
Poet. Nay, good Sir. [*Runs off, and* Exit.
2. Peace, they are here.

Enter Don Rhodorick, Don Manuel, Julia, *and Company.*

1. My Lords look ſullenly, and fain would hide it.
2. However he weds *Don Manuel*'s Siſter, yet,
I fear he's hardly reconcil'd to him.
Jul. I tremble at it ſtill.
Rod. I muſt confeſs,
Your Danger great: But, Madam, ſince 'tis paſt,
To ſpeak of it were to renew your Fears.
My Noble Brother, welcome to my Breaſt.
Some call my Siſter; ſay, *Don Manuel*
Her Bridegroom waits.
Man. Tell her, In both the Houſes
There now remains no Enemy but ſhe.
Rod. In the mean time let's Dance; Madam, I hope
You'll grace me with your Hand-----

Enter Leonora, *Woman to* Angellina; *takes the Two Men aſide.*

Leon. O, Sir, my Lady *Angellina!*

Rod. Why comes ſhe not?

Leon. Is fall'n extremely ſick.

Both. How!

Leon. Nay, trouble not your ſelves too much:
Theſe Fits are uſual with her; and not dangerous.

Rod. O rarely counterfeited. [*Aſide.*

Man. May I not ſee her?

Leon. She does by me deny her ſelf that Honour.
[*As ſhe ſpeaks ſteals a Note into his hand.*
I ſhall return, I hope, with better News;
In the mean time, ſhe prays, you'll not diſturb
The Company. [*Exit* Leonora.

Rod. This troubles me exceedingly.

Man. A Note put privately into my hand
By *Angellina*'s Woman? She's my Creature:
There's ſomething in it; I'll read it to my ſelf----- [*Aſide.*

Rod. Brother, What Paper's that?

Man. Some begging Verſes
Deliver'd me this Morning, on my Wedding.

Rod. Pray let me ſee 'em.

Man. I have many Copies,
Pleaſe you to entertain your ſelf with theſe.
[*Gives him another Paper.*

Manuel *Reads.*

SIR,

MY Lady feigns this Sickneſs to delude you:
Her Brother hates you ſtill; and the Plot is,
That he ſhall marry firſt your Siſter,
And then deny you his------

Yours, Leonora.

Poſt-ſcript.

Since I writ this, I have ſo wrought upon her,
(Who of her ſelf is timerous enough),
That ſhe believes her Brother will betray her,
Or elſe be forc'd to give her up to you;
Therefore, unknown to him, ſhe means to flye:
Come to the Garden Door at Seven this Evening,
And there you may ſurprize her; mean time I
Will keep her ignorant of all things, that her Fear
May ſtill increaſe.

[*Re-Enter* Leonora.

Rod. How now? How does your Lady?

Leon. So ill, ſhe cannot poſſibly wait on you.

Man. Kind Heav'n, give me her Sickneſs.

Rod.

Rod. Thoſe are Wiſhes:
What's to be done?
Man. We muſt defer our Marriages.
Rod. *Leonora*, now! [*Aſide to her.*
Leon. My Lady, Sir, has abſolutely charged
Her Brothers ſhould go forward.
Rod. Abſolutely!
Leon. Expreſly, Sir, becauſe ſhe ſays there are
So many Honourable Perſons here,
Whom to defraud of their intended Mirth,
And of each others Company, were rude:
So hoping your Excuſe. [*Exit* Leonora.
Rod. That privilege of Pow'r which Brothers have
In *Spain*, I never us'd: therefore ſubmit
My Will to hers, but with much ſorrow, Sir;
My Happineſs ſhould go before, not wait
On yours: Lead on.
Man. Stay, Sir, though your fair Siſter, in reſpect
To this Aſſembly, ſeems to be content
Your Marriage ſhould proceed, we muſt not want
So much good Manners as to ſuffer it.
Rod. So much good Manners, Brother?
Man. ---------- I have ſaid it.
Should we, to ſhow our ſorrow for her Sickneſs,
Provoke our eaſie Souls to careleſs Mirth,
As if our drunken Revels were deſign'd
For Joy of what ſhe ſuffers?
Rod. 'Twill be over
In a few Days.
Man. Your ſtay will be the leſs.
Rod. All things are now in readineſs, and muſt not
Be put off for a peeviſh Humour thus.
Man. They muſt; or I ſhall think you mean not fairly.
Rod. Explain your ſelf.
Man. That you would marry firſt,
And afterwards refuſe me *Angellina*.
Rod.------ Think ſo.
Man. You are.
Rod. Speak ſoftly.
Man. A foul Villain.
Rod. Then-------
Man. Speak ſoftly.
Rod. I'll find a time to tell you, you are one.
Man. 'Tis well.
Ladies, you wonder at our private Whiſpers, [*To the Company.*
But more will wonder when you know the Cauſe;
The beauteous *Angellina* is fall'n ill;

And ſince ſhe cannot with her Preſence grace
This Day's Solemnity, the Noble *Rodorick*
Thinks fit it be deferr'd, till ſhe recover;
Then we both hope to have your Companies.
Lad. Wiſhing her Health, we take our leaves.

[*Exeunt Company.*

Rod. Your Siſter yet will marry me.
Man. She will not: Come hither, *Julia*.
Jul. What ſtrange, afflicting News is this you tell us?
Man. 'Twas all this falſe Man's Plot, That when he had
Poſſeſs'd you, he might cheat me of his Siſter.
Jul. Is this true, *Rodorick*? Alas, his Silence
Does but too much confeſs it: How I bluſh
To own that Love I cannot yet take from thee!
Yet, for my Sake, be Friends.
Man. 'Tis now too late:
I am by Honour hinder'd.
Rod. I by Hate.
Jul. What ſhall I do?
Man. Leave him, and come away;
Thy Vertue bids thee.
Jul. But Love bids me ſtay.
Man. Her Love's ſo like my own, that I ſhould blame
The Brother's Paſſion in the Siſter's Flame.
Rodorick, we ſhall meet---- He little thinks
I am as ſure this Night of *Angellina*,
As he of *Julia*.

[*Aſide.*

[*Exit* Manuel.

Rod. Madam, to what an Ecſtaſie of Joy
Your Goodneſs raiſes me! This was an Act
Of Kindneſs, which no Service e'er can pay.
Jul. Yes, *Rodorick*, 'tis in your Power to quit
The Debt you owe me.
Rod. Do but name the way.
Jul. Then briefly thus, 'tis to be juſt to me,
As I have been to you.
Rod. You cannot doubt it.
Jul. You know I have adventur'd for your Sake,
A Brother's Anger, and the World's Opinion:
I value neither; for a ſetled Vertue
Makes it ſelf Judge, and ſatisfi'd within,
Smiles at that common Enemy, the World.
I am no more afraid of flying Cenſures,
Than Heav'n of being fir'd with mounting Sparkles.
Rod. But wherein muſt my Gratitude conſiſt?
Jul. Anſwer your ſelf, by thinking what is fit
For me to do.

Rod.

Rod. By Marriage to confirm
Our mutual Love.
Jul. Ingrateful *Rodorick!*
Canſt thou name Marriage, while thou entertain'ſt
A Hatred ſo unjuſtly againſt my Brother?
Rod. But, unkind *Julia*, you know the Cauſes
Of Love and Hate are hid deep in our Stars,
And none but Heav'n can give account of both.
Jul. Too well I know it; for my Love to thee
Is born by Inclination, not by Judgment;
And makes my Vertue ſhrink within my Heart,
As loth to leave it; and as loth to mingle.
Rod. What would you have me do?
Jul. Since I muſt tell thee,
Lead me to ſome near Monaſtery;
(Till Heav'n find out ſome way to make us happy)
I ſhall be kept in Safety from my Brother.
Rod. But more from me; What Hopes can *Rodorick* have,
That ſhe who leaves him freely, and unforc'd,
Should ever of her own accord return?
Jul. Thou haſt too great Aſſurance of my Faith,
That, in deſpight of my own ſelf, I love thee;
Be Friends with *Manuel*, I am thine, till when,
My Honours---------lead me.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The Repreſentation of a Street diſcover'd by Twilight.

Enter Don Manuel *ſolus.*

Man. This is the Time and Place where I expect
My fugitive Miſtreſs; if I meet with her,
I may forget the Wrongs her Brother did me:
If otherwiſe, his Blood ſhall expiate them.
I hope her Woman keeps her ignorant,
How all things paſs'd according to her Promiſe.

A Door opens---------Enter Angellina *in Boys Clothes,*
Leonora *behind at the Door.*

Leon. I had forgot to tell him of this Habit
She has put on; but ſure he'll know her in it.
[*Aſide.*
Man. Who goes there?
Ang. 'Tis *Don Manuel*'s Voice; I muſt run back:
The Door ſhut on me? *Leonora*, where?
Does ſhe not follow me?------I am betray'd.

Man.

Man. What are you?
Ang. A poor Boy.
Man. Do you belong to *Rodorick?*
Ang. Yes, I do.
Man. Here's Money for you, tell me, where's his Sister.
Ang. Now I met her coming down the Stairs,
Which lead into the Garden.
Man. 'Tis well; leave me
In silence.
Ang. With all my Heart: was ever such a scape!
[*Exit Running.*

Man. She cannot now be long; sure by the Moon-shine
I shall discover her.

Enter Rodorick *and* Julia.

This must be she; I'll seize her.
Jul. Help me, *Rodorick.*
Rod. Unhand the Lady, Villain.
Man. Rodorick!
I'm glad we meet alone; now is the time
To end our Difference.
Rod. I cannot stay.
Man. You must.
Rod. I will not.
Man. 'Tis base to injure any Man; but yet
'Tis far more base, once done, not to defend it.
Rod. Is this an hour for valiant Men to fight?
They love the Sun should witness what they do;
Cowards have Courage when they see not Death:
And fearful Hares, that sculk in Forms all day,
Yet fight their feeble Quarrels by the Moon-light.
Man. No, Light and Darkness are but poor Distinctions
Of such, Whose Courage comes by Fits and Starts.
Rod. Thou urgest me above my Patience:
This minute of my Life was not my own,
But hers I Love beyond it.
[*They draw, and fight.*

Jul. Help, help; none hear me!
Heav'n, I think, is deaf too:
O *Rodorick!* O Brother! --------

Enter Gonsalvo *and* Hippolito.

Jul. Who-e'er you are, if you have Honour, part 'em------
[Manuel *stumbles, and falls.*
Gons. Hold, Sir, you are too cruel; he that kills

At

At ſuch Advantage, fears to fight again. [*Holds* Rodorick.
Man. Cavalier, I may live to thank you for this Favour.
[*Riſes.*

Rod. I will not quit you ſo.
Man. I'll breathe, and then------
Jul. Is there no way to ſave their Lives?
Hip. Run out of ſight,
If 'tis concerning you they quarrel.
[Julia *retires to a Corner.*

Hip. Help, help, as you are Cavaliers; the Lady
For whom you thus contend, is ſeiz'd by ſome
Night-robbing Villains.
All. Which way took they?
Hip. 'Twas ſo dark I could not ſee diſtinctly.
Rod. Let us divide; I this way.
[*Exit.*
Gonſ. Down yonder Street I'll take.
Man. And I down that.
[*Exeunt ſeverally.*
Hip. Now, Madam, may we not lay by our Fear?
They are all gone.
Jul. 'Tis true, but we are here;
Expos'd to Darkneſs without Guide or Aid,
But of our ſelves.
Hip. And of our ſelves afraid.
Jul. Theſe Dangers while 'twas light I could deſpiſe.
Then I was bold; but watch'd by many Eyes:
Ah! cou'd not Heav'n for Lovers find a Way,
That prying People ſtill might ſleep by day.

Enter Angellina.

Hip. Methinks I'm certain I diſcover ſome,
Jul. This was your ſpeaking of 'em made 'em come.
Hip. There is but one, perhaps he may go by.
Ang. Where had I Courage for this bold Diſguiſe,
Which more my Nature than my Sex belies?
Alas! I am betray'd to Darkneſs here;
Darkneſs, which Virtue hates, and Maids moſt fear:
Silence and Solitude dwell every where:
Dogs ceaſe to bark, the Waves more faintly roar,
And roul themſelves aſleep upon the Shore:
No Noiſe but what my Footſteps make, and they
Sound dreadfully, and louder than by day:
They double too, and every ſtep I take
Sounds thick, methinks, and more than one could make.
Ha! Who are theſe?
I wiſh'd for Company, and now I fear.
Who are you, gentle People, that go there?
Jul. His Voice is ſoft, as is the upper Air,

Or

Or dying Lovers Words: O pity us!
Ang. O pity me! Take freely as your own
My Gold, my Jewels; ſpare my Life alone.
Hip. Alas, he fears as much as we.

Enter Amideo.

Jul. What ſay you?
Sir, will you join with us?
Amid. Yes, Madam, but
If you would take my Sword, you would uſe it better.
Hip. I, but you are a Man.
Amid. Why, ſo are you.
Hip. Truly my Fear had made me quite forget it.

Enter Gonſalvo.

Gonſ. *Hippolito!* how barbarous was I
To leave my Boy! *Hippolito!*
Hip. Here, here.
Now, Madam, fear not, you are ſafe.
Jul. What is become, Sir, of thoſe Gentlemen?
Gonſ. They all went ſeveral ways, not like
To meet.
Jul. What will become of me!
Gonſ. 'Tis late,
And I a Stranger in the Town: yet all
Your Dangers ſhall be mine.
Jul. You're Noble Sir.
Gonſ. I'll pawn the hopes of all my Love, to ſee
You ſafe.
Jul. Who-e'er your Miſtreſs be, ſhe has
My Curſes, if ſhe prove not kind.
Ang. And mine.
Hip. My Siſter will repent her, when ſhe knows
For whom ſhe makes that Wiſh; but I'll ſay nothing
Till Day diſcovers it: a Door opens, [*Aſide.*
I hope it is ſome Inn.

[*A Door opens, at which a Servant appears.*

Ang. Friend, can you lodge us here?
Serv. Yes, Friend, we can.
Jul. How ſhall we be diſpos'd?
Serv. As Nature would;
The Gentleman and you; I have a Rule,
That when a Man and Woman ask for Lodging,
They are ever Husband and Wife.
Jul. Rude and unmanner'd.
Gonſ. Sir, this Lady muſt be lodg'd apart.
Serv. Then the two Boys, that are good for nothing

But

But one another, they ſhall go together.
Ang. Lie with a Man? ſweet Heav'n defend me!
Hip. Alas, Friend, I ever lie alone.
Serv. Then to ſave trouble, Sir, becauſe 'tis late,
One of the Youths ſhall be diſpos'd with you.
Ang. Who I! not for the World.
Hip. Neither of us; for though I would not lodge with you
My ſelf, I never can indure he ſhould.
Ang. Why then, to end the Difference, if you pleaſe,
I and that Lady will be Bed-fellows.
Hip. No, ſhe and I will lodge together rather.
Serv. You are ſweet Youths indeed; not for the World
You would not lodge with Men! none but the Lady
Would ſerve your turn.
Ang. Alas, I had forgot I am a Boy;
I am ſo lately one. [*Aſide.*
Serv. Well, well; all ſhall be lodg'd apart.
Gonſ. to *Hip.* I did not think you harbour'd wanton Thoughts;
So young, ſo bad!
Hip. I can make no Defence,
But muſt be ſham'd by my own Innocence. [*Exeunt Omnes.*

ACT II.

SCENE I. *A Chamber.*

Enter Gonſalvo, Hippolito, Amideo, *at a diſtance.*

Gonſ. HIppolito, What is this pretty Youth,
That follows us?
Hip. I know not much of him:
Handſome, you ſee, and of a graceful Faſhion;
Of Noble Blood, he ſays, and I believe him;
But in ſome Diſtreſs; he'll tell no more,
And I could cry for that which he has told,
So much I pity him.
Gonſ. My pretty Youth;
Would I could do thee any Service.
Ang. Sir,
The greateſt you can do me, is accepting mine.
Hip. How's this? Methinks already I begin
To hate this Boy, whom but even now I mean'd.
You ſerve my Maſter? Do you think I cannot
Perform all Duties of a Servant better,
And with more Care than you?

Ang. Better you may,
But never with more Care:
Heav'n, which is ſerv'd with Angels, yet admits
Poor Man to pay his Duty, and receives it.
Hip. Mark but, my Lord, how ill-behav'd a Youth,
How very ugly, what a Dwarf he is.
Ang. My Lord, I yet am young enough to grow,
And 'tis the Commendation of a Boy
That he is little. [*Cries.*
Gonſ. Prithee do not cry;
Hippolito, 'twas but juſt now you prais'd him,
And are you chang'd ſo ſoon?
Hip. On better View.
Gonſ. What is your Name, Sweet-heart?
Hip. Sweet-heart! ſince I
Have ſerv'd you, you never call'd me ſo.
Ang. O ever,
Ever call me by that kind Name; I'll own
No other, becauſe I would ſtill have that.
Hip. He told me, Sir, his Name was *Amideo*,
Pray call him by't.
Gonſ. Come, I'll employ you both;
Reach me my Belt, and help to put it on.
Amid. I run, my Lord.
Hip. You run? It is my Office.
[*They both take it up, and ſtrive for it*; Hippolito *gets it, and puts it on.*
Amid. Look you, my Lord, he puts it on ſo awkerdly; [*Crying.*
The Sword does not ſit right.
Hip. Why, where's the Fault?
Amid. I know not that; but I'm ſure 'tis wrong.
Gonſ. The Fault is plain; 'tis put on the wrong Shoulder.
Hip. That cannot be, I look'd on *Amideo*'s,
And hung it on that Shoulder his is on.
Amid. Then I doubt mine is ſo.
Gonſ. It is indeed:
You're both good Boys, and both will learn in time:
Hippolito, Go you and bring me word,
Whether that Lady, we brought in laſt Night,
Be willing to receive a Viſit from me.
Hip. Now, *Amideo*, ſince you are ſo forward
To do all Service, you ſhall to the Lady.
Amid. No, I'll ſtay with my Maſter, he bid you.
Hip. It mads me to the Heart to leave him here:
But I will be reveng'd. [*Aſide.*
My Lord, I beg
You would not truſt this Boy with any thing.

Till

Till my Return; pray know him better firſt. [*Ex.* Hippolito.
Gonſ. 'Twas my Unhappineſs to meet this Lady
Laſt night; becauſe it ruin'd my Deſign,
Of walking by the Houſe of *Rodorick*:
Who knows but through ſome Window I had ſpy'd
Fair *Julia*'s Shadow paſſing by the Glaſs;
Or if ſome other's, I would think it hers;
Or if not any, yet to ſee the Place
Where *Julia* lives: O Heav'n, how ſmall a Bleſſing
Will ſerve to make deſpairing Lovers happy!
Amid. Unhappy *Angellina*, thou art loſt!
Thy Lord loves *Julia*. [*Aſide.*

Enter Hippolito, *and* Julia.

Jul——————Where is thy Maſter?
I long to give him my Acknowledgments
For my own Safety, and my Brother's both.
Ha! Is it he? [*Looks.*
Gonſ. Can it be *Julia*?
Could Night ſo far diſguiſe her from my Knowledge?
Jul. I would not think thee him I ſee thou art:
Prithee diſown thy ſelf in pity to me:
Why ſhou'd I be oblig'd by one I hate?
Gonſ. I could ſay ſomething in my own Defence,
But it were half a Crime to plead my Cauſe,
When you would have me guilty.
Amid. How I fear
The Sweetneſs of thoſe Words will move her Pity:
I'm ſure they would do mine.
Gonſ. You took me for a Robber, but ſo far
I am from that----------
Jul. O prithee be one ſtill,
That I may know ſome Cauſe for my Averſion.
Gonſ. I freed you from them, and more gladly did it;-----
Jul. Be what thou wilt, 'tis now too late to tell me:
The blackneſs of that Image I firſt fanſied,
Has ſo infected me, I ſtill muſt hate thee.
Hip. Though (if ſhe loves him) all my Hopes are ruin'd,
It makes me mad to ſee her thus unkind. [*Aſide.*
Madam, what ſee you in this Gentleman,
Deſerves your Scorn, or Hatred? Love him, or
Expect juſt Heav'n ſhould ſtrangely puniſh you.
Gonſ. No more: what-e'er ſhe does, is beſt; and if
You would be mine, you muſt, like me, ſubmit,
Without Diſpute.
Hip. How can I love you, Sir, and ſuffer this?
She has forgot that which laſt Night you did

In her Defence.

Jul. O call that Night again;
Pitch her with all her Darkneſs round; then ſet me
In ſome far Deſart, hemm'd with Mountain-Wolves
To howl about me: This I would endure,
And more, to cancel my Obligements to him.

Gonſ. You owe me nothing, Madam; if you do,
I make it void; and only ask your leave
To love you ſtill; for to be lov'd again
I never hope.

Jul. If that will clear my Debt, enjoy thy Wiſh;
Love me, and long, and deſperately love me.
I hope thou wilt, That I may plague thee more:
Mean time, take from me that deteſted Object;
Conveigh thy much-loath'd Perſon from my ſight.

Gonſ. Madam, you are obey'd.
Hippolito, and *Amideo*, wait
Upon fair *Julia*; look upon her for me
With dying Eyes, but do not ſpeak one word
In my behalf; for to diſquiet her,
Ev'n Happineſs it ſelf were bought too dear.

[*Goes farther off to the End of the Stage.*

My Paſſion ſwells too high:
And, like a Veſſel ſtruggling in a Storm,
Requires more hands than one, to ſteer her upright;
I'll find her Brother out. [*Exit Gonſalvo.*

Jul. That Boy, I ſee, he truſts above the other:
He has a ſtrange Reſemblance with a Face
That I have ſeen, but when, or where, I know not.
I'll watch till they are parted; then perhaps
I may corrupt that little One to free me. [*Aſide.*

[*Exit* Julia.

Amid. Sweet *Hippolito*, let me ſpeak with you.

Hip. What would you with me?

Amid. Nay, you are ſo fierce;
By all that's good, I love and honour you.
And would you do but one poor thing I'll ask you,
In all things elſe you ever ſhall command me.
Look you, *Hippolito*, here's Gold and Jewels,
Theſe may be yours.

Hip. To what end doſt thou ſhow
Theſe Trifles to me? Or how cam'ſt thou by them?
Not honeſtly, I fear.

Amid. I ſwear I did:
And you ſhall have 'em; but you always preſs
Before me in my Maſter's Service ſo: ——

Hip. And always will.

[*Amid.*

Amid. But, dear *Hippolito*,
Why will you not give way, that I may be
First in his Favour, and be ſtill employ'd?
Why do you frown? 'tis not for gain I ask it;
What-ever he ſhall give me ſhall be yours,
Except it be ſome Toy you would not care for,
Which I ſhould keep for his dear ſake that gave it.
Hip. If thou would'ſt offer both the *Indies* to me,
The *Eaſtern* Quarries, and the *Weſtern* Mines,
They ſhould not buy one Look, one gentle Smile
Of his from me: aſſure thy Soul they ſhould not,
I hate thee ſo.
Amid. Henceforth I'll hate you worſe.
But yet there is a Woman, whom he loves,
A certain *Julia*, who will ſteal his Heart
From both of us; we'll join at leaſt againſt
The common Enemy.
Hip. Why does he fear my Lord ſhould love a Woman?
The Paſſion of this Boy is ſo like mine,
That it amazes me.

Enter a Servant.

Piet. Young Gentleman,
Your Maſter calls for you.
Hip. I'll think upon't. ——————

[*Exit* Hippolito *cum* Pietro.

Enter Julia *to* Amideo.

Jul. Now is the time, he is alone.
Amid. Here comes
The Saint my Lord adores; Love, pardon me
The Fault I muſt commit.
Jul. Fair Youth, I am
A Suitor to you.
Amid. So am I to you.
Jul. You ſee me here a Pris'ner.
Amid. My Requeſt
Is, I may ſet you free; make haſte, ſweet Madam:
Which way would you go?
Jul. To the next
Religious Houſe.
Amid. Here, through the Garden, Madam;
How I commend your holy Reſolution! [*Exeunt ambo.*

Enter

Enter Don Manuel *in the Streets, and a Servant with him.*

Man. *Angellina* fled to a Monaſtery, ſay you?
Serv. So 'tis given out: I could not ſee her Woman:
But for your Siſter, what you heard is true:
I ſaw her at the Inn:
They told me, ſhe was brought in laſt Night
By a young Cavalier they ſhow'd me there.
Man. This muſt be he that reſcu'd me:
What would I give to ſee him?
Serv. Fortune is
Obedient to your Wiſhes; He was coming
To find out you; I waited on him to
The turning of the Street; and ſtept before
To tell you of it.
Man. You o'er-joy me.
Serv. This, Sir, is he.

Enter Gonſalvo.

[Don Manuel *is running to embrace him, and ſtops.*

Man. ——The Captain of the Robbers!
Gonſ. As ſuch indeed, you promis'd me your Siſter.
Man. I promis'd all the Int'reſt I ſhould have,
Becauſe I thought before you came to claim it,
A Husband's Right would take my Title from me.
Gonſ. I come to ſee, if any Manly Virtue
Can dwell with Falſhood: Draw, thou'ſt injur'd me.
Man. You ſay already I have done you wrong,
And yet would have me right you by a greater.
Gonſ. Poor, abject thing!
Man. Who doubts another's Courage,
Wants it himſelf; but I, who know my own,
Will not receive a Law from you to fight,
Or to forbear: for then I grant your Courage
To maſter mine, when I am forc'd to do
What of my ſelf I would not.
Gonſ. Your Reaſon?
Man. You ſav'd my Life.
Gonſ. I'll quit that Debt to be
In a Capacity of forcing you
To keep your Promiſe with me; for I come
To learn, your Siſter is not yet diſpos'd.
Man. I've loſt all Privilege to defend my Life,
And if you take it now, 'tis no new Conqueſt;
Like Fiſh, firſt taken in a River, then

Beſtow'd in Ponds to catch a ſecond time.
Gonſ. Mark but how partially you plead your Cauſe,
Pretending Breach of Honour if you fight;
Yet think it none to violate your Word.
Man. I cannot give my Siſter to a Robber.
Gonſ. You ſhall not; I am none, but born of Bloud
As Noble as your ſelf; my Fortune's equal,
At leaſt, with yours; my Reputation, yet
I think, unſtain'd.
Man. I wiſh, Sir, it may prove ſo;
I never had ſo ſtrong an Inclination
To believe any Man as you: ------ but yet ------
Gonſ. All things ſhall be ſo clear, there ſhall be left
No room for any Scruple: I was born
In *Sevil*, of the beſt Houſe in that City;
My Name *Gonſalvo de Peralta:* being
A younger Brother, 'twas my Uncle's Care
To take me with him in a Voyage to
The *Indies*, where ſince dying, he has left me
A Fortune not contemptible; returning
From thence, all my Wealth in the Plate-Fleet,
A furious Storm almoſt within the Port
Of *Sevil*, took us, ſcatter'd all the Navy:
My Ship, by the unruly Tempeſt, born
Quite through the *Streights*, as far as *Barcellona*;
There firſt caſt Anchor; there I ſtept aſhore:
Three Days I ſtaid, in which ſmall time I made
A little Love, which vaniſh'd as it came.
Man. But were you not engag'd to her you courted?
Gonſ. Upon my Honour, no; What might have been
I cannot tell: but ere I could repair
My beaten Ship, or take freſh Water in,
One Night, when there, by chance I lay aboard,
A Wind tore up my Anchor from the bottom,
And with that Violence it brought me thither;
Has thrown me in this Port: ------
Man. But yet our Meeting in the Wood was ſtrange.
Gonſ. For that I'll ſatisfie you as we walk.

Enter Hippolito.

Hip. O Sir, how glad am I to find you ------ [*Whisper.*
Man. That Boy I have ſeen ſomewhere, or one like him,
But where I cannot call to mind. ------
Hip. I found it out, and got before 'em ------
And here they are ------

Enter Amideo *and* Julia.

Man. My Siſter! as I could have wiſh'd it.
Amid. O! we are caught!
Jul. I did expect as much:
Fortune has not forgot that I am *Julia*.
Man. Siſter, I'm glad you're happily return'd;
'Twas kindly done of you thus to prevent
The Trouble of my ſearch.
Jul. I would not have you
Miſtake my Love to *Rodorick* ſo much,
To think I meant to fall into your hands.
My purpoſe is for the next Nunnery;
There I'll pray for you: ſo farewell.
Man. Stay, *Julia*, you muſt go with me.
Jul. Lead, lead;
You think I am your Pris'ner now.--------
Gonſ. If you will needs to a Religious Houſe,
Leave that fair Face behind; a worſe will ſerve,
To ſpoil with Watching, and with Faſting there.
Man. Prithee no more of this; the only way
To make her happy, is to force it on her.
Julia, prepare your ſelf ſtraight to be married.
Jul. To whom?
Man. You ſee your Bridegroom: and you know
My Father's Will, who with his dying Breath,
Commanded you ſhould pay as ſtrict Obedience
To me, as formerly to him: if not,
Your Dowry is at my Diſpoſe.
Jul. O would
The loſs of that Diſpence with Duty in me,
How gladly would I ſuffer it! and yet
If I durſt queſtion it, methinks 'tis hard!
What Right have Parents over Children, more
Than Birds have of their Young? yet they impoſe
No rich-plum'd Miſtreſs on their Feather'd Sons;
But leave their Love, more open yet and free
Than all the Fields of Air, their ſpacious Birth-Right.
[Gonſalvo *ſeems to beg* Manuel *not to be harſh.*
Man. Nay, good *Gonſalvo*, trouble not your ſelf,
There is no other way; when 'tis once done,
She'll thank me for't.
Jul. I ne'er expected other uſage from you;
A kind Brother you have been to me,
And to my Siſter: you have ſent, they ſay,
To *Barcellona*, that my Aunt ſhould force her

To

To marry the old *Don* you brought her.
Hip. Who could? that once had ſeen *Gonſalvo*'s Face?——————
Alas, ſhe little thinks I am ſo near!—————— [*Aſide.*
Man. Mind not what ſhe ſays.——————
A Word with you—————— [*To* Gonſalvo.
Amid. Don Manuel eyes me ſtrangely: the beſt is,
He never ſaw me yet but at a diſtance:
My Brother's Jealouſie (who ne'er intended
I ſhould be his) reſtrain'd our near Converſe. [*Aſide.*
Jul. My pretty Youth, I am enforc'd to truſt thee [*To* Amid.
With my moſt near Concerns; Friend I have none,
If thou deny'ſt to help me.
Amid. Any thing
To break your Marriage with my Maſter.
Jul. Go to *Rodorick*, and tell him my Condition:
But tell it as from thy ſelf, not me.
Amid. That you are forc'd to Marry.
Jul. But do not ask him
To ſuccour me; if of himſelf he will not:
I ſcorn a Love that muſt be taught its Duty.
Man. What Youth is that? I mean, the little one?
Gonſ. I took him up laſt Night.
Man. A ſweet-fac'd Boy,
I like him ſtrangely: would you part with him?
Amid. Alas, Sir, I am good for no body
But for my Maſter.
Hip. Sir, I'll do your Errand,
Another time, for letting *Julia* go. [*To* Amideo.
Man. Come, Sir.
Gonſ. I beg your Pardon for a moment,
I'll but diſpatch ſome buſineſs in my Ship,
And wait you preſently.
Man. We'll go before.
I'll make ſure *Rodorick* ſhall never have her;
And 'tis at leaſt ſome Pleaſure to deſtroy
His Happineſs, who ruin'd firſt my Joy.
[*Exeunt all but* Gonſalvo, *who, before he goes, whiſpers* Hippolito.
Gonſ. Againſt her Will fair *Julia* to poſſeſs,
Is not t'enjoy, but raviſh Happineſs:
Yet Women pardon Force, becauſe they find
The Violence of Love is ſtill moſt kind:
Juſt like the Plots of well-built Comedies,
Which then pleaſe moſt when moſt they do ſurpriſe.
But yet Conſtraint Love's nobleſt End deſtroys,
Whoſe higheſt Joy is in another's Joys:
Where Paſſion rules, how weak does Reaſon prove?
I yield my Caſe, but cannot yield my Love. [*Exit.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. *A great Room in* Don Manuel's *House.*

Hippolito *solus.*

Hip. MY Master bid me speak for him to *Julia*;
Hard Fate, That I am made a Confident
Against my self;---------
Yet though unwillingly I took the Office,
I would perform it well: but how can I
Prove lucky to his Love, who to my own
Am so unfortunate! He trusts his Passion
Like him, that ventures all his Stock at once
On an unlucky Hand.

Enter Amideo.

Amid. Where is the Lady *Julia*?
Hip. What new Treason
Against my Master's Love have you contriv'd
With her?
Amid. I shall not render you account.

Enter Julia.

Jul. I sent for him; yet if he comes there's danger;
Yet if he do not, I for ever lose him.
What can I wish? And yet I wish him here!
Only take the Care of me from me.
Weary with sitting out a losing Hand,
'Twill be some Ease to see another play it.
Yesterday I refus'd to marry him,
To day run into his Arms unask'd;
Like a mild Prince incroach'd upon by Rebels,
Love yielded much, till Honour ask'd for all. [*Sees* Hippolito.
How now, where's *Rodorick*? [*Sees* Amideo]---------I mean *Gonsalvo*.
Hip. You would do well to meet him--------
Amid. Meet him! You shall not do't: I'll throw my self,
Like a young fawning Spaniel, in your way
So often, you shall never move a step
But you shall tread on me.
Jul. You need not beg me:
I would as soon meet a Siren, as see him.

Hip. *His Sweetneſs for thoſe Frowns no Subject finds:*
Seas are the Field of Combat for the Winds:
But when they ſweep along ſome flowry Coaſt,
Their Wings move mildly, and their Rage is loſt.
Jul. *'Tis that which makes me more unfortunate:*
Becauſe his Sweetneſs muſt upbraid my Hate,
The Wounds his Fortune touch me not ſo near;
I can my Love, but not his Virtue, bear.
For my Diſdain with my Eſteem is rais'd;
He muſt be hated when he moſt is prais'd:
Such an Eſteem as like a Storm appears,
Which riſes but to Shipwrack what it bears.
Hip. *Infection dwells upon my Kindneſs ſure,*
Since it deſtroys even thoſe whom it would cure.
[*Cries, and Exit* Hippolito.

Amid. Still weep, *Hippolito*; to me thy Tears
Are ſovereign, as thoſe Drops the Balm-tree ſweats.------
--------But, Madam, are you ſure you ſhould not love him?
I ſtill fear ----------
Jul. Thy Fear will never let thee be a Man.
Amid. Indeed, I think, it wo'n't.
Jul. We are now
Alone; What News from *Rodorick*?
Amid. Madam, he begs you not to fear; he has
A Way, which, when you think all deſperate,
Will ſet you free.
Jul. If not, I will ſurvive
A Moment after it.
Amid. Why! there's ſome Comfort.
Jul. I ſtrongly wiſh, for what I firmly hope;
Like the Day-dreams of Melancholy Men,
I think, and think on things impoſſible,
Yet love to wander in that Golden Maze.

Enter Don Manuel, Hippolito, *and Company.*

Amid. Madam, your Brother's here.
Man. Where is the Bridegroom?
Hip. Not yet return'd, Sir, from the Ship.
Man. Siſter, all this good Company is met
To give you Joy.
Jul. While I am compaſs'd round
With Mirth, my Soul lies hid in Shades of Grief,
Whence, like the Bird of Night, with half-ſhut Eyes,
She peeps, and ſickens at the ſight of day. [*Aſide.*

Enter Servant.

Serv. Sir, ſome Gentlemen and Ladies are without,
Who, to do Honour to this Wedding, come
To preſent a Maſque.

Man. 'Tis well; deſire 'em
They would leave out the Words, and fall to Dancing;
The Poetry of the Foot takes moſt of late.

Serv. The Poet, Sir, will take that very ill;
He's at the Door, with th' Argument o' th' Maſque
In Verſe.

Man. Which of the Wits is it that made it?

Serv. None of the Wits, Sir; 'tis one of the Poets.

Man. What Subject has he choſe?

Serv. The Rape of *Proſerpine.*

Enter Gonſalvo.

Man. Welcome, welcome, you have been long expected.

Gonſ. I ſtaid to ſee the unlading of ſome Rarities,
Which are within: --------
Madam, your Pardon, That I was ſo long abſent.

Jul. You need not ask it for your Abſence, Sir.

Gonſ. Still cruel, *Julia*------

Jul. The Danger's here, and *Roderick* not here:
I am not griev'd to die; but I am griev'd
To think him falſe. [*Aſide.*

Man. Bid 'em begin.

The Muſick plays.

A *Cupid* deſcends in ſwift Motion, and ſpeaks theſe VERSES.

Cup. *Thy Conqueſts,* Proſerpine, *have ſtretch'd too far,*
Amidſt Heav'ns Peace thy Beauty makes a War:
For when, laſt Night, I to Jove's *Pallace went,*
(The brighteſt part of all the Firmament):
Inſtead of all thoſe Gods, whoſe thick reſort
Fill'd up the Preſence of the Thund'rer's Court;
There Jove *and* Juno *all forſaken ſate,*
Penſive like Kings, in their declining State:
Yet (wanting Pow'r) they would preſerve the Show,
By hearing Pray'rs from ſome few Men below:
Mortals to Jove *may their Devotions pay;*
The Gods themſelves to Proſerpine *do pray.*
To Sicily *the Rival Pow'rs reſort;*
'Tis Heaven where-ever Ceres *keeps her Court.*

Phœbus

Phœbus and Mercury are both at ſtrife,
The Courtlieſt of our Gods, who wants a Wife:
But Venus, what-e'er Kindneſs ſhe pretends,
Yet (like all Females, envious of their Friends)
Has, by my Aid, contriv'd a black Deſign,
The God of Hell ſhould raviſh Proſerpine:
Beauties, beware; Venus will never bear
Another Venus ſhining in her Sphere.

After Cupid's Speech, *Venus* and *Ceres* deſcend in the ſlow Machines; *Ceres* drawn by Dragons, *Venus* by Swans.

After them, *Phœbus* and *Mercury* deſcend in ſwift Motion. Then *Cupid* turns to *Julia*, and ſpeaks;

Cup. The Rival Deities are come to woo
A Proſerpine, who muſt be found below:
Would you (fair Nymph) become, this happy Hour,
In Name a Goddeſs, as you are in Pow'r;
Then to this Change the King of Shades will owe
A fairer Proſerpine than Heav'n can ſhow.

Julia, *firſt whiſper'd by* Amideo, *goes into the Dance, perform'd by* Cupid, Phœbus, Mercury, Ceres, Venus, Julia.

Towards the End of the Dance, *Rodorick*, in the Habit of *Pluto*, riſes, from below, in a black Chariot all flaming, and drawn by black Horſes; he raviſhes *Julia*, who perſonated *Proſerpine*, and as he is carrying her away, his Vizard falls off. *Hippolito* firſt diſcovers him.

Hip. A Rape, a Rape; 'tis *Rodorick*, 'tis *Rodorick*.
Rod. Then I muſt have Recourſe to this: ------- [*Draws.*
Jul. Oh Heavens!

[Don Manuel *and* Gonſalvo *draw, and a Servant; the two that* [illegible] Phœbus *and* [illegible] *return to aſſiſt* Rodorick, *and are beat back by* M[illegible] *and a Servant, while* Gonſalvo *attacks* Rodorick.

Gonſ. Unlooſe thy hold, foul Villain.
Rod. No, I'll graſp her
Ev'n after Death.
Jul. Spare him, or I'll die with him.
Gonſ. Muſt Raviſhers and Villains live, while I
In vain implore her Mercy?-----

[*Thruſts at him, and hurts* Julia *in the Arm.*

Jul. Oh, I am murther'd!
Gonſ. Wretched that I am!

What?

What have I done? To what ſtrange Puniſhment
Will you condemn this guilty Hand? and yet
My Eyes were guilty firſt: for they could look
On nothing elſe but you; and my unlucky Hand
Too cloſely follow'd them! ------

Re-Enter Manuel.

Man. The Pow'rs above are juſt, that thou ſtill liv'ſt
For me to kill.
Rod. You'll find no eaſie task on't
Alone; come both together, I defie you:
Curſe on this Diſguſe, that has betray'd me
Thus cheaply to my Death-----
Man. Under a Devil's Shape thou could'ſt not be
Diſguis'd.------
Jul. Then muſt he die?
Yet I'll not bid my *Rodorick* farewel;
For they take leave who mean to be long abſent.
Gon. Hold, Sir; I have had Blood enough already,
And muſt not murder *Julia* again
In him ſhe loves: Live, Sir, and thank this Lady.
Rod. Take my Life, and ſpare my Thanks.
Man. Though you
Forgive him, let me take my juſt Revenge.
Gonſ. Leave that diſtinction to our dull Divines;
That ill I ſuffer to be done, I do.
Hip. My Heart bleeds tears for him, to ſee his Virtue
O'ercome ſo fatally, againſt ſuch Odds
Of Fortune and of Love! -------
Man. Permit his Death, and *Julia* will be yours.
Jul. Permit it not, and *Julia* will thank you.
Gonſ. Who-e'er could think, that one kind word from *Julia*,
Should be preferr'd to *Julia* her ſelf!
Could any Man think it a greater Good,
To ſave a Rival, than poſſeſs a Miſtreſs:
Yet this I do; theſe are thy Riddles, Love.
What Fortune gives me, I my ſelf deſtroy;
And feed my Virtue, but to ſtarve my Joy.
Honour ſits on me like ſome heavy Armour,
And with its ſtiff defence incumbers me:
And yet, when I would put it off, it ſticks,
Like *Hercules* his Shirt; heats me at once,
And poiſons me!------
Man. I find my ſelf grow calm by thy Example;
My panting Heart heaves leſs and leſs; each Pulſe
And all the boiling Spirits ſcatter from it.
Since thou deſir'ſt he ſhould not die, he ſhall not die,

Till

Till I, on Nobler terms, can take his Life.
Rod. The next turn may be yours: remember, *Julia*,
I ow'd this Danger to your Wilfulneſs;
Once you might eaſily have been mine, and would not.
[*Exit* Rodorick.

Man. Lead out my Siſter, Friend, her Hurt's ſo ſmall,
'Twill ſcarce diſturb the Ceremony.
Ladies, once more your Pardons. [*Leads out the Company*, Exeunt.
[*Manent* Julia, Gonſalvo, Amideo: Gonſalvo *offers his Hand*, Julia *pulls back hers.*

Jul. This Hand would riſe in Bliſters ſhould'ſt thou touch it:
My *Rodorick*'s diſpleas'd with me, and thou,
Unlucky Man, the Cauſe; dare not ſo much
As once to follow me. ——— [*Exit* Julia.

Gonſ. Not follow her! alas, ſhe need not bid me!
O, how could I preſume to take that Hand,
To which mine prov'd ſo fatal!
Nay, if I might, ſhould I not fear to touch it?
A Murd'rer's Touch would make it bleed afreſh.
Amid. I think, Sir, I could kill her for your ſake.
Gonſ. Repent that Word, or I ſhall hate thee ſtrangely:
Harſh Words from her, like Blows from angry Kings,
Though they are meant Affronts, are conſtrued Favours.
Hip. Her Inclinations and Averſions
Are both alike unjuſt; and both, I hope,
Too violent to laſt: chear up your ſelf;
For if I live (I hope I ſhall not long) [*Aside.*
She ſhall be yours.
Amid. 'Twere much more Noble in him,
To make a Conqueſt of himſelf, than her.
She ne'er can merit him; and hadſt not thou
A mean low Soul, thou would'ſt not name her to him.
Hip. Poor Child, who would'ſt be wiſe above thy Years,
Why doſt thou talk like a Philoſopher,
Of conquering Love, who are not yet grown up
To try the Force of any Manly Paſſion?
The Sweetneſs of thy Mother's Milk is yet
Within thy Veins, not ſowr'd and turn'd by Love.
Gonſ. Thou haſt not Field enough in thy young Breaſt,
To entertain ſuch Storms to ſtruggle in.
Amid. Young as I am, I know the Power of Love;
Its leſs Diſquiets, and its greater Cares,
And all that's in it, but the Happineſs.
Truſt a Boy's word, Sir, if you pleaſe, and take
My Innocence for Wiſdom; Leave this Lady;
Ceaſe to perſwade your ſelf you are in Love,
And you will ſoon be freed: not that I wiſh

A thing

A thing ſo Noble as your Paſſion, loſt
To all the Sex; beſtow it on ſome other;
You'll find many as fair, though none ſo cruel.
Would I could be a Lady for your ſake.
Hip. If I could be a Woman with a Wiſh,
You ſhould not be without a Rival long.
Amid. A Cedar of your Stature would not cauſe
Much Jealouſie.
Hip. More than a Shrub of yours.
Gonſ. How eagerly theſe Boys fall out for nothing!
Tell me, *Hippolita*, wert thou a Woman,
Who wou'd'ſt thou be?
Hip. I would be *Julia*, Sir,
Becauſe you love her.
Amid. I would not be ſhe,
Becauſe ſhe loves not you.
Hip. True, *Amideo*:
And therefore I would wiſh my ſelf a Lady,
Who, I am ſure, does infinitely love him.
Amid. I hope that Lady has a Name.——
Hip. She has;
And ſhe is call'd *Honoria*, Siſter to
This *Julia*, and bred up at *Barcellona*.
Who loves him with a Flame, ſo Pure and ſo Noble,
That, did ſhe know his Love to *Julia*,
She would beg *Julia* to make him happy.
Gonſ. This ſtartles me!
Amid. Oh Sir, believe him not;
They love not truly, who, on any terms,
Can part with what they love.
Gonſ. I ſaw a Lady
At *Barcellona*, of what Name I know not,
Who, next to *Julia*, was the faireſt Creature
My Eyes did e'er behold: but how cam'ſt thou
To know her?
Hip. Sir, ſome other time I'll tell you.
Amid. It could not be *Honoria* whom you ſaw,
For, Sir, ſhe has a Face ſo very ugly,
That, if ſhe were a Saint for Holineſs,
Yet, no Man would ſeek Vertue there.
Hip. This is the lying'ſt Boy, Sir, I am ſure
He never ſaw *Honoria*; for her Face,
'Tis not ſo bad to fright any Man;
None of the Wits have Libell'd it.
Amid. *Don Rodorick*'s Siſter, *Angellina*, does
So far exceed her in the Ornaments
Of Wit and Beauty, though not hid from Sight,

That,

That, like the Sun, (ev'n when Eclips'd) ſhe caſts
A Yellowneſs upon all other Faces.
Hip. I'll not ſay much of her; but only this,
Don Manuel ſaw not with my Eyes, if e'er
He lov'd that *Flanders* Shape, that Lump of Earth
And Flegm together.
Amid. You have often ſeen her,
It ſeems, by your Deſcription of her Perſon:
But I'll maintain, on any *Spaniſh* Ground,
What-e'er ſhe be, yet ſhe is far more worthy
To have my Lord her Servant, than *Honoria*.
Hip. And I'll maintain *Honoria*'s right againſt her,
In any part of all the World.
Gonſ. You go
Too far, to quarrel on ſo ſlight a Ground.
Hip. O pardon me, my Lord, it is not ſlight:
I muſt confeſs, I am ſo much concern'd,
I ſhall not bear it long.
Amid. Nor I, aſſure you.
Gonſ. I will believe what both of you have ſaid,
That *Honoria* and *Angellina*
Both equally are fair.
Amid. Why did you name
Honoria firſt?
Gonſ. And, ſince you take their parts ſo eagerly,
Henceforth I'll call you by thoſe Ladies Names:
You, my *Hippolito*, ſhall be *Honoria*;
And you, my *Amideo*, *Angellina*.
Amid. Then all my Services, I wiſh, may make
You kind to *Angellina* for my ſake.
Hip. Put all my Merits on *Honoria*'s Score.
And think no Maid could ever Love you more. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

Manuel *ſolus.*

Man. THUS I provide for others Happineſs,
And loſe my own: 'Tis true, I cannot blame
Thy Hatred, *Angellina*, but thy Silence.
Thy Brother's Hatred made thine juſt; but yet
'Twas cruel in thee not to tell me ſo.
Conqueſt is Noble when an Heart ſtands out;

But mine which yielded, how could'ſt thou betray?
That Heart, by which thou could'ſt not be depriv'd,
By any Force of Pow'r beſide thine own;
Like Empires to that fatal Heighth arriv'd,
They muſt be ruin'd by themſelves alone.
My guarded Freedom cannot be a Prize
To any ſcornful Face a ſecond time.
For thy Idea like a Ghoſt would riſe,
And fright my Thoughts from ſuch another Crime.

Enter a Servant *with a Letter.*

Man. From whom?
2 *Serv.* Sir, the Contents will ſoon reſolve you.

[Manuel *reads.*

Man. Tell *Rodorick* he has prevented me,
In my Deſign of ſending to him firſt.
I'll meet him ſingle at the Time and Place;
But for my Friend, tell him, he muſt excuſe me:
I'll hazard no Man in my Quarrel, but
My ſelf alone: ------- Who's within there?

[*Exit* Meſſ.

Enter a Servant.

Go, call my Siſter and *Gonſalvo* hither.

[*Exit* Servant.

'Twas puſh'd ſo far, that, like two Armies, we
Were drawn ſo cloſely up, we could not part
Without Engagement: —— But they muſt not know it.

Enter Julia, Gonſalvo, Amideo.

I have ſome Buſineſs calls me hence, and know not
When I ſhall return: But 'ere I go,
That Pow'r I have by my dead Father's Will,
Over my Siſter, I bequeath to you:

[*To* Gonſalvo.

She and her Fortune too be firmly yours;
And this, when I revoke, let Cowardiſe
Blaſt all my Youth, and Treaſon taint my Age.
Gonſ. Sir.----------
Man. Nay, good, no Thanks; I cannot ſtay-------

[*Exit* Manuel.

Gonſ. There's ſomething more than ordinary in this:
Go, *Amideo*, quickly follow him,
And bring me word, which way he takes.
Amid. I go, Sir.

[*Exit* Amideo.

[Julia *kneels.*

Gonſ. Madam, *When you implore the Pow'rs Divine,*
You have no Pray'rs in which I will not join,

Though

Though made against my self. [Kneels with her.
Jul. ——— *In vain I sue,*
Unless my Vows may be convey'd by you.
Gonf. *Convey'd by me!* — *My ill Success in Love,*
Shews me too sure I have few Friends above.
How can you fear your just Desires to want?
When the Gods pray, they both request and grant.
Jul. *Heav'n has resign'd my Fortune to your hand,*
If you, like Heav'n, th'afflicted understand.
Gonf. *The Language of th'afflicted is not new;*
Too well I learn'd it when I first saw you.
Jul. *In spight of me, you now command my Fate;*
And yet the Vanquish'd seeks the Victour's Hate:
Ev'n in this low Submission, I declare,
That, had I Pow'r, I would renew the War.
I'm forc'd to stoop, and 'twere too great a Blow
To bend my Pride, and to deny me too.
Gonf. *You have my Heart; dispose it to your Will;*
If not, you know the way to use it ill.
Jul. *Cruel to me, though kind to your Desert,*
My Brother gives my Person, not my Heart:
And I have left no other Means to sue,
But to you only to be freed from you.
Gonf. *From such a Sute how can you hope Success,*
Which giv'n, destroys the Giver's Happiness?
Jul. *You think it equal you should not resign*
That Pow'r you have; yet will not leave me mine:
Yet on my Will I have the Pow'r alone,
And since you cannot move it, move your own.
Your Worth and Virtue my Esteem may win,
But Women's Passions from themselves begin;
Merit may be, but Force still is in vain.
Gonf. *I would but love you, not your Love constrain;*
And though your Brother left me to command,
He plac'd his Thunder in a gentle Hand.
Jul. *Your Favour from Constraint has set me free,*
But that secures not my Felicity:
Slaves, who before did cruel Masters serve,
May flye to Desarts, and in Freedom starve.
The Noblest Part of Liberty they lose,
Who can but shun, and want the Pow'r to chuse.
Gonf. *O whither will your Fatal Reason move!*
You court my Kindness to destroy my Love.
Jul. *You have the Pow'r to make my Happiness,*
By giving that which you can ne'er possess.
Gonf. *Give you to* Rodorick? *there wanted yet*
That Curse, to make my Miseries compleat.

Jul. *Departing Miſers bear a Nobler Mind;*
They, when they can enjoy no more, are kind:
You, when your Love is dying in Deſpair,
Yet want the Charity to make an Heir.
Gonſ. *Though Hope be dying, yet it is not dead;*
And dying People with ſmall Food are fed.
Jul. *The greateſt Kindneſs dying Friends can have,*
Is, to diſpatch them, when we cannot ſave.
Gonſ. *Thoſe dying People, could they ſpeak at all;*
That Pity of their Friends would Murder call.
For Men with Horrour Diſſolution meet;
The Minutes ev'n of painful Life are ſweet.
Jul. *But I'm by pow'rful Inclination led;*
And Streams turn ſeldom to their Fountain Head.
Gonſ. *No, 'tis a Tide which carries you away;*
And Tides may turn, though they can never ſtay.
Jul. *Can you pretend to Love, and ſee my Grief,*
Cauſ'd by your ſelf, yet give me no Relief?
Gonſ. *Where's my Reward?*
Jul. *The Honour of the Flame.*
Gonſ. *I loſe the Subſtance then, to gain the Name.*
Jul. *I do too much a Miſtreſs's Pow'r betray;*
Muſt Slaves be won by Courtſhip to obey?
Thy Diſobedience does to Treaſon riſe,
Which thou, like Rebels, would'ſt with Love diſguiſe.
I'll kill my ſelf, and if thou canſt deny
To ſee me happy, thou ſhalt ſee me die.
Gonſ. *O ſtay! I can with leſs Regret bequeath*
My Love to Rodorick, *than you to Death:*
And yet--------
Jul. *What new Objections can you find?*
Gonſ. *But are you ſure you never ſhall be kind?*
Jul. *Never.*
Gonſ. *What never!*
Jul. *Never to remove.*
Gonſ. *Oh fatal Never to Souls damn'd in Love!*
Jul. *Lead me to* Rodorick.
Gonſ. *If it muſt be ſo!*
Jul. *Here, take my Hand, ſwear on it, Thou wilt go.*
[He kiſſes her Hand.
Gonſ. *Oh Balmy Sweetneſs! but 'tis loſt to me,*
Like Food upon a Wretch condemn'd to die:
Another, and I vow to go: ------ *one more;*
If I ſwear often, I ſhall be forſwore.
Others againſt their Wills may haſte their Fate;
I only toil to be unfortunate:

Muſt

More my own Foe than all my Stars could prove;
They give her Person, but I give her Love.
I must not trust my self---------- *Hippolito.*

Enter Hippolito.

Hip. My Lord!
Gonſ. Quickly go find *Don Rodorick* out:
Tell him, The Lady *Julia* will be walking
On the broad Rock that lies beſide the Port,
And there expects to ſee him inſtantly.
In the mean time I'll call for *Amideo.*
Jul. You'll keep your Promiſe to *Don Rodorick.*
Gonſ. Madam, *Since you bring Death, I welcome it;*
But to his Fortune, not his Love, ſubmit------- [*Exit* Gonſalvo.
Hip. *I dare not aſk what I too fain would hear:*
But, like a tender Mother, hope and fear;
My equal Twins, my equal Care I make; [*Aſide.*
And keep Hope quiet, leſt that Fear ſhould wake. [*Exit* Hippol.
Jul. So, now I'm firmly at my own Diſpoſe;
And all the Letts, my Vertue caus'd, remov'd:
Now, *Rodorick*, I come ----------

Re-Enter Gonſalvo.

Gonſ. Madam, my Boy's not yet return'd.
Jul. No matter; we'll not ſtay for him.
Gonſ. Pray make not too much haſte. [*Exeunt* Julia, Gonſalvo.

SCENE II.

Enter Don Rodorick, *and* Servant.

Rod. Have you beſpoke a Veſſel as I bid you?
1 *Serv.* I have done better; for I have employ'd
Some, whom I know, this day to ſeize a Ship;
Which they have done; clapping the Men within her
All under Hatches, with ſuch Speed and Silence,
That, though ſhe rides at Anchor in the Port
Amongſt the reſt, the Change is not diſcover'd.
Rod. Let my beſt Goods and Jewels be embark'd
With Secrecy: we'll put to Sea this Night.
Have you yet found my Siſter, or her Woman?
Serv. Neither, Sir; but, in all probability,
She is with *Manuel.*
Rod. Would God the meaneſt Man in *Alicant*
Had *Angelina* rather than *Don Manuel.*
I never can forgive, much leſs forget
How he (the younger Soldier) was preferr'd.

To

To that Command of Horſe which was my Due.
Serv. And after that, by Force, diſſeiz'd you of
Your Quarters-------
Rod. Should I meet him ſev'n Years hence
At the Altar, I would kill him there: ---------I had
Forgot to tell you the Deſign we had,
To carry *Julia* by Force away,
Will now be needleſs, ſhe'll come to the Rock,
To ſee me, you, unſeen, ſhall ſtand behind,
And carry her into the Veſſel.
Serv. Shall I not help you to diſpatch *Don Manuel*?
Rod. I neither doubt my Valour, nor my Fortune:
But if I die, Revenge me: preſently
About your Buſineſs; I muſt to the Rock,
For fear I come too late. *[Exeunt ſeverally.*

SCENE III.

Through a Rock is diſcover'd a Navy of Ships, riding at a Diſtance.

Enter Amideo.

Amid. Thus far unſeen by *Manuel*, I have trac'd him:
He can be gone no farther than the Walk
Behind the Rock; I'll back and tell my Maſter.

Enter Hippolito, *at the other End.*

Hip. This is the Place where *Rodorick* muſt expect
His *Julia*: ------- How! *Amideo* here!
Amid. Hippolito!
Hip. This were ſo fit a time
For my Revenge; had I the Courage now:
My Heart ſwells at him, and my Breath grows ſhort;
But whether Fear or Anger choaks it up,
I cannot tell.
Amid. He looks ſo ghaſtfully,
Would I were paſt him; yet I fear to try it,
Becauſe my Mind miſ-gives me he will ſtop me.
B'your Leave, *Hippolito.*
Hip. Whither ſo faſt?
Amid. You'll not preſume to hinder my Lord's Buſineſs?
He ſhall know it.
Hip. I'll make you ſure before,
For telling any Tales: do you remember,
Since you defended *Angellina*'s Beauty
Againſt *Honoria*'s; nay, and would maintain it?

Amid.

Amid. And ſo I will do ſtill; (I muſt feign Courage, [*Aſide.*
There is no other way.)
Hip. I'll ſo revenge
That Injury (if my Heart fails me not.)
Amid. Come, confeſs truly, for I know it fails you.
What would you give to avoid fighting now?
Hip. No, 'tis your Heart that fails.
Amid. I ſcorn the Danger;
Yet, what Compaſſion on your Youth might do,
I cannot tell; and therefore do not work
Upon my Pity; for I feel already
My ſtout Heart melts.
Hip. Oh! are you thereabouts?
Now I am ſure you fear, and you ſhall fight.
Amid. I will not fight.
Hip. Confeſs then, *Angellina*
Is not ſo fair as is *Honoria.*
Amid. I do confeſs! now you are ſatisfied?
Hip. There's more behind; Confeſs her not ſo worthy
To be belov'd; nor to poſſeſs *Gonſalvo*,
As fair *Honoria* is.
Amid. That's ſomewhat hard.
Hip. But you muſt do't, or die.
Amid. Well, Life is ſweet;
She's not ſo worthy: now let me be gone.
Hip. No, never to my Maſter; Swear to quit
His Service, and no more to ſee his Face.
Amid. I fain would ſave my Life, but that which you
Propoſe, is but another Name to die.
I cannot live without my Maſter's ſight.
Hip. Then you muſt fight with me for him.
Amid. I would
Do any thing with you, but fighting for him.
Hip. Nothing but that will ſerve.
Amid. Lay by your Swords,
I'll ſcratch with you for him.
Hip. That's not Manly.
Amid. Well, ſince it be ſo, I'll fight:——— Unbutton.
[Hippolito *unbuttons ſlowly.*
How many Buttons has he? I'll be one
Behind him ſtill. [*Aſide.*
[*Unbuttons one by one after him.*
[Hippolito *makes more haſte.*
You are ſo prodigal; if you lov'd my Maſter,
You would not tear his Doublet ſo:——— How's this!
Two ſwelling Breaſts! a Woman, and my Rival!
The Stings of Jealouſie have giv'n me Courage;

Which it

Which Nature never gave me:
Come on, thou vile Diſſembler of thy Sex;
Expect no Mercy; either thou or I
Muſt die upon this Spot: Now for *Gonſalvo.*
Sa------ Sa------
Hip. This Courage is not counterfeit; Ah me!
What ſhall I do? For Pity, gentle Boy------
Amid. No Pity; ſuch a Cauſe as ours
Can neither give nor take it: If thou yield'ſt,
I will not ſpare thee; therefore fight it out. [*Tears open his Doublet.*
Hip. Death to my Hopes! a Woman! and ſo rare
A Beauty, that my Lord muſt needs doat on her.
I ſhould my ſelf, if I had been a Man:
But, as I am, her Eyes ſhoot Death at me.
Amid. Come, have you ſaid your Pray'rs?
Hip. For thy Confuſion,
Thou ravenous Harpy with an Angel's Face;
Thou art diſcover'd, thou too charming Rival;
I'll be reveng'd upon thoſe fatal Eyes.
Amid. I'll tear out thine.
Hip. I'll bite out hungry Morſels
From thoſe plump Cheeks, but I will make 'em thinner.
Amid. I'd beat thee to the Blackneſs of a *Moor*,
But that the Features of thy Face are ſuch;
Such damnable, invincible good Features,
That as an *Æthiop* thou would'ſt ſtill be lov'd.
I'll quite unbend that black Bow o'er thine Eyes;
I'll murther thee; and *Julia* ſhall have him,
Rather than thou.
Hip. I'll kill both thee and her,
Rather than any one, but I, ſhall have him.
Amid. Come on, thou Witch.
Hip. Have at thy Heart, thou Syren.
[*They draw, and fight awkardly, not coming near one another.*
Amid. I think I paid you there.
Hip. O, ſtay a little,
And tell me, in what Corner of thy Heart
Gonſalvo lies, that I may ſpare that Place.
Amid. He lies in the laſt Drop of all my Blood,
And never will come out but with my Soul.
Hip. Come, come, we dally;
Would one of us were dead, no Matter which. [*They fight nearer.*

Enter Don Manuel.

Man. The pretty Boys, that ſerv'd *Gonſalvo*, fighting!
I come in time to ſave the Life of one.
[Hippolito *gets* Amideo *down in cloſing:* Manuel *takes away the Sword.*

Hip.

Hip. For Goodneſs ſake, hinder not my Revenge.
Amid. The Noble *Manuel* has ſav'd my Life:
Heav'ns, how unjuſtly have I hated him! [*Aſide.*
Man. What is it, gentle Youths, that moves you thus?
I cannot tell what Cauſes you may find;
But truſt me, all the World in ſo much Sweetneſs,
Would be to ſeek where to begin a Quarrel:
You ſeem the little *Cupids* in the Song,
Contending for the Honey-bag.
Hip. 'Tis well you're come:
You may prevent a greater Miſchief:
Here 'tis *Gonſalvo* has appointed *Rodorick*--------
Man. To fight?
Hip. What's worſe, to give your Siſter to him.
Won by her Tears, he means to leave her free,
And to redeem her Miſery with his:
At leaſt, I ſo conjecture.
Man. 'Tis a doubtful Problem,
Either he loves her violently,
Or not at all.
Amid. You have betray'd my Maſter----- [*To* Hippol. *aſide.*
Hip. If I have injur'd you, I mean to give you
The Satisfaction of a Gentlewoman---------

Enter Gonſalvo *and* Julia.

Man. Oh, they are here; now I ſhall be reſolv'd.
Jul. My Brother *Manuel*! What Fortune's this!
Man. I am glad I have prevented you.
Gonſ. With what
Variety my Fate torments me ſtill!
Never was Man ſo dragg'd along by Vertue;
But I muſt follow her.
Jul. Noble *Gonſalvo*,
Protect me from my Brother.
Gonſ. Tell me, Sir,
When you beſtow'd your Siſter on me, did not
You give her freely up to my Diſpoſe?
Man. 'Tis true, I did; but never with Intent
You ſhould reſtore her to my Enemy.
Gonſ. 'Tis paſt; 'tis done: ſhe undermin'd my Soul
With Tears; as Banks are ſapp'd away by Streams.
Man. I wonder what ſtrange Bleſſing ſhe expects
From the harſh Nature of this *Rodorick*;
A Man made up of Malice and Revenge.
Jul. If I poſſeſs him, I may be unhappy;
But if I loſe him, I am ſurely ſo.
Had you a Friend ſo deſperately ſick,

That all Phyſicians had forſook his Cure;
All ſcorch'd without, and all parch'd up within,
The Moiſture, that maintain'd conſuming Nature,
Lick'd up, and in a Feaver fry'd away;
Could you behold him beg, with dying Eyes,
A Glaſs of Water, and refuſe it him,
Becauſe you knew it ill for his Diſeaſe?
When he would die without it, how could you
Deny to make his Death more eaſie to him?

Man. Talk not to me of Love, when Honour ſuffers;
The Boys will hiſs at me.

Gonſ. I ſuffer moſt:
Had there been Choice, What would I not have choſe?
To ſave my Honour, I my Love muſt loſe:
But Promiſes once made, are paſt Debate,
And Truth's of more Neceſſity than Fate.

Man. I ſcarce can think your Promiſe abſolute;
There might ſome way be thought on, if you would,
To keep both her and it.

Gonſ. No, no; my Promiſe was no Trick of State:
I meant to be made truly wretched firſt,
And then to die; and I'll perform them both.

Man. Then that Revenge I meant on *Rodorick*,
I'll take on you. [*Draws.*

Gonſ. -------- I draw with much Regret,
As Merchants throw their Wealth into the Sea,
To ſave their ſinking Veſſels from a Wrack.

Man. I find I cannot lift my Hand againſt thee:
Do what thou wilt, but let not me behold it; [*Goes off a little way.*
I'll cut this Gordian-Knot I cannot looſe:
To keep his Promiſe, *Rodorick* ſhall have her,
But I'll return, and reſcue her by Force;
Then giving back what he ſo frankly gave,
At once my Honour and his Love I'll ſave. [*Exit* Manuel.

Enter Rodorick.

Rod. How! *Julia* brought by him? ------ Who ſent for me?

Gonſ. 'Twas I.

Rod. I know your Buſineſs then; 'tis Fighting.

Gonſ. You're miſtaken; 'tis ſomething that I fear.

Rod. What is't?

Gonſ. Why-------'twill not out: Here, take her,
And deſerve her; but no Thanks;
For fear I ſhould conſider what I give,
And call it back.---------

Jul. O my dear *Rodorick!*

Gonſ. O cruel *Julia!*

For

For Pity, ſhew not all your Joy before me;
Stifle ſome part of it one Minute longer,
Till I am dead.
Jul. My *Rodorick* ſhall know,
He owes his *Julia* to you; thank him, Love;
In faith, I take it ill you are ſo ſlow.
Rod. You know he has forbid me; and beſide,
He'll take it better from your mouth than mine:
All that you do muſt needs be pleaſing to him.
Jul. Still ſullen and unkind!
Rod. Why then, in ſhort,
I do not underſtand the Benefit.
Gonſ. Not to have *Julia* in thy free Poſſeſſion?
Rod. Not brought by you; not of another's leaving.
Jul. Speak ſoftly, *Rodorick*: let not theſe hear thee;
But ſpare my Shame for the ill Choice I made.
In loving thee.
Rod. I will ſpeak loud, and tell thee,
Thou com'ſt, all cloy'd and tir'd with his Embraces,
To proffer thy pall'd Love to me: his Kiſſes
Do yet bedew thy Lips; the very Print
His Arms made round thy Body, yet remains.
Gonſ. O barb'rous Jealouſie!
Jul. 'Tis an harſh word,
I am too pure for thee; bu tyet I love thee: [*Offers to take his Hand.*
Rod. Away, foul Impudence.
Gonſ. Madam, you wrong
Your Vertue, thus to clear it by Submiſſion.
Jul. Whence grows this Boldneſs, Sir? Did I ask you
To be my Champion?
Rod. He choſe to be your Friend, and not your Husband:
Left that dull part of Dignity to me;
As often, the worſt Actours play the Kings.
Jul. This Jealouſie is but exceſs of Paſſion,
Which grows up, wild in every Lover's Breaſt;
But changes Kind, when planted in an Husband.
Rod. Well, what I am, I am; and what I will be,
When you are mine, my Pleaſure ſhall determine.
I will receive no Law from any Man.
Jul. This ſtrange Unkindneſs of my *Rodorick*,
I owe to thee, and thy unlucky Love;
Henceforth go lock it up within thy Breaſt;
'Tis only harmleſs while it is conceal'd;
But open'd, ſpreads Infection, like a Vault.
Go, and my Curſe go with thee--------
Gonſ. I cannot go, till I behold you happy: --------
--------Here, *Rodorick*, receive her on thy Knees;

Uſe her with that Reſpect which thou would'ſt pay
Thy Guardian-Angel, if he could be ſeen.
-------Do not provoke my Anger, by refuſing--------
I'll watch thy leaſt Offence to her; each Word,
Nay, every ſullen Look: ---------
And, as the Devils, who are damn'd to Torments,
Yet have the guilty Souls their Slaves to puniſh:
So, under me, while I am wretched, thou
Shalt be tormented----------
Rod. Would'ſt thou make me the Tenant of thy Luſt;
To toil, and, for my Labour, take the Dregs,
The juicy Vintage being left for thee?
No; ſhe's an infamous, lewd Proſtitute;
I loath her at my Soul.
Gonſ. I can forbear no longer;
Swallow down thy Life, foul Villain. [*They fight off the Stage*, Exeunt.
Jul. Help, help!
Amid. Here is that Witch, whoſe fatal Beauty
Began the Miſchief; ſhe ſhall pay for all. [*Goes to kill* Julia.
Hip. I hate her for it more than thou canſt do;
But cannot ſee her die my Maſter loves. [*Goes between with her Sword.*

Enter Gonſalvo, *following* Rodorick; *who falls.*

Rod. So; now I am at Reſt! ---------
I feel Death riſing higher ſtill, and higher,
Within my Boſom; every Breath I fetch
Shuts up my Life within a Shorter Compaſs:
And, like the vaniſhing Sound of Bells, grows leſs
And leſs each Pulſe, till it be loſt in Air. [*Swoons away.*
Gonſ. Down at your Feet, much injur'd Innocence,
I lay that Sword, which---------
Jul. Take it up again,
It has not done its Work till I am kill'd:
For ever, ever, thou haſt robb'd me of
That Man, that only Man whom I could love:
Doſt thou thus Court thy Miſtreſs? Thus oblige her?
All thy Obligements have been fatal yet;
Yet the moſt fatal now would moſt oblige me.
Kill me: ------ yet I am kill'd before in him.
I lie there on the Ground; cold, cold and pale:
That Death I die in *Rodorick* is far
More pleaſant, than that Life I live in *Julia*--------
------See how he ſtands----- when he is bid diſpatch me!
How dull! How ſpiritleſs! that Sloth poſſeſs'd
Thee not, when thou didſt kill my *Rodorick*.
Gonſ. I'm too unlucky to converſe with Men:
I'll pack together all my Miſchiefs up,

Gather

Gather with Care each little Remnant of 'em,
That none of 'em be left behind: thus loaded,
Fly to ſome Deſart, and there let them looſe,
Where they may never prey upon Mankind.
But you may make my Journey ſhorter:------Take
This Sword; 'twill ſhew you how-------
Jul. I'll gladly ſet you on your way. [*Takes his Sword.*

Enter Three of Rodorick's *Servants.*

1. Make haſte, he's now unarm'd;
We may with eaſe revenge my Maſter's Death.
Jul. Now theſe ſhall do it.
Gonſ. I'll die by none but you------
Hip. O here, take my Sword, Sir.
Amid. He ſhall have mine. [*Both give their Swords to* Gonſalvo.

Enter Manuel.

Man. Think not of Death,
We'll live and conquer. [*They beat them off.*
Man. Theſe Fellows, tho' beat off, will ſtrait return with more;
We muſt make haſte to ſave our ſelves.
Hip. 'Tis far to the Town,
And 'ere you reach it, you will be diſcover'd.
Gonſ. My Life's a Burden to me, were not *Julia*'s
Concern'd; but as it is, ſhe being preſent,
Will be found acceſſary to his Death.
Man. See where a Veſſel lies, not far from Shore;
And near at hand a Boat belonging to her;
Let's haſte aboard, and what with Pray'rs and Gifts,
Buy our Concealment there:------Come, *Julia.*
Gonſ. Alas! ſhe ſwoons away upon the Body.
Man. The Night grows on apace; we'll take her
In Our Arms, and bear her hence.
[*Exeunt* Gonſalvo, *and the Boys, with* Manuel, *carrying* Julia.

Re-Enter the Servants.

1. They are all gone, we may return with Safety:
Help me to bear the Body to the Town.
2. He ſtirs, and breaths a little; there may be
Some hope.
3. The Town's far off, and th' Evening cold;
Let's carry him to th' Ship.
1. Haſte then away:
Things once reſolv'd, are ruin'd by Delay. [*Exeunt.*

ACT.

ACT V.

The SCENE *lying in a Carrack.*

Enter a Pyrat, *and the* Captain.

Pyr. WElcome a Ship-board, *Captain*; you ſtaid long.
Capt. No longer than was neceſſary for ſhifting Trades;
To change me from a *Pyrat* to a *Robber*.
Pyr. There is a fair Change wrought in you ſince yeſterday
Morning; then you talk'd of nothing but Repentance, and
Amendment of Life.
Capt. 'Faith, I have conſider'd better on't:
For converſing a whole Day together with honeſt Men,
I found 'em all ſo poor and beggarly, that a civil
Perſon would be aſham'd to be ſeen with 'em.
But you come from *Don Rodorick*'s Cabin; what
Hopes have you of his Life?
Pyr. No Danger of it, only loſs of Blood
Had made him faint away; he call'd for you.
Capt. Well, are his Jewels and his Plate brought in?
Pyr. They are; When hoiſt we Sails?
Capt. At the firſt Break
Of Day: When we are got out clear, we'll ſeize
On *Rod'rick* and his Men: they are not many,
But Fear may make 'em deſperate.
Pyr. We may take 'em when they are laid to ſleep.
Capt. 'Tis well advis'd.
Pyr. I forgot to tell you, Sir, That a little before *Don Rod'rick*
Was brought in, a Company of Gentlemen (purſu'd,
It ſeems, by Juſtice) procur'd our Boat to row 'em
Hither: Two of 'em carri'd a very fair Lady betwixt 'em,
Who was either dead, or ſwooned.
Capt. We'll ſell 'em all together to the *Turk*,
(At leaſt I'll tell 'em ſo.) [*Aſide.*
Pyr. Pray, Sir, let's reſerve the Lady to our own Uſes;
It were a Shame to good *Catholicks* to give her up to *Infidels*.
Capt. *Don Rodorick*'s Door opens, I'll ſpeak to him.

[*The* Scene *draws, and diſcovers the* Captain's *Cabin*; Rodorick *on a Bed, and two* Servants *by him.*

Capt. How is it with the brave *Don Rodorick*?
Do you want any thing?
Rod. I have too much of that I would not, Love;
And what I would have, that I want, Revenge.
I muſt be ſet aſhore.
Capt. That you may, Sir;

But our own Safety must be thought on first. [*One enters and whispers the* Capt.
I come: -------- Sennor, think you are Lord here, and command
All freely. [*Ex.* Capt. *and* Pyrat.
Rod. He does well to bid me think so: I am of Opinion
We are fallen into Huckſters Hands.
1 *Serv.* Indeed he talk'd ſuſpiciouſly enough;
He half deni'd to land us.
Rod. Theſe, *Pedro*, are your confiding Men-----
2 *Serv.* I think 'em ſtill ſo.
Rod. Would I were from 'em.
2. 'Tis impoſſible t'attempt it now;
You have not ſtrength enough to walk.
Rod. That Venture muſt be mine; we're loſt
If we ſtay here to morrow.
2. I hope better.
1. One, whom I ſaw among 'em, to my Knowledge,
Is a notorious Robber.
2. He look'd ſo like a Gentleman, I could not know him then.
Rod. What became of *Julia* when I fell?
2. We left her weeping over you, till we
Were beaten off; but ſhe, and thoſe with her,
Were gone when we return'd.
Rod. Too late I find I wrong'd her in my Thoughts;
I'm every way a wretched Man: -------
Something we muſt reſolve on ere we ſleep,
Draw in the Bed, I feel the cold. [*Bed drawn in,* Exeunt.

SCENE II.

Enter Gonſalvo, Manuel, Hippolito, Amideo.

Hip. Nay, 'tis too true; for, peeping through a Chink,
I ſaw *Don Rodorick* lying on a Bed,
Not dead, as we ſuppos'd, but only hurt;
So waited on, as ſpoke him Maſter here.
Man. Was there ever ſo fatal an Adventure?
To fly into that very Ship for Refuge,
Where th' only Perſon, we would ſhun, commands!
This Miſchief is ſo ſtrange, it could not happen,
But was the Plot and Juggle of our Fate,
To free it ſelf, and caſt the Blame on us.
Gonſ. This is not yet our Fortune's utmoſt Malice;
The Gall remains behind: this Ship was that
Which yeſterday was mine; I can ſee nothing
Round me, but what's familiar to my Eyes,
Only the Perſons new; which makes me think
'Twas ſeiz'd upon by *Rodorick*, to revenge himſelf on me.
Man. 'Tis wonderful indeed.

Amid.

Amid. The only Comfort is, we are not known,
For when we enter'd it was dark.
Hip. That Comfort
Is of as ſhort continuance as the Night,
The Day will ſoon diſcover us.
Man. Some way muſt be invented to get out.
Hip. Fair *Julia*, ſadly pining by her ſelf,
Sits on her Bed; Tears falling from her Eyes
As ſilently as Dews in dead of Night.
All we conſult of muſt be kept from her,
That Moment that ſhe knows of *Rodorick*'s Life
Dooms us to certain Death.
Man. 'Tis well conſider'd.
Conſ. For my part, were not you and ſhe concern'd,
I look on my Life, like an Eſtate
So charg'd with Debts, it is not worth the keeping.
We cannot long be undiſcover'd by them;
Let us then ruſh upon them on the ſudden,
(All hope of Safety plac'd in our Deſpair)
And gain quick Victory, or ſpeedy Death.
Man. Conſider, firſt, th' Impoſſibility
Of the Attempt; four Men, and two poor Boys,
(Which added to our Number make us weaker)
Againſt ten Villains more reſolv'd for Death,
Than any ten among our Holieſt Prieſts.
Stay but a little longer, till they all
Diſperſe to Reſt within their ſeveral Cabins,
Then more ſecurely we may ſet upon them,
And kill them half before the reſt can wake:
By this means too, the Boys are uſeful for us;
For they can cut the Throats of ſleeping Men.
Hip. Now I have the greateſt Temptation
In the World, to reveal thou art a Woman. [*To* Amid.
Amid. If 'twere not for thy Beauty,
My Maſter ſhould know what a Man he keeps. [*To her.*
Hip. Why ſhould we have recourſe to deſp'rate ways,
When ſafer may be thought on?
'Tis like giving the Extreme Unction
In the Beginning of a Sickneſs:
Can you imagine to find all aſleep?
The wicked Joy of having ſuch a Booty
In their Poſſeſſion, will keep ſome awake:
And ſome, no doubt, will watch with wounded *Rod'rick.*
Amid. What would your Wiſdom now propoſe?
Hip. To ſay,
That ſome of us are Sea-ſick; (your Complexion
Will make th' Excuſe for us who are leſs fair:)

So by good Words, and Promiſes procure
We may be ſet aſhore, 'ere Morning come.
Amid. O the deep Reaſons of the grave *Hippolito!*
As if 'twere likely, in ſo calm a Seaſon,
We ſhould be ſick ſo ſoon; or, if we were,
Whom ſhould we chuſe among us to go tell it?
For who-e'er ventures out muſt needs be known;
Or, if none knew us, can you think, that Pyrats
Will let us go upon ſuch eaſie Terms,
As promiſing Rewards? -------- Let me adviſe you.
Hip. Now we expect an Oracle.
Amid. Here are Bundles of Canvas and of Cloth, you ſee, lie by us,
In which, one of us ſhall ſow up the reſt,
Only ſome Breathing-place for Air and Food;
Then call the Pyrats in, and tell them, we,
For Fear, had drown'd our ſelves: and when we come
To the next Port, find means to bring us out.
Hip. Pithily ſpoken!
As if you were to bind up Marble-Statues,
Which only bore the Shapes of Men without,
And had no need of ever eaſing Nature.
Gonſ. There's but one way left, that's this:
You know the Rope, by which the Cock-boat's ty'd,
Goes down by th' Stern, and, now we are at Anchor,
There ſits no Pilot to diſcover us;
My Counſel is, to go down by the Ladder,
And, being once there, unlooſe, and row to Shore.
Man. This, without doubt, were beſt; but there lies ever
Some one or more within the Boat to watch it.
Gonſ. I'll ſlide down firſt, and run the Venture of it;
You ſhall come after me, if there be need, to give me ſuccour.
Man. 'Tis the only way.
Gonſ. Go into *Julia* then, and firſt prepare her
With Knowledge of the Pyrats, and the Danger
Her Honour's in among ſuch barb'rous People.
Man. Leave it to me.
Amid. *Hippolito* and *Julia*,
My Rivals like two pointed Rocks appear;
And I through both muſt to *Gonſalvo* ſteer. [*Aſide.*

[Exeunt *all but* Hippolito.

Hip. As from ſome ſteep and dreadful Precipice,
The frighted Traveller caſts down his Eyes,
And ſees the Ocean at ſo great a diſtance,
It looks as if the Skies were ſunk below him;
Yet if ſome neighb'ring Shrub (how weak ſo-e'er)
Peeps up, his willing Eyes ſtop gladly there,
And ſeem to eaſe themſelves, and reſt upon it:

So in my desp'rate State, each little Comfort
Preserves me from Despair; *Gonsalvo* strove not
With greater Care to give away his *Julia*,
Than I have done to part with my *Gonsalvo*;
Yet neither brought to pass our hateful Wish:
Then we may meet, since different ways we move,
Chasing each other in the Maze of Love. [*Exit* Hippol.

SCENE III.

Enter Don Rodorick, *carried by two* Servants.

1 *Serv.* It was the only way that could be thought on,
To get down by the Ladder to the Boat.

2. You may thank me for that Invention.

Rod. What a noise is here! when the least Breath's
As dang'rous as a Tempest.

2. If any of those Rogues should hear him talk,
In what a Case were we?

Rod. O Patience, Patience! this Ass brays out for silence.

Enter, at the other end, Manuel *leading* Julia; Gonsalvo, Hippolito, Amideo.

Gons. Hark! what noise is that? go softly.
[*They meet on the middle of the Stage.*

Rod. Who's here! I am betray'd; and nothing grieves me,
But I want strength to die with Honour?

Jul. Rodorick! Is it thy Voice, my Love? Speak, and resolve me,
Whether thou liv'st, or I am dead with thee?

Man. Kill him, and force your Way.

Rod. Is *Manuel* there? Hold up my Arm,
That I may make one thrust at him before I die.

Gons. Since we must fall,
We'll sell our Lives as dearly as we can.

1 *Serv.* And we'll defend our Master to the last. [*Fight.*

Enter Pyrats, *without their* Captain.

1 *Pyr.* What's the meaning of this Uproar?
Quarrelling amongst your selves at Midnight?

2 *Pyr.* We are come in a fit time to decide the Difference.

Man. Hold, Gentlemen, we're equally concern'd, [*To* Rodorick's *Servants.*
We, for our own; you, for your Master's Safety:
If we join Forces, we may then resist 'em;
if not, both sides are ruin'd.

1 *Serv.* We agree.

Gons. Come o'er on our side then. [*They join.*

1 *Pyr.* A mischief on our Captain's Drousiness;
We're lost for want of him. [*They fight.*

Gons. Dear Madam, get behind: [*To* Julia.

While

While you are ſafe, we cannot be o'ercome.

[*They drive off the* Pyrats, *and follow them off.* Rodorick *remains on the ground.*

Rod. I had much rather my own Life were loſt,
Than *Manuel*'s were preſerv'd.--------

Re-Enter the Pyrats, *retreating before* Gonſalvo, *&c.*

1 *Pyr.* All's loſt; they fight like Devils,
And our Captain yet ſleeping in his Bed.
2. Here lies *Don Rodorick*;
If we muſt die, we'll not leave him behind. [*Goes to kill him.*

Jul. O ſpare my *Rod'rick*'s Life, and in Exchange take mine;
I put my ſelf within your Power, to Save or Kill.

1 *Pyr.* So here's another Pawn for all our Safeties.

Man. Heav'n! what has ſhe done?

Gonſ. Let go the Lady, or expect no Mercy:
The leaſt Drop of her Blood is worth all yours, and mine together.

1 *Pyr.* I am glad you think ſo:
Either deliver up your Sword, or mine
Shall pierce her Heart this moment.

Gonſ. Here, here, take it.

Man. You are not mad to give away all hopes [Manuel *holds him.*
Of Safety and Defence, from us, from her,
And from your ſelf at once!

Gonſ. When ſhe is dead, what is there worth defending?

Man. Will you truſt a Pyrat's Promiſe, ſooner than your Valour?

Gonſ. Any thing rather than ſee her in danger.

1 *Pyr.* Nay, if you diſpute the matter! [*Holds his Sword to her Breaſt.*

Gonſ. I yield, I yield; Reaſon to Love muſt bow:
Love, that gives Courage, can make Cowards too. [*Gives his Sword.*

Jul. O ſtrange Effect of a moſt generous Paſſion!

Rod. His Enemies themſelves muſt needs admire it.

Man. Nay, if *Gonſalvo* makes a Faſhion of it,
'Twill be Valour to die tamely. [*Gives his.*

Hip. I am for dying too with my dear Maſter.

Amid. My Life will go as eas'ly as a Fly's,
The leaſt Fillip does it in this fright.

1 *Pyr.* One call our Captain up; tell him, he deſerves little of the Booty.

Jul. It has ſo much prevail'd upon my Soul,
I ever muſt acknowledge it. [*To* Gonſalvo.

Rod. *Julia* has Reaſon, if ſhe love him;
Yet I find I cannot bear it. [*Aſide.*

Gonſ. Say but you love me, I am more than paid.

Jul. You ask that only thing I cannot give;
Were I not *Rod'rick*'s firſt, I ſhould be yours;
My violent Love for him I know is faulty,
Yet Paſſion never can be plac'd ſo ill,
But that to change it is the greater Crime:
Inconſtancy is ſuch a Guilt as makes

That very Love ſuſpected which it brings;
It brings a Gift, but 'tis of ill-got Wealth,
The Spoils of ſome forſaken Lover's Heart:
Love alter'd once, like Blood let out before,
Will loſe its Virtue, and can cure no more.
Gonſ. In thoſe few minutes which I have to live,
To be call'd yours is all I can enjoy;
Rodorick receives no Prejudice by that;
I would but make ſome ſmall Acquaintance here,
For fear I never ſhould enquire you out
In that new World which we are going to.
Amid. Then I can hold no longer; ------- you deſire
In Death to be call'd hers; and all I wiſh
Is dying to be yours.
Hip. You'll not diſcover? [*Aſide.*
Amid. See here the moſt unfortunate of Women,
That *Angellina* whom you all thought loſt;
And loſt ſhe was indeed, when ſhe beheld *Gonſalvo* firſt.
All. How, *Angellina*!
Rod. Ha! My Siſter?
Amid. I thought to have fled Love in flying *Manuel*,
But Love purſu'd me in *Gonſalvo*'s Shape;
For him I ventur'd all that Maids hold dear,
Th' Opinion of my Modeſty and Vertue,
My Loſs of Fortune, and my Brother's Love.
For him I have expos'd my ſelf to Dangers,
Which (great themſelves, yet) greater would appear,
If you could ſee them through a Woman's Fear:
But why do I my Right by Dangers prove?
The greateſt Argument for Love, is Love:
That Paſſion, *Julia*, while he lives, denies,
He ſhould refuſe to give her when he dies:
Yet grant he did his Life to her bequeath,
May I not claim my Share of him in Death?
I only beg, when all the Glory's gone,
The heatleſs Beams of a departing Sun.
Gonſ. Never was Paſſion hid ſo modeſtly, ſo generouſly reveal'd.
Man. We're now a Chain of Lovers link'd in Death;
Julia goes firſt, *Gonſalvo* hangs on her,
And *Angellina* holds upon *Gonſalvo*, as I on *Angellina*.
Hip. Nay, here's *Honoria* too: -------
You look on me with Wonder in your Eyes,
To ſee me here, and in this ſtrange Diſguiſe.
Jul. What new Miracle is this? *Honoria!*
Man. I left you with my Aunt at *Barcellona*,
And thought, 'ere this, you had been married to
The old rich Man, *Don Eſtevan de Gama.*

Hip.

Hip. I ever had a ſtrange Averſion for him;
But when *Gonſalvo* landed there, and made
A kind of Courtſhip, (though it ſeems in jeſt)
It ſerv'd to conquer me, which *Eſtevan*
Perceiving, preſt my Aunt to haſte the Marriage.
What ſhould I do? My Aunt importun'd me,
For the next Day: *Gonſalvo*, though I lov'd him,
Knew not my Love; nor was I ſure his Courtſhip
Was not th' Effect of a bare Gallantry.
Gonſ. Alas! how griev'd I am, that ſlight Addreſs
Should make ſo deep Impreſſions on your Mind, in three days time.
Hip. That Accident in which
You ſav'd my Life, when firſt you ſaw me, caus'd it.
Though now the Story be too long to tell;
How-e'er it was, hearing that Night you lay
Aboard your Ship, thus, as you ſee, diſguis'd,
In Clothes belonging to my youngeſt Nephew,
I roſe 'ere Day, reſolv'd to find you out,
And, if I could, procure to wait on you
Without Diſcovery of my ſelf; but Fortune croſs'd all my Hopes.
Gonſ. It was that diſmal Night,
Which tore my Anchor up, and toſt my Ship,
Paſt hope of Safety, many days together,
Until at length it threw me on this Port.
Hip. I will not tell you what my Sorrows were
To find you gone; but there was now no Help.
Go back again I durſt not; but, in fine,
Thought beſt, as faſt as my weak Legs would bear me,
To come to *Alicant*, and find my Siſter,
Unknown to any elſe: But being near
The City, I was ſeiz'd upon by Thieves,
From whom you reſcu'd me; the reſt you know.
Gonſ. I know too much indeed for my Repoſe.

Enter Captain.

Capt. Do you know me?
Gonſ. Now I look better on thee,
Thou ſeem'ſt a greater Villain than I thought thee.
Jul. 'Tis he.
Hip. That bloody Wretch who robb'd us in the Woods.
Gonſ. Slave; dar'ſt thou lift thy Hand againſt me?
Dar'ſt thou touch any one whom he protects,
Who gave thee Life? But I accuſe my ſelf,
Not thee: The Death of all theſe guiltleſs Perſons
Became my Crime, that Minute when I ſpar'd thee.
Capt. It is not all your Threats can alter me,
From what I have reſolv'd.

Gonſ.

Gonſ. Begin then firſt with me.
Capt. I will, by laying here my Sword.
[*Lays his Sword at* Gonſalvo's *foot.*
All. What means this ſudden Change?
Capt. 'Tis neither new, nor ſudden: from that time
You gave me Life, I watch'd how to repay it;
And *Rod'rick*'s Servant gave me ſpeedy means
T' effect my Wiſh: For, telling me, his Maſter
Meant a Revenge on you, and on *Don Manuel*,
And then to ſeize on *Julia*, and depart:
I proffer'd him my Aid to ſeize a Veſſel;
And having, by enquiry, found out yours,
Acquainted firſt the Captain with my Purpoſe,
To make a ſeeming Maſt'ry of the Ship.
Man. How durſt he take your word?
Capt. That I ſecur'd,
By letting him give notice to the Ships
That lay about: this done, knowing the Place
You were to fight on was behind the Rock;
Not far from thence, I, and ſome choſen Men,
Lay out of ſight, that, if foul Play were offer'd,
We might prevent it:
But came not in; becauſe, when there was need,
Don Manuel, who was nearer, ſtept before me.
Gonſ. Then the Boat, which ſeem'd
To lie by chance, hulling not far from Shore,
Was plac'd by your Direction there?
Capt. It was.
Gonſ. You're truly Noble; and I owe much more
Than my own Life, and Fortunes to your Worth.
Capt. 'Tis time I ſhould reſtore their Liberty,
To ſuch of yours as yet are ſeeming Pris'ners.
I'll wait on you again. [*Exit* Captain.
Rod. My Enemies are happy, and the Storm
Prepar'd for them, muſt break upon my Head.
Gonſ. So far am I from Happineſs, Heav'n knows,
My Griefs are doubled: --------
I ſtand ingag'd in hopeleſs Love to *Julia*;
In Gratitude to theſe:
Here I have giv'n my Heart, and here I owe it.
Hip. Dear Maſter, trouble not your ſelf for me;
I ever made your Happineſs my own;
Let *Julia* witneſs with what Faith I ſerv'd you,
When you employ'd me in your Love to her.
I gave your Noble Heart away, as if
It had been ſome light Gallant's, little worth:
Not that I lov'd you leſs than *Angellina*,

But my ſelf leſs than You.
Gonſ. Wonder of Honour!
Of which my own was but a fainter Shadow,
When I gave *Julia*, whom I could not keep.
You fed a Fire within, with too rich Fuel,
In giving it your Heart to prey upon;
The ſweeteſt Off'ring that was ever burnt,
Since laſt the *Phœnix* di'd.
Hip. If *Angellina* knew, like me, the Pride
Of Noble Minds, which is to give, not take;
Like me, ſhe would be ſatisfi'd, her Heart
Was well beſtow'd, and ask for no Return.
Amid. Pray let my Heart alone; you'll uſe it as
The Gypſies do our Money;
If they once touch it, they have Pow'r upon't.

Enter the Servant, *who appear'd in the firſt* Act *with* Gonſalvo.
Serv. O my dear Lord, *Gonſalvo de Peralta!*
Rod. *De Peralta*, ſaid you? You amaze me!
Gonſ. Why, do you know that Family in *Sevil?*
Rod. I am my ſelf the Elder Brother of it.
Gonſ. *Don Rod'rick de Peralta!*
Rod. I was ſo,
Until my Mother di'd, whoſe Name, *de Sylva*,
I choſe, (our Cuſtom not forbidding it)
Three Years ago, when I return'd from *Flanders*:
I came here to poſſeſs a fair Eſtate,
Left by an Aunt; her Siſter, for whoſe Sake
I take that Name, and lik'd the Place ſo well,
That never ſince I have return'd to *Sevil.*
Gonſ. 'Twas then that Change of Name, which caus'd my Letters
All to miſcarry: What a happy Tempeſt
Was this, which would not let me reſt at *Sevil*,
But blew me farther on to ſee you here.
Amid. Brother, I come to claim a Siſter's Share;
But you're too near me, to be nearer now.
Gonſ. In my room let me beg you to receive *Don Manuel.*
Amid. I take it half unkindly,
You give me from your ſelf ſo ſoon; *Don Manuel*,
I know, is worthy, and but yeſterday
Preſerv'd my Life; but it will take ſome time
To change my Heart.
Man. I'll watch it patiently, as *Chymiſts* do
Their Golden Birth; and, when 'tis chang'd, receive it
With greater Care, than they the rich Elixir,
Juſt paſſing from one Vial to another.
Rod. *Julia* is ſtill my Brother's, though I loſe her.

Gonſ.

Gonſ. You ſhall not loſe her; *Julia* was born
For none but you;
And I for none but my *Honoria.*
Julia is yours by Inclination;
And I, by Conqueſt, am *Honoria*'s
Hon. 'Tis the moſt glorious one, that e'er was made:
And I, no longer will diſpute my Happineſs.
Rod. Julia, you know my peeviſh Jealouſies;
I cannot promiſe you a better Husband,
Than you have had a Servant.
Jul. I receive you with all your Faults.
Rod. And think, when I am froward,
My ſullen Humour puniſhes it ſelf;
I'm, like a Day in *March*, ſometimes o'er-caſt
With Storms, but then the After-clearneſs is
The greater: The worſt is, where I love moſt,
The Tempeſt falls moſt heavy.
Jul. Ah! ah! What a little time to Love is lent,
Yet half that time is in Unkindneſs ſpent.
Rod. That you may ſee ſome hope of my Amendment,
I give my Friendſhip to *Don Manuel*, 'ere
My Brother asks, or he himſelf deſires it.
Man. I'll ever cheriſh it.
Gonſ. Since, for my Sake, you become Friends, my Care
Shall be to keep you ſo: You, Captain, ſhall
Command this Carrack, and, with her, my Fortunes:
You, my *Honoria*, though you have an Heart
Which *Julia* left, yet think it not the worſe;
'Tis not worn out, but poliſh'd by the wearing.
Your Merit ſhall her Beauty's Pow'r remove;
Beauty but gains, Obligement keeps our Love. [*Exeunt.*

FINIS.

THE
Indian Emperour:
OR, THE
CONQUEST
OF
MEXICO
BY THE
SPANIARDS.

Being the Sequel of

The INDIAN QUEEN.

BY

JOHN DRYDEN, Esq;.

Dum relego, ſcripſiſſe pudet, quia plurima cerno,
Me quoque qui feci, judice, digna lini. Ovid.

LONDON,
Printed by *T. Warren* for *Henry Herringman*, and are to be Sold by *R. Bentley*, *J. Tonſon*, *F. Saunders*, and *T. Bennet*, 1696.

TO THE

Moſt Excellent and Moſt Illuſtrious Princeſs

ANNE,

Dutcheſs of *Monmouth* and *Bucclugh*, Wife to the Moſt Illuſtrious and High-born Prince

JAMES Duke of *Monmouth*.

May it pleaſe your Grace,

THE Favour which Heroick Plays have lately found upon our Theatres, has been wholly deriv'd to them from the Countenance and Approbation they have receiv'd at Court. The moſt eminent Perſons for Wit and Honour in the Royal Circle having ſo far owned them, that they have judg'd no way ſo fit as Verſe to entertain a Noble Audience, or to expreſs a Noble Paſſion. And amongſt the reſt which have been written in this kind, they have been ſo indulgent to this Poem, as to allow it no inconſiderable place. Since therefore to the Court I owe its Fortune on the Stage; ſo, being now more publickly expos'd in Print, I humbly recommend it to your Grace's Protection, who, by all knowing Perſons are eſteem'd a principal Ornament of the Court. But though the Rank which you hold in the Royal Family, might direct the Eyes of a Poet to you, yet your Beauty and Goodneſs detain and fix them. High Objects, 'tis true, attract the Sight; but it looks up with Pain on craggy Rocks and barren Mountains, and continues not intent no any Object, which is wanting in Shades and Greens to entertain it. Beauty, in *Courts*, is ſo neceſſary to the young, that thoſe who are

without it, ſeem to be there to no other purpoſe than to wait on the Triumphs of the Fair; to attend their Motions in Obſcurity, as the Moon and Stars do the Sun by day; or, at beſt, to be the Refuge of thoſe Hearts which others have deſpis'd; and, by the unworthineſs of both, to give and take a miſerable Comfort. But, as needful as Beauty is, Virtue and Honour are yet more: the Reign of it without their Support is unſafe and ſhort, like that of Tyrants. Every Sun which looks on Beauty waſtes it; and, when it is once decaying, the Repairs of Art are of as ſhort continuance, as the after-Spring when the Sun is going farther off. This, *Madam*, is its ordinary Fate; but yours, which is accompanied by Virtue, is not ſubject to that common Deſtiny. Your Grace has not only a long time of Youth in which to flouriſh, but you have likewiſe found the way, by an untainted preſervation of your Honour, to make that periſhable Good more laſting. And if Beauty, like Wines, could be preſerv'd by being mix'd and embodied with others of their own Natures, then your Grace's would be immortal, ſince no part of *Europe* can afford a Parallel to your Noble Lord, in Maſculine Beauty, and in goodlineſs of ſhape. To receive the Bleſſings and Prayers of Mankind, you need only to be ſeen together: we are ready to conclude that you are a pair of Angels ſent below to make Virtue amiable in your Perſons, or to ſit to Poets when they would pleaſantly inſtruct the Age, by drawing Goodneſs in the moſt perfect and alluring ſhape of Nature. But tho' Beauty be the Theme, on which Poets love to dwell, I muſt be forced to quit it as a private Praiſe, ſince you have deſerv'd thoſe which are more publick. For Goodneſs and Humanity, which ſhine in you, are Virtues which concern Mankind: and by a certain kind of Intereſt all People agree in their commendation, becauſe the profit of them may extend to many. 'Tis ſo much your inclination to do good, that you ſtay not to be ask'd; which is an approach ſo nigh the Deity, that Humane Nature is not capable of a nearer. 'Tis my Happineſs that I can teſtify this Virtue of your Grace's by my own Experience; ſince I have ſo great an Averſion from ſolliciting Court-Favours, that I am ready to look on thoſe as very bold, who dare grow rich there without deſert. But I beg your Grace's Pardon for aſſuming this Virtue of Modeſty to my ſelf, which the Sequel of this Diſcourſe will no way juſtify. For in this Addreſs I have already quitted the character of a modeſt Man, by preſenting you this Poem as an Acknowledgment, which ſtands in need of your Protection; and which ought no more to be eſteem'd a Preſent, than it is accounted Bounty in the Poor, when

they

they beſtow a Child on ſome wealthy Friend, who will better breed it up. Off-ſprings of this Nature are like to be ſo numerous with me, that I muſt be forc'd to ſend ſome of them abroad; only this is like to be more fortunate than his Brothers, becauſe I have landed him on an hoſpitable ſhore. Under your Patronage *Montezuma* hopes he is more ſafe than in his Native *Indies*: and therefore comes to throw himſelf at your Grace's Feet, paying that Homage to your Beauty, which he refus'd to the Violence of his Conquerors. He begs only, that when he ſhall relate his Sufferings, you will conſider him as an *Indian Prince*, and not expect any other Elequence from his Simplicity, than what his Griefs have furniſh'd him withal. His Story is, perhaps, the greateſt which was ever repreſented in a Poem of this nature; the Action of it including the Diſcovery and Conqueſt of a new World. In it I have neither wholly follow'd the Truth of the Hiſtory, nor altogether left it: but have taken all the Liberty of a Poet, to add, alter, or diminiſh, as I thought might beſt conduce to the beautifying of my work; it being not the bus'neſs of a Poet to repreſent Hiſtorical Truth, but Probability. But I am not to make the Juſtification of this *Poem*, which I wholly leave to your Grace's Mercy. 'Tis an irregular Piece, if compar'd with many of *Corneille's*, and, if I may make a Judgment of it, written with more Flame than Art; in which it repreſents the Mind and Intentions of the Author, who is with much more Zeal and Integrity, than Deſign and Artifice,

Madam,

Your Grace's moſt Obedient,

and moſt Obliged Servant,

Octob. 12. 1667.

John Dryden.

Con-

Connexion of the Indian Emperour *to the* Indian Queen.

THE Concluſion of the *Indian Queen*, (part of which Poem was writ by me) left little matter for another Story to be built on, there remaining but two of the conſiderable Characters alive, *(viz.) Montezuma* and *Orazia*: Thereupon the Author of this thought it neceſſary to produce new perſons from the old ones; and conſidering the late *Indian Queen*, before ſhe lov'd *Montezuma*, liv'd in clandeſtine Marriage with her General *Traxalla*; from thoſe two he has rais'd a Son and two Daughters, ſuppos'd to be left young Orphans at their Death: on the other ſide, he has given to *Montezuma* and *Orazia*, two Sons and a Daughter: all now ſuppoſed to be grown up to Mens and Womens eſtate; and their Mother *Orazia* (for whom there was no further uſe in the Story) lately dead.

So that you are to imagine about Twenty years elaps'd ſince the Coronation of *Montezuma*; who, in the truth of the Hiſtory, was a great and glorious Prince; and in whoſe time happened the Diſcovery and Invaſion of *Mexico* by the *Spaniards*, under the conduct of *Hernando Cortez*, who joyned with the *Traxallan-Indians*, the inveterate Enemies of *Montezuma*, wholly ſubverted that flouriſhing Empire; the conqueſt of which is the ſubject of this *Dramatique* Poem.

I have neither wholly followed the ſtory, nor varied from it; and, as near as I could, have traced the Native Simplicity and Ignorance of the *Indians*, in relation to *Europæan* Cuſtoms: The Shipping, Armour, Horſes, Swords, and Guns of the *Spaniards*, being as new to them, as their Habits and their Language were to the Chriſtians.

The difference of their Religion from ours, I have taken from the Story it ſelf; and that which you find of it in the firſt and fifth Acts touching the Sufferings and Conſtancy of *Montezuma* in his Opinions, I have only illuſtrated, not alter'd from thoſe who have written of it.

The Names of the Perſons repreſented.

Indians, Men,
- *Montezuma*, Emperour of *Mexico*.
- *Odmar*, his Eldeſt Son.
- *Guyomar*, his Younger Son.
- *Orbellan*, Son to the late *Indian Queen* by *Traxalla*.
- *High Prieſt of the Sun*.

Women,
- *Cydaria*, *Montezuma*'s Daughter.
- *Almeria*, *Alibech*, } Siſters and Daughters to the late *Indian Queen*.

Spaniards,
- *Cortez*, the *Spaniſh* General.
- *Vaſquez*, *Pizarro*, } Commanders under him.

The Scene *MEXICO*, and two Leagues about it.

PRO-

PROLOGUE.

ALmighty Critiques! whom our Indians *here*
Worship, just as they do the Devil, for fear.
In reverence to your Pow'r I come this day
To give you timely warning of our Play.
The Scenes are old, the Habits are the same
We wore last Year, before the Spaniards *came.*
Now, if you stay, the Blood that shall be shed
From this poor Play, be all upon your Head.
We neither promise you one Dance, or Show,
Then Plot and Language they are wanting too:
But you kind Wits, will those light faults excuse:
Those are the common Frailties of the Muse;
Which who observes he buys his place too dear:
For 'tis your business to be cozen'd here.
These wretched Spies of Wit must then confess
They take more pains to please themselves the less.
Grant us such Judges, Phœbus, *we request,*
As still mistake themselves into a Jest;
Such easie Judges, that our Poet may
Himself admire the fortune of his Play;
And arrogantly, as his fellows do,
Think he writes well, because he pleases you.
This he conceives not hard to bring about.
If all of you would joyn to help him out.
Would each man take but what he understands,
And leave the rest upon the Poet's hands.

EPI-

EPILOGUE,

BY A

MERCURY.

TO all and ſingular in this full Meeting,
Ladies and Gallants, Phœbus *ſends you Greeting.*
To all his Sons, by whate'er Title known,
Whether of Court, of Coffee-houſe, or Town;
From his moſt mighty Sons, whoſe Confidence
Is plac'd in lofty Sound, and humble Sence,
Ev'n to his little Infants of the Time
Who write new Songs, and truſt in Tune and Rhime.
Be't known that Phœbus *(being daily griev'd*
To ſee good Plays condemn'd, and bad receiv'd,)
Ordains your Judgment upon every Cauſe,
Henceforth be limited by wholſome Laws.
He firſt thinks fit no Sonnettier advance
His Cenſure, farther than the Song or Dance.
Your Wit-Burleſque may one ſtep higher climb,
And in his ſphere may judge all Doggrel Rhime:
All Proves, and Moves, and Loves, and Honours too:
All that appears high Sence, and ſcarce is low.
As for the Coffee-Wits he ſays not much,
Their proper buſ'neſs is to Damn the Dutch.
For the great Dons of Wit——
Phœbus *gives them full Privilege alone*
To Damn all others, and cry up their own.
Laſt, for the Ladies, 'tis Apollo's *Will,*
They ſhould have power to ſave, but not to kill:
For Love and He long ſince have thought it fit,
Wit live by Beauty, Beauty reign by Wit.

THE

THE Indian Emperour.

ACT I. SCENE I.

The Scene a Pleaſant Indian *Country.*

Enter Cortez, Vaſquez, Pizarro, *with* Spaniards *and* Indians *of their Party.*

Cort. ON what new happy Climate are we thrown,
So long kept ſecret, and ſo lately known?
As if our old World modeſtly withdrew,
And here, in private, had brought forth a new!
Vaſq. Corn, Wine and Oil are wanting to this Ground,
In which our Countries fruitfully abound:
As if this Infant-World, yet unarray'd,
Naked and bare, in Nature's Lap were laid.
No uſeful Arts have yet found Footing here;
But all untaught and ſalvage does appear.
Cort. Wild and untaught are Terms which we alone
Invent, for faſhions differing from our own:
For all their Cuſtoms are by Nature wrought,
But we, by Art, unteach what Nature taught.
Piz. In *Spain* our Springs, like Old Mens Children be,
Decay'd and wither'd from their Infancy:
No kindly Showres fall on our barren Earth,
To hatch the Seaſons in a timely Birth.
Our Summer ſuch a Ruſſet Livery wears,
As in a Garment, often dy'd, appears.
Cort. Here Nature ſpreads her fruitful ſweetneſs round,
Breathes on the Air, and broods upon the Ground.
Here days and Nights the only Seaſons be,
The Sun no Climate does ſo gladly ſee:
When forc'd from hence, to view our Parts, he mourns;
Takes little Journeys, and makes quick Returns.
Vaſq. Methinks we walk in Dreams on Fairy Land,
Where golden Ore lies mixt with common Sand;

Each Downfal of a Flood the Mountains pour
From their rich Bowels rolls a Silver Shower.
Cort. Heaven from all Ages wiſely did provide
This Wealth, and for the braveſt Nation hide,
Who with four hundred Foot, and forty Horſe,
Dare boldly go a new-found World to force.
Piz. Our Men, though Valiant, we ſhould find too few,
But *Indians* joyn the *Indians* to ſubdue;
Taxallan, ſhook by *Montezuma*'s Powers,
Has to reſiſt his Forces, call'd in ours.
Vaſq. Raſhly to arm againſt ſo great a King,
I hold not ſafe; nor is it juſt to bring
A War, without a fair defiance made.
Piz. Declare we firſt our Quarrel: then invade.
Cort. My ſelf, my King's Embaſſadour will go;
Speak, *Indian* Guide, how far to *Mexico*?
Indian. Your Eyes can ſcarce ſo far a Proſpect make,
As to diſcern the City on the Lake.
But that broad Cauſ-way will direct your way,
And you may reach the Town by Noon of Day.
Cort. Command a Party of our *Indians* out,
With a ſtrict charge not to engage, but ſcout;
By noble ways we Conqueſt will prepare,
Firſt offer Peace, and that refus'd, make War. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Temple, and the High-Prieſt with other Prieſts.

To them an Indian.

Ind. Haſte, Holy Prieſt, it is the King's command.
H. Prieſt. When ſets he forward?
Ind.———He is near at hand.
H. Prieſt. The Incenſe is upon the Altar plac'd,
The bloody Sacrifice already paſt.
Five hundred Captives ſaw the riſing Sun,
Who loſt their light e'er half his Race was run.
That which remains we here muſt celebrate;
Where far from noiſe, without the City Gate,
The peaceful Power that governs Love repairs,
To feaſt upon ſoft Vows and ſilent Pray'rs.
We for his Royal preſence only ſtay,
To end the rites of this ſo ſolemn day. [*Exit* Indian.

Enter Montezuma; *his eldeſt Son* Odmar; *his Daughter* Cydaria, Almeria, Alibech, Orbellan, *and Train. They place themſelves.*

High Pr. On your birth day, while we ſing.
To our Gods and to our King,

Hea

Her, among this beauteous quire,
Whoſe perfections you admire,
Her, who faireſt does appear,
Crown her Queen of all the year.
Of the year and of the day,
And at her feet your Garland lay.
Odm. My Father this way does his looks direct,
Heaven grant he give it not where I ſuſpect.
[Montezuma *riſes, goes about the Ladies, and at length ſtays at* Almeria, *and bows.*
Mont. Since my *Orazia*'s Death I have not ſeen
A beauty ſo deſerving to be Queen
As fair *Almeria.*
Alm.——Sure he will not know [*To her Brother and Siſter aſide.*
My birth I to that injur'd Princeſs owe,
Whom his hard heart not only love deny'd,
But in her ſufferings took unmanly pride.
Alib. Since *Montezuma* will his choice renew,
In dead *Orazia*'s room electing you,
'Twill pleaſe our Mother's Ghoſt that you ſucceed
To all the glories of her Rivals Bed.
Alm. If news be carried to the ſhades below,
The *Indian* Queen will be more pleas'd, to know
That I his ſcorns on him, who ſcorn'd her, pay.
Orb. Would you could right her ſome more noble way.
[*She turns to him who is kneeling all this while.*
Mont. Madam, this poſture is for Heaven deſign'd, [*Kneeling.*
Prieſt. And what moves Heaven I hope may make you kind.
Alm. Heaven may be kind, the Gods uninjur'd live,
And crimes below coſt little to forgive.
By thee, Inhumane, both my Parents dy'd;
One by the Sword, the other by thy Pride.
Mont. My haughty mind no fate could ever bow,
Yet I muſt ſtoop to one who ſcorns me now:
Is there no pity to my ſufferings due?
Alm. As much as what my Mother found from you.
Mont. Your Mother's wrongs a recompence ſhall meet,
I lay my Scepter at her Daughters Feet.
Alm. He, who does now my leaſt commands obey,
Would call me Queen, and take my pow'r away.
Odm. Can he hear this, and not his Fetters break?
Is love ſo pow'rful, or his Soul ſo weak?
I'll fright her from it. Madam, though you ſee
[*Exit Almeria, &c.*
The King is Kind, I hope your modeſty
Will know, what diſtance to the Crown is due.
Alm. Diſtance and modeſty preſcrib'd by you?
Odm. *Almeria* dares not think ſuch thoughts as theſe.

Am. She dares both think and act what thoughts she pleaſe.
'Tis much below me on his Throne to ſit;
But when I do, you ſhall Petition it.
Odm. If, Sir, *Almeria* does your Bed partake,
I mourn for my forgotten Mother's ſake.
Mont. When Parents Loves are order'd by a Son,
Let ſtreams preſcribe their Fountains where to run.
Odm. In all I urge I keep my duty ſtill,
Not rule your reaſon but inſtruct your will.
Mont. Small uſe of reaſon in that Prince is ſhown,
Who follows others, and neglects his own.

[Almeria *to* Orbellan *and* Alibech, *who are this while whiſpering to her.*

Alm. No, he ſhall ever love, and always be
The ſubject of my Scorn and Cruelty.
Orb. To prove the laſting torment of his Life,
You muſt not be his Miſtreſs, but his Wife.
Few know what care, an Husbands Peace deſtroys,
His real Griefs, and his diſſembled Joys.
Alm. What mark of pleaſing vengeance could be ſhown,
If I to break his quiet loſe my own?
Orb. A Brothers Life upon your Love relies,
Since I do homage to *Cydaria*'s Eyes:
How can her Father to my hopes be kind,
If in your heart, he no Example find?
Alm. To ſave your Life I'll ſuffer any thing,
Yet I'll not flatter this tempeſtuous King;
But work his ſtubborn Soul a nobler way,
And, if he love, I'll force him to Obey.
I take this Garland, not as given by you,
But as my Merit, and my Beauties due. [*To* Montez.
As for the Crown that you, my Slave, poſſeſs,
To ſhare it with you would but make me leſs.

Enter Guyomar *haſtily.*

Odm. My Brother *Guyomar*! methinks I ſpy
Haſt in his ſteps, and wonder in his Eye.
Mont. I ſent thee to the Frontiers, quickly tell
The cauſe of thy return, Are all things well?
Guy. I went, in order, Sir, to your Command,
To view the utmoſt limits of the Land:
To that Sea-ſhore where no more World is found,
But foaming Billows breaking on the ground,
Where, for a while, my Eyes no object met
But diſtant Skies that in the Ocean ſet:
And low hung Clouds that dipt themſelves in rain
To ſhake their Fleeces on the Earth again.

At laſt, as far as I could caſt my Eyes
Upon the Sea, ſomewhat methought did riſe
Like bluiſh miſts, which ſtill appearing more,
Took dreadful ſhapes, and mov'd towards the ſhore.
Mont. What forms did theſe new wonders repreſent?
Guy. More ſtrange than what your wonder can invent.
The object I could firſt diſtinctly view
Was tall ſtreight Trees which on the Waters flew,
Wings on their ſides inſtead of leaves did grow,
Which gather'd all the breath the Winds could blow:
And at their Roots grew floating Pallaces,
Whoſe out blow'd Bellies cut the yielding Seas.
Mont. What divine Monſters, O ye gods, were theſe
That float in air and fly upon the Seas!
Came they alive or dead upon the ſhore?
Guy. Alas, they liv'd too ſure, I heard them roar:
All turn'd their ſides, and to each other ſpoke,
I ſaw their words break out in Fire and Smoke.
Sure 'tis their Voice that thunders from on high,
Or theſe the younger Brothers of the Sky.
Deaf with the noiſe I took my haſty flight,
No mortal Courage can ſupport the fright.
High Pr. Old Prophecies foretel our fall at hand,
When bearded men in floating Caſtles Land,
I fear it is of dire portent.
Mont. ——Go ſee
What it fore-ſhows, and what the Gods decree.
Mean time proceed we to what Rites remain.
Odmar, of all this preſence does contain,
Give her your Wreath whom you eſteem moſt fair.
Odm. Above the reſt I judge one Beauty rare,
And may that Beauty prove as kind to me, [*He gives* Alibech *the Wreath.*
As I am ſure fair *Alibech* is ſhe.
Mont. You *Guyomar*, muſt next perform your Part.
Guy. I want a Garland, but I'll give a Heart:
My Brother's Pardon I muſt firſt implore,
Since I with him fair *Alibech* adore.
Odm. That all ſhould *Alibech* adore 'tis true,
But ſome reſpect is to my Birth-right due.
My Claim to her by Elderſhip I prove.
Guy. Age is a Plea in Empire, not in Love.
Odm. I long have ſtaid for this ſolemnity
To make my paſſion publick.
Guy. ——So have I.
Odm. But from her Birth my Soul has been her Slave,
My Heart receiv'd the firſt wounds which ſhe gave:

I watch'd

I watch'd the early Glories of her Eyes,
As Men for Day-break watch the Eaſtern Skies.
Guy. It ſeems my Soul then mov'd the quicker pace,
Yours firſt ſet out, mine reach'd her in the Race.
Mont. Odmar, Your Choice I cannot diſapprove;
Nor juſtly, *Guyomar*, can blame your Love.
To *Alibech* alone refer your Suit,
And let her Sentence finiſh your Diſpute.
Alib. You think me, Sir, a Miſtreſs quickly won,
So ſoon to finiſh what is ſcarce begun:
In this ſurprize ſhould I a Judgment make,
'Tis anſwering Riddles e're I'm well awake:
If you oblige me ſuddenly to chuſe,
The Choice is made, for I muſt both refuſe.
For to my ſelf I owe this due regard,
Not to make Love my Gift, but my Reward:
Time beſt will ſhew whoſe ſervices will laſt.
Odm. Then judge my future ſervice by my paſt.
What I ſhall be, by what I was, you know:
That Love took deepeſt Root which firſt did grow.
Guy. That Love which firſt was ſet will firſt decay,
Mine of a freſher Date will longer ſtay.
Odm. Still you forget my Birth;
Guy. ———But you, I ſee,
Take care ſtill to refreſh my memory.
Mont. My Sons, let your unſeemly diſcord ceaſe,
If not in Friendſhip, live at leaſt in peace.
Orbellan, where you love, beſtow your Wreath.
Orb. My Love I dare not even in whiſpers breathe.
Mont. A vertuous Love may venture any thing.
Orb. Not to attempt the Daughter of my King.
Mont. Whither is all my former fury gone?
Once more I have *Taxalla*'s Chains put on,
And by his Children am in triumph led,
Too well the living have reveng'd the dead!
Alm. You think my Brother born your Enemy;
He's of *Traxalla*'s Blood, and ſo am I.
Mont. In vain I ſtrive,
My Lyon-heart is with Loves Toils beſet,
Struggling I fall ſtill deeper in the Net.
Cydaria, Your new Lover's Garland take,
And uſe him kindly for your Fathers ſake.
Cyd. So ſtrong an hatred does my Nature ſway,
That ſpight of Duty I muſt diſobey.
Beſides, you warn'd me ſtill of loving two,
Can I love him, already loving you?

Enter

Enter a Guard haſtily.

Mont. You look amaz'd, as if ſome ſudden fear
Had ſeiz'd your hearts, is any danger near?

1 *Guard.* Behind the Covert where this Temple ſtands,
Thick as the Shades, there iſſue ſwarming Bands
Of ambuſh'd Men, whom, by their Arms and Dreſs,
To be *Taxallan*-Enemies I gueſs.

2 *Guard.* The Temple, Sir, is almoſt compaſs'd round.

Mont. Some ſpeedy way for paſſage muſt be found.
Make to the City by the Poſtern Gate,
I'll either force my Victory, or Fate:
A Glorious Death in Arms I'll rather prove,
Than ſtay to periſh tamely by my Love.

An Alarm within. Enter Montezuma, Odmar, Guyomar, Alibech, Orbellan, Cydaria, Almeria, *as purſued by* Taxallans.

Mont. No ſuccour from the Town?

Odm. ——None, none is nigh.

Guy. We are inclos'd, and muſt reſolve to die.

Mont. Fight for Revenge now hope of life is paſt,
But one ſtroke more and that will be my laſt.

Enter Cortez, Vaſquez, Pizarro, *to the* Taxallans, Cortez *ſtays them, juſt falling on.*

Cort. Contemn'd? My Orders broke even in my ſight! [*To his* Indians.
Did I not ſtrictly charge you ſhould not fight?

Ind. Your choler, General, does unjuſtly riſe,
To ſee your Friends purſue your Enemies;
The greateſt and moſt cruel Foes we have
Are theſe whom you would ignorantly ſave,
By ambuſh'd Men, behind their Temple laid,
We have the King of *Mexico* betray'd.

Cort. Where, baniſh'd Virtue, wilt thou ſhew thy Face,
If treachery infects thy *Indian* Race?
Diſmiſs your rage, and lay your Weapons by:
Know I protect them and they ſhall not die.

Ind. O Wond'rous mercy, ſhown to Foes diſtreſt!

Cort. Call them not ſo, when once with odds oppreſt,
Nor are they Foes my Clemency defends,
Until they have refus'd the name of Friends:
Draw up our *Spaniards* by themſelves, then fire [*To* Vaſq.
Our Guns on all who do not ſtreight retire.

Ind. O mercy, mercy, at thy feet we fall, [Ind. *kneeling.*
Before thy roaring gods deſtroy us all:
See we retreat without the leaſt reply, [*The* Taxallans *retire.*
Keep thy gods ſilent, if they ſpeak we die.

Mont

Mont. The fierce *Taxallans* lay their weapons down,
Some Miracle in our relief is ſhown.
Guy. Theſe bearded men, in Shape and Colour be
Like thoſe I ſaw come floating on the Sea. [Mont. *kneels to* Cort.
Mont. Patron of *Mexico* and god of Wars,
Son of the Sun, and Brother of the Stars.
Cort. Great Monarch, your devotion you miſplace.
Mont. They actions ſhow thee born of Heavenly Race,
If then thou art that cruel God whoſe Eyes
Delight in Bloud, and Humane Sacrifice,
Thy dreadful Altars I with Slaves will ſtore,
And feed thy Noſtrils with hot reeking Gore;
Or if that mild and gentle God thou be,
Who doſt Mankind below with pity ſee,
With breath of incenſe I will glad thy Heart:
But if, like us, of Mortal Seed thou art,
Preſents of choiceſt Fowls, and Fruits I'll bring,
And in my Realms thou ſhalt be more than King.
Cort. Monarch of Empires, and deſerving more
Than the Sun ſees upon your Weſtern ſhore;
Like you a Man, and hither led by Fame,
Not by conſtraint, but by my choice I came;
Ambaſſadour of Peace, if Peace you chuſe,
Or Herald of a War if you refuſe.
Mont. Whence or from whom doſt thou theſe offers bring?
Cort. From *Charles* the Fifth, the Worlds moſt potent King.
Mont. Some petty Prince, and one of little Fame,
For to this hour I never heard his name:
The two great Empires of the World I know,
That of *Peru*, and this of *Mexico*;
And ſince the Earth none larger does afford,
This *Charles* is ſome poor Tributary Lord.
Cort. You ſpeak of that ſmall part of Earth you know.
But betwixt us and you wide Oceans flow,
And watry deſarts of ſo vaſt extent,
That paſſing hither four full Moons we ſpent.
Mont. But ſay, what News, what offers doſt thou bring
From ſo remote, and ſo unknown a King?
Vaſq. *Spain*'s mighty Monarch, to whom Heaven thinks fit
That all the Nations of the Earth ſubmit,
In gracious Clemency, does condeſcend
On theſe conditions to become your Friend.
Firſt, that of him you ſhall your Scepter hold,
Next, you preſent him with your uſeleſs Gold:
Laſt, that you leave thoſe Idols you implore,
And one true Deity with him adore.

[*While* Vaſquez *ſpeaks*, Cortez *ſpies the Ladies, and goes to them, entertaining* Cydaria *with Courtſhip in dumb Show.*]

Mont.

Mont. You ſpeak your Prince a mighty Emperour,
But his demands have ſpoke him Proud, and Poor;
He proudly at my free-born Scepter flies,
Yet poorly begs a metal I deſpiſe.
Gold thou may'ſt take, whatever thou canſt find,
Save what for ſacred uſes is deſign'd:
But, by what right pretends your King to be
The Soveraign Lord of all the World and me?
Piz. The Soveraign Prieſt,——
Who repreſents on Earth the pow'r of Heaven,
Has this your Empire to our Monarch given.
Mont. Ill does he repreſent the Powers above,
Who nouriſhes debate, not preaches love;
Beſides, what greater folly can be ſhown?
He gives another what is not his own.
Vaſq. His pow'r muſt needs unqueſtion'd be below,
For he in Heaven an Empire can beſtow.
Mont. Empires in Heaven he with more eaſe may give,
And you perhaps would with leſs thanks receive;
But Heaven has need of no ſuch Viceroy here,
It ſelf beſtows the Crowns that Monarchs wear.
Piz. You wrong his power as you miſtake our end,
Who came thus far Religion to extend.
Mont. He who Religion truly underſtands,
Knows its extent muſt be in Men, not Lands.
Odm. But who are thoſe that truth muſt propagate
Within the confines of my Fathers ſtate?
Vaſq. Religious Men, who hither muſt be ſent
As awful Guides of Heavenly Government;
To teach you Penance, Faſt, and Abſtinence,
To puniſh Bodies for the Souls offence.
Mont. Cheaply you ſin, and puniſh crimes with eaſe,
Not as th' offended, but th' offenders pleaſe.
Firſt injure Heaven, and when its wrath is due,
Your ſelves preſcribe it how to puniſh you.
Odm. What numbers of theſe Holy Men muſt come?
Piz. You ſhall not want, each Village ſhall have ſome;
Who, though the Royal Dignity they own
Are equal to it and depend on none.
Guy. Depend on none! you treat them ſure in ſtate,
For 'tis their plenty does their pride create.
Mont. Thoſe ghoſtly Kings would parcel out my pow'r,
And all the fatneſs of my Land devour;
That Monarch ſits not ſafely on his Throne,
Who bears, within, a power that ſhocks his own.
They teach obedience to Imperial ſway,
But think it ſin if they themſelves obey.

Vasq. It seems then our Religion you accuse.
And peaceful Homage to our King refuse.
Mont. Your Gods I slight not, but will keep my own,
My Crown is absolute, and holds of none;
I cannot in a base subjection live,
Nor suffer you to take, though I would give.
Cort. Is this your Answer, Sir?
Mont. ——This as a Prince,
Bound to my Peoples and my Crowns defence,
I must return, but, as a Man by you
Redeem'd from Death, all gratitude is due.
Cort. It was an act my Honour bound me to,
But what I did were I again to do,
I could not do it on my Honours score,
For Love would now oblige me to do more.
Is no way left that we may yet agree?
Must I have War, yet have no Enemy?
Vasq. He has refus'd all terms of Peace to take.
Mont. Since we must fight, hear Heavens, what Prayers I make,
First, to preserve this Ancient State and me,
But if your doom the fall of both decree,
Grant only he who has such honour shown,
When I am dust, may fill my empty Throne.
Cort. To make me happier than that wish can do,
Lies not in all your gods to grant, but you;
Let this fair Princess but one minute stay,
A look from her will your obligements pay.

[*Exeunt* Montezuma, Odmar, Guyomar, Orbellan, Almeria, *and* Alibech.

Mont. to Cyd. Your duty in your quick return be shown.
Stay you, and wait my Daughter to the Town. [*To his Guards.*

Cydaria *is going, but turns and looks back upon* Cortez, *who is looking on her all this while.*

Cyd. My Father's gone, and yet I cannot go,
Sure I have something lost or left behind? [*Aside.*
Cort. Like Travellers who wander in the Snow,
¶ on her Beauty gaze till I am blind. [*Aside.*
Cyd. Thick breath, quick pulse, and heaving of my heart,
All signs of some unwonted change appear:
I find my self unwilling to depart,
And yet I know not why I would be here.
Stranger, you raise such torments in my breast,
That when I go, if I must go again,
I'll tell my Father you have robb'd my rest,
And to him of your injuries complain.
Cort. Unknown, I swear, those wrongs were which I wrought,
But my Complaints will much more just appear,

Who

Who from another World my freedom brought,
And to your conquering Eyes have loſt it here.
Cyd. Where is that other World from whence you came?
Cort. Beyond the Ocean, far from hence it lies.
Cyd. Your other World, I fear, is then the ſame
That Souls muſt go to when the Body dies.
But what's the cauſe that keeps you here with me?
That I may know what keeps me here with you?
Cort. Mine is a love which muſt perpetual be,
If you can be ſo juſt as I am true.

Enter Orbellan.

Orb. Your Father wonders much at your delay.
Cyd. So great a wonder for ſo ſmall a ſtay!
Orb. He has commanded you with me to go.
Cyd. Has he not ſent to bring the Stranger too?
Orb. If he to morrow dares in fight appear,
His high plac'd Love, perhaps may coſt him dear.
Cort. Dares———that word was never ſpoke to *Spaniard* yet
But forfeited his Life who gave him it;
Haſt quickly with thy pledge of ſafety hence,
Thy guilt's protected by her innocence.
Cyd. Sure in ſome fatal hour my Love was born,
So ſoon o'ercaſt with abſence in the morn!
Cort. Turn hence thoſe pointed glories of your Eyes,
For if more charms beneath thoſe Circles riſe,
So weak my Vertue, they ſo ſtrong appear,
I ſhall turn Raviſher to keep you here. [*Exeunt Omnes.*

ACT II.

SCENE, *The Magician's Cave.*

Enter Montezuma, *High-Prieſt.*

Mont. NOT that I fear the utmoſt Fate can do,
Come I th' event of doubtful War to know,
For Life and Death are things indifferent,
Each to be choſe as either brings content;
My motive from a Nobler cauſe does ſpring,
Love rules my Heart, and is your Monarch's King;
I more deſire to know *Almeria*'s mind,
Than all that Heaven has for my ſtate deſign'd.
High-Pr. By powerful Charms which nothing can withſtand,
I'll force the Gods to tell what you demand.

Charm,
Thou Moon, that aid'ſt us with thy Magick might,
And ye ſmall Stars, the ſcattered ſeeds of light,
Dart your pale beams into this gloomy place,
That the ſad powers of the Infernal Race
May read above what's hid from Humane Eyes,
And in your walks ſee Empires fall and riſe.
And ye Immortal Souls, who once were Men,
And now reſolv'd to Elements agen,
Who wait for Mortal frames in depths below,
And did before what we are doom'd to do;
Once, twice, and thrice, I wave my Sacred Wand,
Aſcend, aſcend, aſcend at my command. [*An earthy Spirit riſes.*

Spir. In vain, O mortal Men, your Prayers implore
The aid of powers below, which want it more:
A God more ſtrong, who all the gods commands,
Drives us to exile from our Native Lands;
The Air ſwarms thick with wandring Deities,
Which drowſily like humming Beetles riſe
From our lov'd Earth, where peacefully we ſlept,
And far from Heaven along poſſeſſion kept.
The frighted *Satyrs* that in Woods delight,
Now into Plains with prick'd up Ears take flight;
And ſcudding thence, while they their Horn-feet ply
About their Syres the little *Sylvans* cry:
A Nation loving Gold muſt rule this place,
Our Temples ruine, and our Rites deface:
To them, O King, is thy loſt Scepter given,
Now mourn thy fatal ſearch, for ſince wiſe Heaven
More ill than good to Mortals does diſpenſe,
It is not ſafe to have too quick a ſenſe. [*Deſcends.*

Mont. Mourn they who think repining can remove
The firm decrees of thoſe who rule above;
The brave are ſafe within, who ſtill dare die,
When e'er I fall I'll ſcorn my Deſtiny.
Doom as they pleaſe with my Empire not to ſtand:
I'll graſp my Sceptre with my dying hand.

H. Prieſt. Thoſe Earthy Spirits black and envious are:
I'll call up other gods, of form more fair:
Who Viſions dreſs in pleaſing colour ſtill,
Set all the Good to ſhow, and hid the Ill:
Kalib, aſcend, my fair-ſpoke Servant riſe,
And ſooth my Heart with pleaſing Prophecies.

[*Kalib* aſcends all in White in the ſhape of a Woman, and ſings.

Kalib. *I look'd and ſaw within the Book of Fate,*
Where many days did lowr,
When lo one happy hour

Leapt

Leapt up, and ſmil'd to ſave thy ſinking State;
A day ſhall come when in thy power
Thy cruel Foes ſhall be;
Then ſhall thy Land be free,
And thou in peace ſhalt reign.
But take, O take that opportunity,
Which once refus'd will never come again. [*Deſcends.*

Mont. I ſhall deſerve my Fate if I refuſe
That happy hour which Heaven allots to uſe;
But of my Crown thou too much care do'ſt take,
That which I value more, my Love's at ſtake.
[*An entry.*
H. Prieſt. Ariſe ye ſubtle Spirits that can ſpy,
When Love is enter'd in a Females Eye;
You that can read it in the midſt of doubt,
And in the midſt of frowns can find it out;
You that can ſearch thoſe many corner'd minds,
Where Womans crooked fancy turns, and winds,
You that can Love explore, and Truth impart,
Where both lye deepeſt hid in Womans heart.
Ariſe—— [*The Ghoſt of* Taxalla *and* Acacis *ariſe, they ſtand ſtill and point at* Montez.

H. Prieſt. I did not for theſe Ghaſtly Viſions ſend,
Their ſudden coming does ſome ill portend,
Begon——begon——they will not diſappear,
My Soul is ſeiz'd with an unuſual fear.
Mont. Point on, point on, and ſee whom you can fright,
Shame and Confuſion ſeize theſe ſhades of night.
Ye thin and empty forms, am I your ſport? [*They ſmile.*
If you were fleſh——
You know you durſt not uſe me in this ſort.
[*The Ghoſt of the* Indian Queen *riſes betwixt the Ghoſts with a Dagger in her breaſt.*

Mont. Ha!
I feel my Hair grow ſtiff, my Eye-balls rowl,
This is the only form could ſhake my Soul.
Ghoſt. *The hopes of thy ſucceſleſs Love reſign,*
Know Montezuma *thou art only mine;*
For thoſe who here on Earth their paſſion ſhew
By death for Love, receive their right below.
Why doſt thou then delay my longing Arms?
Have Cares, and Age, and Mortal life ſuch Charms!
The Moon grows ſickly at the ſight of Day,
And early Cocks have ſummon'd me away:
Yet I'll appoint a meeting place below.
For there fierce winds o'er dusky Vallies blow,

Whoſe

Whoſe every puff bears empty ſhades away,
Which guideleſs in thoſe dark Dominions ſtray.
Juſt at the entrance of the Field below,
Thou ſhalt behold a tall black Poplar grow,
Safe in its hollow trunk I will attend,
And ſeize thy Spirit when thou doſt deſcend. [*Deſcends.*

Mont. I'll ſeize thee there, thou Meſſenger of Fate:
Would my ſhort Life had yet a ſhorter date!
I'm weary of this fleſh which holds us here,
And daſtards manly Souls with hope and fear:
Theſe heats and colds ſtill in our breaſts make War,
Agues and Feavers all our paſſions are. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Cydaria *and* Alibech, *betwixt the two Armies.*

Alib. Bleſſings will Crown your Name if you prevent
That Blood, which in this Battel will be ſpent;
Nor need you fear ſo juſt a ſute to move,
Which both becomes your duty and your Love.

Cyd. But think you he will come? their Camp is near,
And he already knows I wait him here.

Alib. You are too young your power to underſtand,
Lovers take Wing upon the leaſt command;
Already he is here.

Enter Cortez *and* Vaſquez *to them.*

Cort. Methinks like two black ſtorms on either hand,
Our *Spaniſh* Army and your *Indians* ſtand;
This only ſpace betwixt the Cloud, is clear,
Where you, like day, broke looſe from both, appear.

Cyd. Thoſe cloſing Skies might ſtill continue bright,
But who can help it if you'll make it night?
The Gods have given you power of Life and Death,
Like them to ſave or ruine with a breath.

Cort. That power they to your Father did diſpoſe,
'Twas in his choice to make us Friends or Foes.

Alib. Injurious ſtrength would rapine ſtill excuſe,
By off'ring terms the weaker muſt refuſe:
And ſuch as theſe your hard conditions are,
You threaten Peace, and you invite a War.

Cort. If for my ſelf to conquer here I came,
You might perhaps my actions juſtly blame:
Now I am ſent, and am not to diſpute
My Prince's Orders, but to execute.

Alib. He who his Prince ſo blindly does obey,
To keep his Faith, his Vertue throws away.

Cort.

Cort. Monarchs may erre, but ſhould each private breſt
Judge their ill Acts, they would diſpute their beſt.
Cyd. Then all your care is for your Prince I ſee,
Your truth to him out-weighs your love to me;
You may ſo cruel to deny me prove,
But never after that pretend to love.
Cort. Command my Life, and I will ſoon obey,
To ſave my Honour I my Blood will pay.
Cyd. What is this Honour which does Love controul?
Cort. A raging Fit of Vertue in the Soul;
A painful Burthen, which great minds muſt bear,
Obtain'd with danger, and poſſeſs'd with fear.
Cyd. Lay down that Burden, if it painful grow,
You'll find, without it, Love will lighter go.
Cort. Honour once loſt is never to be found.
Alib. Perhaps he looks to have both paſſions crown'd.
Firſt die his Honour in a Purple Flood,
Then court the Daughter in the Father's Blood.
Cort. The edge of War I'll from the Battel take,
And ſpare her Father's Subjects for her ſake.
Cyd. I cannot love you leſs when I'm refus'd,
But I can die to be unkindly us'd;
Where ſhall a Maid's diſtracted heart find reſt,
If ſhe can miſs it in a Lover's Breſt?
Cort. I till to Morrow will the Fight delay:
Remember you have conquer'd me to day.
Alib. This Grant deſtroys all you have urg'd before,
Honour could not give this, or can give more;
Our Women in the foremoſt Ranks appear,
March to the Fight, and meet your Miſtreſs there:
Into the thickeſt Squadrons ſhe muſt run,
Kill her, and ſee what Honour will be won.
Cyd. I muſt be in the Battel; but I'll go
With empty Quiver, and unbended Bow;
Not draw an Arrow in this fatal ſtrife,
For fear its Point ſhould reach your Noble Life. [*Enter* Pizarro.
Cort. No more, your kindneſs wounds me to the death;
Honour, begon, what art thou but a breath?
I'll live, proud of my infamy and ſhame,
Grac'd with no Triumph but a Lover's Name;
Men can but ſay Love did his Reaſon blind,
And Love's the nobleſt frailty of the mind.
Draw off my Men. The War's already done.
Piz. Your Orders come too late, the Fight's begun;
The Enemy gives on, with fury led,
And fierce *Orbellan* combates in their Head.

Cort.

Cort. He juſtly fears a Peace with me would prove
Of ill concernment to his haughty Love;
Retire, fair Excellence, I go to meet
New Honour, but to lay it at your Feet. [*Exeunt.* Cortez, Vaſquez, Pizarro.

Enter Odmar *and* Guyomar *to* Alibech *and* Cydaria.

Odm. Now, Madam, ſince a danger does appear
Worthy my Courage, though below my Fear,
Give leave to him who may in Battel die,
Before his Death to ask his Deſtiny.
Guy. He cannot die whom you command to live,
Before the Fight you can the conqueſt give;
Speak where you'll place it?
Alib. ——Briefly then, to both,
One I in ſecret love, the other loth;
But where I hate, my hate I will not ſhow,
And he I love, my Love ſhall never know;
True worth ſhall gain me, that it may be ſaid,
Deſert, not fancy, once a Woman led.
He who in Fight his Courage ſhall oppoſe
With moſt ſucceſs againſt his Countries Foes,
From me ſhall all that recompence receive
That Valour merits, or that Love can give:
'Tis true my hopes and fears are all for one;
But hopes and fears are to my ſelf alone.
Let him not ſhun the danger of the ſtrife,
I but his Love, his Country claims his Life.
Odm. All Obſtacles my Courage ſhall remove.
Guy. Fall on, fall on.
Odm. ——For Liberty.
Guy. ——For Love. [*Exeunt, the Women following.*

SCENE *changes to the* Indian *Country*

Enter Montezuma *attended by the* Indians.

Mont. Charge, charge, their Ground the faint *Taxallans* yield,
Bold in cloſe Ambuſh, baſe in open Field:
The envious Devil did my Fortune wrong;
Thus Fought, thus Conquer'd I, when I was young. [*Exit.*

Alarm. Enter Cortez *Bloody.*

Cort. Furies purſue theſe falſe *Taxallans* Flight,
Dare they be Friends to us, and dare not Fight?
What Friends can Cowards be, what hopes appear
Of help from ſuch, who where they hate ſhow fear!

Enter

Enter Pizarro, Vaſquez.

Piz. The Field grows thin, and thoſe that now remain
Appear but like the ſhadows of the Slain.
Vaſq. The fierce old King is vaniſh'd from the place,
And in a Cloud of Duſt purſues the Chace.
Cort. Their eager Chace diſorder'd does appear;
Command our Horſe to charge them in the Rear: [*To* Pizarro.
You to our old *Caſtilian* Foot retire, [*To* Vaſquez.
Who yet ſtand firm, and at their Backs give Fire. [*Exeunt ſeverally.*

Enter Odmar *and* Guyomar, *meeting each other in the Battel.*

Odm. Where haſt thou been ſince the Fight began,
Thou leſs than Woman in the ſhape of Man?
Guy. Where I have done what may thy Envy move,
Things Worthy of my Birth, and of my Love.
Odm. Two bold *Taxallans* with one Dart I ſlew,
And left it ſticking e'er my Sword I drew.
Guy. I ſought not Honour on ſo baſe a Train,
Such Cowards by our Women may be ſlain;
I fell'd along a Man of Bearded Face,
His Limbs all cover'd with a Shining Caſe:
So wondrous hard, and ſo ſecure of wound,
It made my Sword, though edg'd with Flint, rebound.
Odm. I kill'd a double Man; the one half lay
Upon the Ground, the other ran away. [*Guns go off within.*

Enter Montezuma *out of breath, with him* Alibech *and an* Indian.

Mont. All's loſt———
Our Foes with Lightning and with Thunder Fight,
My Men in vain ſhun Death by ſhameful Flight;
For Death's inviſible, comes wing'd with Fire,
They hear a dreadful noiſe and ſtraight expire.
Take, Gods, that Soul ye did in ſpight create,
And made it great to be unfortunate:
Ill Fate for me unjuſtly you provide,
Great Souls are Sparks of your own Heavenly Pride:
That Luſt of Power we from your Godheads have,
You're bound to pleaſe thoſe Appetites you gave.

Enter Vaſquez *and* Pizarro *with* Spaniards.

Vaſq. Pizarro, I have hunted hard to day
Into our toils the nobleſt of the Prey;
Seize on the King, and him your Priſoner make,
While I in kind revenge my Taker take.
[Pizarro *with two goes to attaeque the King,* Vaſquez *with another to ſeize* Alibech.

Guy. Their danger is alike, whom ſhall I free?
Odm. I'll follow Love.
Guy. ——I'll follow Piety.

[Odmar *retreats from* Vaſquez *with* Alibech *off the Stage,* Guyomar *fights for his Father.*

Guy. Fly, Sir, while I give back that Life you gave,
Mine is well loſt, if I your Life can ſave.

[Montezuma *fights off,* Guyomar *making his Retreat, ſtays.*

Guy. 'Tis more than Man can do to 'ſcape them all,
Stay, let me ſee where nobleſt I may fall.

[*He runs at* Vaſquez, *is ſeiz'd behind and taken.*

Vaſq. Conduct him off,
And give Command he ſtrictly guarded be.
Guy. In vain are Guards, Death ſets the Valiant free.

[*Exit* Guyomar *with Guards.*

Vaſq. A Glorious Day! and bravely was it Fought,
Great Fame our General in great Danger ſought;
From his ſtrong Arm I ſaw his Rival run,
And in a Crowd th' unequal Combat ſhun.

Enter Cortez, *leading* Cydaria, *who ſeems crying, and begging of him.*

Cort. Man's force is fruitleſs, and your gods would fail
To ſave the City, but your Tears prevail:
I'll of my Fortune no advantage make,
Thoſe Terms they had once giv'n, they ſtill may take.
Cyd. Heaven has of right all Victory deſign'd,
Where boundleſs power dwells in a will confin'd;
Your *Spaniſh* Honour does the World excel.
Cort. Our greateſt Honour is in loving well.
Cyd. Strange ways you practiſe there to win a Heart,
Here Love is Nature, but with you 'tis Art.
Cort. Love is with us, as Natural as here,
But fetter'd up with cuſtoms more ſevere.
In tedious Courtſhip we declare our pain,
And ere we kindneſs find, firſt meet diſdain.
Cyd. If Women love, they needleſs pains indure,
Their Pride and Folly, but delay their Cure.
Cort. What you miſcall their Folly, is their care,
They know how fickle common Lovers are:
Their Oaths and Vows are cautiouſly believ'd,
For few there are but have been once deceiv'd,
Cyd. But if they are not truſted when they vow,
What other marks of paſſion can they ſhow?
Cort. With Feaſts and Muſick, all that brings delight,
Men treat their Ears, their Palates, and their Sight.

Cyd. Your Gallants ſure have little Eloquence,
Failing to move the Soul, they court the Sence!
With Pomp, and Trains, and in a crowd they wode,
When true Felicity is but in two;
But can ſuch Toys your Womens paſſion move?
This is but noiſe and tumult, 'tis not Love.
Cort. I have no reaſon, Madam, to excuſe
Thoſe ways of Gallantry I did not uſe;
My Love was true, and on a Nobler ſcore.
Cyd. Your Love! Alas! then have you lov'd before!
Cort. 'Tis true I lov'd, but ſhe is Dead, ſhe's Dead,
And I ſhould think with her all Beauty fled,
Did not her fair Reſemblance live in you,
And by that Image my firſt Flames renew.
Cyd. Ah happy Beauty, whoſoe'er thou art!
Though dead, thou keep'ſt poſſeſſion of his Heart;
Thou mak'ſt me jealous to the laſt degree,
And art my Rival in his memory;
Within his Memory, ah, more than ſo,
Thou liv'ſt and triumph'ſt o'er *Cydaria* too.
Cort. What ſtrange diſquiet has uncalm'd your breſt,
Inhumane fair, to rob the dead of reſt!
Poor Heart! She ſlumbers in her ſilent Tomb,
Let her poſſeſs in Peace that narrow Room.
Cyd. Poor heart, he pities and bewails her death,
Some god, much hated Soul, reſtore thy breath,
That I may kill thee, but ſome eaſe 'twill be,
I'll kill my ſelf for but reſembling thee.
Cort. I dread your anger, your diſquiet fear,
But blows from hands ſo ſoft who would not bear?
So kind a paſſion why ſhould I remove?
Since Jealouſie but ſhows how well we love,
Yet Jealouſie ſo ſtrange I never knew,
Can ſhe who loves me not diſquiet you?
For in the Grave no paſſions fill the Breſt,
'Tis all we gain by death to be at reſt.
Cyd. That ſhe no longer loves brings no relief,
Your Love to her ſtill lives, and that's my grief.
Cort. The object of deſire once ta'ne away,
'Tis then not Love but Pity which we pay.
Cyd. 'Tis ſuch a pity I ſhould never have,
When I muſt lie forgotten in the Grave;
I meant to have oblig'd you when I dy'd,
That after me you ſhould love none beſide,
But you are falſe already.
Cort. ——If untrue,
By Heaven, my falſhood is to her, not you.

Cyd. Obſerve; ſweet Heaven, how falſly he does ſwear,
You ſaid you lov'd me for reſembling her.
Cort. That love was in me by reſemblance bred,
But ſhows you chear'd my ſorrows for the Dead.
Cyd. You ſtill repeat the greatneſs of your grief.
Cort. If that was great, how great was the relief?
Cyd. The firſt Love ſtill the ſtrongeſt we account.
Cort. That ſeems more ſtrong which could the firſt ſurmount:
But if you ſtill continue thus unkind,
Whom I lov'd beſt, you by my Death ſhall find.
Cyd. If you ſhould die, my death ſhould yours purſue,
But yet I am not ſatisfi'd you're true.
Cort. Hear me, ye gods, and puniſh him you hear,
If ought within the World I hold ſo dear.
Cyd. You would deceive the gods and me, ſhe's dead,
And is not in the World whoſe Love I dread.
Name not the World, ſay nothing is ſo dear.
Cort. Then nothing is, let that ſecure your fear.
Cyd. 'Tis time muſt wear it off, but I muſt go,
Can you your Conſtancy in Abſence ſhow.
Cort. Miſ-doubt my Conſtancy and do not try,
But ſtay and keep me ever in your Eye.
Cyd. If as a Priſoner I were here, you might
Have then inſiſted on a Conq'rours right,
And ſtay'd me here; but now my Love would be
Th' effect of force, and I would give it free.
Cort. To doubt your Vertue or your Love were ſin!
Call for the Captive Prince and bring him in.

Enter Guyomar, *bound and ſad.*

You look, Sir, as your Fate you could not bear. [*To* Guyomar.
Are *Spaniſh* Fetters then ſo hard to wear?
Fortune's unjuſt, ſhe ruines oft the Brave,
And him who ſhould be Victor, makes the Slave.
Guy. Son of the Sun, my Fetters cannot be
But Glorious for me, ſince put on by thee;
The Ills of Love, not thoſe of Fate I fear,
Theſe I can brave, but thoſe I cannot bear;
My Rival Brother, while I'm held in Chains,
In freedom reaps the fruit of all my Pains.
Cort. Let it be never ſaid, that he whoſe breſt
Is fill'd with Love, ſhould break a Lovers reſt;
Haſte, loſe no time, your Siſter ſets you Free,
And tell the King, my generous Enemy,
I offer ſtill thoſe terms he had before,
Only ask leave his Daughter to adore.

Guy.

Guy. Brother (that name my breſt ſhall ever own, [*He embraces him.*
The name of Foe be but in Battels known ;)
For ſome few days all Hoſtile Acts forbear,
That if the King conſents, it ſeem not fear :
His Heart is Noble, and great Souls muſt be
Moſt ſought and courted in Adverſity.
Three days I hope the wiſht ſucceſs will tell.
Cyd. Till that long time———
Cort. ——Till that long time, farewel, [*Exeunt ſeverally.*

ACT III.

SCENE *Chamber Royal.*

Enter Odmar *and* Alibech.

Odm. THE gods, fair *Alibech*, had ſo decreed,
Nor could my Valour againſt Fate ſucceed ;
Yet though our Army brought not Conqueſt home,
I did not from the Fight inglorious come :
If as a Victor you the brave regard,
Succeſſeſs Courage then may hope reward :
And I returning ſafe, may juſtly boaſt
To win the prize which my dead Brother loſt.

Enter Guyomar *behind him.*

Guy. No, no thy Brother lives, and lives to be
A Witneſs, both againſt himſelf and thee :
Though both in ſafety are return'd agen,
I bluſh to ask her Love for Vanquiſht Men.
Odm. Brother I'll not diſpute, but you are brave,
Yet I was free, and you it ſeems a Slave.
Guy. Odmar, 'tis true, that I was Captive led
As publickly is known, as that you fled ;
But of two ſhames if ſhe muſt one partake,
I think the choice will not be hard to make.
Odm. Freedom and Bondage in her choice remain,
Dar'ſt thou expect ſhe will put on thy Chain ?
Guy. No, no, fair *Alibech*, give him the Crown,
My Brother is return'd with high Renown.
He thinks by Flight his Miſtreſs muſt be won,
And claims the prize becauſe he beſt did run.
Alib. Your Chains were glorious, and your Flight was wiſe,
But neither have o'recome your Enemies :

My

My ſecret wiſhes would my choice decide,
But open Juſtice bends to neither ſide.
Odm. Juſtice already does my right approve,
If him who loves you moſt, you moſt ſhould love.
My Brother poorly from your aid withdrew,
But I my Father left to ſuccour you.
Guy. Her Country ſhe did to her ſelf prefer
Him who fought beſt, not who defended her;
Since ſhe her intereſt for the Nations wav'd,
Then I who ſav'd the King, the Nation ſav'd;
You aiding her, your Country did betray,
I aiding him, did her Commands obey.
Odm. Name it no more, in Love there is a time
When dull Obedience is the greateſt Crime;
She to her Countries uſe, reſign'd your Sword,
And you, kind Lover, took her at her word;
You did your Duty to your Love perfer,
Seek your Reward from Duty, not from her.
Guy. In acting what my Duty did require,
'Twas hard for me to quit my own deſire,
That fought for her which when I did ſubdue,
'Twas much the eaſier Task I left for you.
Alib. Odmar a more than common Love has ſhown,
And *Guyomar*'s was greater, or was none;
Which I ſhould chuſe ſome God direct my Breſt.
The certain Good, or the uncertain Beſt:
I cannot chuſe, you both diſpute in vain,
Time and your future Acts muſt make it plain;
Firſt raiſe the Siege, and ſet your Country free,
I not the Judge, but the Reward will be.

To them, Enter Montezuma *talking with* Almeria *and* Orbellan.

Mont. Madam, I think with reaſon I extol
The Vertue of the Spaniſh General;
When all the Gods our Ruine have foretold,
Yet generouſly he does his Arms withhold,
And offering Peace, the firſt Conditions make.
Alm. When Peace, is offer'd, 'tis too late to take;
For one poor loſs to ſtoop to Terms like thoſe,
Were we o'ercome what could they worſe impoſe?
Go, go, with homage your proud Victors meet,
Go lie like Dogs beneath your Maſters Feet,
Go and beget them Slaves to dig their Mines,
And groan for Gold which now in Temples ſhines;
Your ſhameful Story ſhall record of me,
The Men all crouch'd, and left a Woman free.
Guy. Had I not fought, or durſt not fight again,
I my ſuſpected Counſel ſhould refrain:

For I wiſh Peace, and any Terms prefer
Before the laſt Extremities of War.
We but exaſp'rate thoſe we cannot harm,
And Fighting gains us but to die more warm:
If that be Cowardice, which dares not ſee
The inſolent effects of Victory,
The rape of Matrons, and their Childrens cries;
Then I am fearful, let the brave adviſe.
Odm. Keen cutting Swords, and Engines killing far,
Have proſperouſly begun a doubtful War:
But now our Foes with leſs advantage Fight,
Their ſtrength decreaſes with our *Indians* Fright.
Mont. This Noble Vote does with my wiſh comply,
I am for War.
Alm. ——And ſo am I.
Orb. ——And I.
Mont. Then ſend to break the Truce, and I'll take care
To chear the Souldiers, and for fight prepare.
[*Exeunt* Montezuma, Odmar, Guyomar, Alibech.
Alm. to Orb. 'Tis now the hour which all to reſt allow.
[Almeria *ſtays* Orbellan.
And ſleep ſits heavy upon every brow; [Guyomar *returns and hears them.*
In this dark ſilence ſoftly leave the Town,
And to the Generals Tent, 'tis quickly known,
Direct your ſteps: you may diſpatch him ſtrait,
Drown'd in his ſleep, and eaſie for his fate:
Beſides, the Truce will make the Guards more ſlack.
Orb. Courage which leads me on will bring me back:
But I more fear the baſeneſs of the thing:
Remorſe, you know, bears a perpetual ſting.
Alm. For mean remorſe no room the valiant finds,
Repentance is the Vertue of weak minds;
For want of judgment, keeps them doubtful ſtill,
They may repent of good who can of ill;
But daring Courage makes ill actions good,
'Tis fooliſh pity ſpares a Rivals blood;
You ſhall about it ſtraight—— [*Exeunt* Almeria, Orbellan.
Guy. ——Would they betray
His ſleeping Vertue, by ſo mean a way!
And yet this *Spaniard* is our Nations Foe,
I wiſh him dead——but cannot wiſh it ſo;
Either my Country never muſt be freed,
Or I conſenting to ſo black a deed.
Would Chance had never led my ſteps this way,
Now if he dies I murther him, not they;
Something muſt be reſolv'd e'er 'tis too late;
He gave me freedom, I'll prevent his fate. [*Exit* Guyomar.

SCENE

SCENE II. *A Camp.*

Enter Cortez *alone in a Night-Gown.*

Cort. All things are huſh'd, as Natures ſelf lay dead,
The Mountains ſeem to nod their drowſy head;
The little Birds in dreams their Songs repeat,
And ſleeping Flowers, beneath the night-dew ſweat;
Ev'n Luſt and Envy ſleep, yet Love denies
Reſt to my Soul, and ſlumber to my Eyes.
Three days I promis'd to attend my Doom,
And two long days and nights are yet to come:
'Tis ſure the noiſe of ſome Tumultuous Fight, [*Noiſe within.*
They break the Truce, and ſally out by night.

Enter Orbellan *flying in the dark, his Sword drawn.*

Orb. Betray'd! purſu'd! Oh whither ſhall I fly?
See, ſee, the juſt Reward of Treachery;
I'm ſure among the Tents, but know not where,
Even night wants darkneſs to ſecure my fear.

Comes near Cortez *who hears him.*

Cort. Stand, who goes there?
Orb. ——Alas, what ſhall I ſay! [*Aſide.*
A poor *Taxallan* that miſtook his way, [*To him.*
And wanders in the terrours of the night.
Cort. Souldier thou ſeem'ſt afraid, whence comes thy fright?
Orb. The inſolence of *Spaniards* caus'd my fear,
Who in the dark purſu'd me entring here.
ort. Their Crimes ſhall meet immediate puniſhment,
But ſtay thou ſafe within the General's Tent.
Orb. Still worſe and worſe.
Cort ———Fear not, but follow me,
Upon my Life I'll ſet thee ſafe and free.

Cortez *leads him in, and returns.*

To him Vaſquez, Pizarro *and* Spaniards *with Torches.*

Vaſq. O Sir, thank Heaven, and your brave *Indian* Friend,
That you are ſafe, *Orbellan* did intend
This night to kill you ſleeping in your Tent:
But *Guyomar* his truſty ſlave has ſent,
Who following cloſe his ſilent ſteps by night
Till in our Camp they both approach'd the light,
Cry'd ſeize the Traytor, ſeize the Murtherer:
The cruel Villain fled I know not where,
But far he is not, for he this way bent.
Piz. Th' inraged Souldiers ſeek from Tent to Tent,
With lighted Torches, and in love to you,
With Bloody vows his hated Life purſue.

Vaſq.

Vasq. This Messenger does since he came relate,
That the Old King, after a long debate,
By his imperious Mistress blindly led,
Has given *Cydaria* to *Orbellan*'s Bed.
Cort. *Vasquez*, the trusty Slave which you retain,
Retire a while, I'll call you back again. [*Ex.* Vasq. *and* Piz.

Cortez *at his Tent door.*

Cort. *Indian*, come forth, your Enemies are gone.
And I who sav'd you from them here alone;
You hide your Face, as you were still afraid,
Dare you not look on him who gave you Aid.

Enter Orbellan *holding his Face aside.*

Orb. Moon, slip behind some Cloud, some Tempest rise,
And blow out all the Stars that light the Skies,
To shrowd my Shame.
Cort. ——In vain you turn aside,
And hide your Face, your Name you cannot hide;
I know my Rival, and his black Design.
Orb. Forgive it as my Passion's Fault not mine.
Cort. In your excuse your Love does little say,
You might howe'er have took a fairer way.
Orb. 'Tis true, my passion small defence can make,
Yet you must spare me for your Honour's sake;
That was ingag'd to set me safe and free.
Cort. 'Twas to a Stranger, not an Enemy:
Nor is it prudence to prolong thy Breath,
When all my hopes depend upon thy Death——
——Yet none shall tax me with base Perjury,
Something I'll do, both for my self and thee?
With vow'd Revenge my Souldiers search each Tent,
If thou art seen none can thy Death prevent.
Follow my steps with Silence and with Haste. [*Exeunt.*

The Scence *changes to the* Indian *Country, they return.*

Cort. Now you are safe, you have my Out-Guards past.
Orb. Then here I take my leave.
Cort. ————*Orbellan*, no;
When you return, you to *Cydaria* go,
I'll send a Message.
Orb. ————Let it be expresst,
I am in haste.
Cort. ————I'll write it in your Breast. [*Draws.*
Orb. What means my Rival?
Cort.——Either Fight or Die:
I'll not strain Honour to a Point too high;
I sav'd your Life, now keep it if you can,
Cydaria shall be for the bravest Man.

On equal Terms you ſhall your Fortune try,
Take this, and lay your flint-edg'd Weapon by. [*Gives him a Sword.*
I'll arm you for my Glory, and purſue
No palm, but what's to Manly Virtue due.
Fame with my Conqueſt ſhall my Courage tell,
This you ſhall gain by placing Love ſo well.
Orb. Fighting with you, ungrateful I appear.
Cort. Under that ſhadow thou wouldſt hide thy Fear:
Thou wouldſt poſſeſs thy Love at thy return,
And in her Arms my eaſie Virtue ſcorn.
Orb. Since we muſt fight, no longer let's delay:
The Moon ſhines clear, and makes a paler Day. [*They fight*, Orb. *is wounded in the Hand, his Sword falls out of it.*
Cort. To Courage, even of Foes, there's Pity due;
It was not I, but Fortune vanquiſh'd you: [*Throws his Sword again.*
Thank me with that, and ſo diſpute the Prize,
As if you fought before *Cydaria*'s Eyes.
Orb. I would not poorly ſuch a Gift requite,
You gave me not this Sword to yield, but fight:
But ſee where yours has forc'd its bloody way,
My wounded Hand my Heart does ill obey. [*He ſtrives to hold it, but cannot.*
Cort. Unlucky Honour, that controul'ſt my Will!
Why have I vanquiſh'd, ſince I muſt not kill?
Fate ſees thy Life lodg'd in a brittle Glaſs,
And looks it through, but to it cannot paſs.
Orb. All I can do is frankly to confeſs,
I wiſh I could, but cannot love her leſs.
To ſwear I would reſign her, were but vain
Love would recal that prejur'd Breath again;
And in my wretched Caſe 'twill be more juſt,
Not to have promis'd than deceive your Truſt.
Know, if I live once more to ſee the Town,
In bright *Cydaria*'s Arms my Love I'll crown.
Cort. In ſpight of that, I give thee Liberty,
And with thy Perſon leave thy Honour free;
But to thy Wiſhes move a ſpeedy pace,
Or Death will ſoon o'ertake thee in the Chace.
To Arms, to Arms Fate ſhows my Love the way,
I'll force the City on thy Nuptial day. [*Exeunt ſeverally.*

SCENE III. *Mexico.*

Enter Montezuma, Odmar, Guyomar, Almeria.

Mont. It moves my wonder that in two days ſpace,
This early Famine ſpreads ſo ſwift a pace.

Odm.

Odm. 'Tis, Sir, the general cry, nor ſeems it ſtrange,
The Face of Plenty ſhould ſo ſwiftly change;
This City never felt a Siege before,
But from the Lake receiv'd its daily ſtore,
Which now ſhut up, and Millions crowded here,
Famine will ſoon in Multitudes appear.
Mont. The more the number, ſtill the greater Shame.
Alm. What if ſome one ſhould ſeek immortal Fame,
By ending of the Siege at one brave Blow?
Mont. That were too happy.
Alm. ——Yet it may be ſo.
What if the *Spaniſh* General ſhould be ſlain?
Guy. Juſt Heaven I hope does otherways ordain. [*Aſide.*
Mont. If ſlain by Treaſon, I lament his Death.

Enter Orbellan *and whiſpers his Siſter.*

Odm. Orbellan ſeems in haſt, and out of Breath.
Mont. Orbellan welcome, you are early here,
A Bridegroom's haſte, does in your looks appear. [Almeria *aſide to her Brother.*
Alm. Betray'd! no, 'twas thy Cowardice and Fear,
He had not ſcap'd with Life had I been there;
But ſince ſo ill you act a brave Deſign,
Keep cloſe your Shame, Fate makes the next turn mine.

Enter Alibech, Cydaria.

Alib. O Sir! if ever pity touch'd your breſt,
Let it be now to your own Blood expreſt:
In Tears your beauteous Daughter drowns her Sight,
Silent as Dews that fall in dead of Night.
Cyd. To your Commands I ſtrict Obedience owe,
And my laſt Act of it I come to ſhow;
I want the Heart to die before your Eyes.
But Grief will finiſh that which Fear denies.
Alm. Your Will ſhould by your Father's Precept move.
Cyd. When he was young he taught me truth in Love.
Alm. He found more love than he deſerv'd, 'tis true,
And that it ſeems is lucky too to you.
Your Father's Folly took a Head-ſtrong courſe,
But I'll rule yours, and teach you Love by force.

Enter Meſſenger.

Arm, Arm, O King! the Enemy comes on,
A ſharp Aſſault already is begun:
The murdering Guns play fiercely on the Walls.
Odm. Now Rival let us run whefe Honour calls.
Guy. I have diſcharg'd what Gratitude did owe,
And the brave *Spaniard* is again my Foe. [*Ex.* Odm. *and* Guy.
Mont. Our Walls are high, and Multitudes defend:
Their vain Attempt muſt in their Ruine end.

The Nuptials with my preſence ſhall be grac'd.
Alib. At leaſt but ſtay till the Aſſault be paſt.
Alm. Siſter, in vain you urge him to delay,
The King has promis'd, and he ſhall obey.
Enter Second Meſſenger.
From ſeveral parts the Enemy's repell'd,
One only quarter to th' Aſſault does yield.
Enter Third Meſſenger.
Some Foes are enter'd, but they are ſo few,
They only Death, not Victory purſue.
Orb. Hark, hark, they ſhout! ——
From Virtue's rules I do too meanly ſwerve,
I by my Courage will your Love deſerve.
Mont. Here in the Heart of all the Town I'll ſtay,
And timely ſuccour where it wants convey.
A Noiſe within. *Enter* Orbellan, Indians *driven in*, Cortez *after them, and one or two* Spaniards.
Cort. He's found, he's found; degenerate Coward, ſtay:
Night ſav'd thee once, thou ſhalt not ſcape by day. [*Kills* Orb.
Orb. O I am kill'd ——— *Dies.*

Enter Guyomar *and* Odmar.

Guy. Yield, Generous ſtranger, and preſerve your Life, [*He is beſet.*
Why chuſe you Death in this unequal ſtrife?
[Almeria *and* Alibech *fall on* Orbellan's *Body.*
Cort. What nobler Fate could any Lover meet,
I fall reveng'd and at my Miſtreſs feet?
[*They fall on him and bear him down,* Guyomar *takes his Sword.*
Alib. He's paſt recovery; my dear Brothers ſlain;
Fate's hand was in it, and my care was vain.
Alm. In weak complaints you vainly waſte your Breath:
They are not Tears that can revenge his Death,
Diſpatch the Villain ſtraight.
Cort. ———The Villain's dead.
Alm. Give me a Sword, and let me take his Head.
Mont. Though, Madam, for your Brother's loſs I grieve,
Yet let me beg
Alm. ———His Murderer may live?
Cyd. 'Twas his Misfortune, and the Chance of War.
Cort. It was my purpoſe, and I kill'd him fair;
How could you ſo unjuſt and cruel prove,
To call that Chance which was the Act of Love?
Cyd. I call'd it any thing to ſave your Life:
Would he were living ſtill and I his Wife;
That wiſh was once my greateſt miſery:
But 'tis a greater to behold you dye.

Alm.

Alm. Either command his Death upon the place,
Or never more behold *Almeria*'s Face.
Guy. You by his Valour once from Death were freed:
Can you forget ſo Generous a Deed? [*To* Montezuma.
Mont. How Gratitude and Love divide my Breſt;
Both ways alike my Soul is robb'd of reſt.
But——let him die———can I his Sentence give?
Ungrateful, muſt he Die by whom I Live?
But can I then *Almeria*'s Tears deny?
Should any Live, whom ſhe commands to Die?
Guy. Approach who dares: He yielded on my word;
And as my Pris'ner, I reſtore his Sword; [*Gives his Sword.*
His Life concerns the ſafety of the State,
And I'll preſerve it for a calm Debate.
Mont. Dar'ſt thou rebel, falſe and degenerate Boy?
That Being which I gave, I thus deſtroy. [*Offers to kill him,* Odmar *ſteps between.*
Odm. My Brother's Blood I cannot ſee you ſpill,
Since he prevents you but from doing ill:
He is my Rival, but his Death would be
For him too glorious, and too baſe for me.
Guy. Thou ſhalt not conquer in this noble ſtrife:
Alas, I meant not to defend my Life:
Strike, Sir, you never pierc'd a Breaſt more true;
'Tis the laſt Wound I e'er can take for you.
You ſee I live but to diſpute your Will;
Kill me, and then you may my Pris'ner kill.
Cort. You ſhall not, Generous Youths, contend for me,
It is enough that I your Honour ſee;
But that your Duty may no blemiſh take,
I will my ſelf your Father's Captive make;
When he dares ſtrike, I am prepar'd to fall: [*Gives his Sword to* Montez.
The *Spaniards* will revenge their General.
Cyd. Ah you too haſtily your Life reſign.
You more would love it if you valu'd mine!
Cort. Diſpatch me quickly, I my Death forgive,
I ſhall grow tender elſe, and wiſh to live;
Such an infectious Face her ſorrow wears,
I can bear Death but not *Cydaria*'s Tears.
Alm. Make haſte, make haſte, they merit Death all three:
They for Rebellion, and for Murder he.
See, ſee, my Brother's Ghoſt hangs hovering there,
O'er his warm Blood that ſteems into the Air,
Revenge, revenge, it cries.
Mont.——And it ſhall have;
But two days reſpit for his Life I crave:
If in that ſpace you not more gentle prove,
I'll give a fatal proof how well I love.

Till

Till when you *Guyomar*, your Pris'ner take;
Beſtow him in the Caſtle on the Lake:
In that ſmall time I ſhall the Conqueſt gain
Of theſe few Sparks of Vertue which remain;
Then all who ſhall my headlong paſſion ſee,
Shall curſe my Crimes, and yet ſhall pity me. [*Exeunt Omnes.*

ACT IV.

SCENE, *A Priſon.*

Enter Almeria *and an* Indian, *they ſpeak entring.*

Ind. A Dangerous proof of my reſpect I ſhow.
Alm. Fear not, Prince *Guyomar* ſhall never know:
While he is abſent, let us not delay,
Remember 'tis the King thou doſt obey.
Ind. See where he ſleeps. [Cortez *appears Chain'd and laid aſleep.*
Alm. ——Without my coming wait:
And on thy Life ſecure the Priſon Gate.—— [*Exit* Indian.
[*She plucks out a Dagger and approaches him.*
Spaniard, awake: thy fatal hour is come:
Thou ſhall not at ſuch eaſe receive thy Doom.
Revenge is ſure, though ſometimes ſlowly pac'd,
Awake, awake, or ſleeping ſleep thy laſt.
Cort. Who names Revenge?
Alm. ——Look up and thou ſhalt ſee.
Cort. I cannot fear ſo fair an Enemy.
Alm. No aid is nigh, nor canſt thou make defence:
Whence can thy Courage come?
Cort. ——From Innocence.
Alm. From Innocence? let that then take thy part,
Still are thy looks aſſur'd,——have at thy Heart [*Holds up the Dagger.*
I cannot kill thee, ſure thou bear'ſt ſome Charm, [*Goes back.*
Or ſome Divinity holds back my Arm.
Why do I thus delay to make him Bleed, [*Aſide.*
Can I want Courage for ſo brave a deed?
I've ſhook it off, my Soul is free from fear, [*Comes again.*
And I can now ſtrike any where,——but here
His ſcorn of Death how ſtrangely does it move!
A mind ſo haughty who could chuſe but love! [*Goes off.*
Plead not a Charm, or any Gods command,
Alas, it is thy heart that holds thy hand;
In ſpight of me I love, and ſee too late
My Mothers Pride muſt find my Mothers Fate.

——Thy

——Thy Country's Foe, thy Brother's Murtherer,
For ſhame, *Almeria*, ſuch mad thoughts forbear:
It w'onnot be if I once more come on, [*Coming on again.*
I ſhall miſtake the Breaſt and pierce my own. *Comes with her Dagger down.*
Cort. Does your revenge maliciouſly forbear
To give me Death, till 'tis prepar'd by Fear?
If you delay for that, forbear or ſtrike,
Fore-ſeen and ſudden death are both alike.
Alm. To ſhow my love would but increaſe his Pride:
They have moſt power who moſt their paſſions hide. [*Aſide.*
Spaniard, I muſt confeſs I did expect
You could not meet your death with ſuch neglect;
I will defer it now, and give you time,
You may Repent, and I forget your Crime.
Cort. Thoſe who repent acknowledge they did ill:
I did not unprovok'd your Brother kill.
Alm. Petition me, perhaps I may forgive.
Cort. Who begs his Life does not deſerve to live.
Alm. But if 'tis given you'll not refuſe to take?
Cort. I can live gladly for *Cydaria*'s ſake.
Alm. Does ſhe ſo wholly then poſſeſs your mind?
What if you ſhould another Lady find,
Equal to her in birth, and far above
In all that can attract, or keep your Love,
Would you ſo doat upon your firſt deſire,
As not to entertain a Nobler Fire?
Cort. I think that perſon hardly will be found,
With gracious form and equal Vertue crown'd:
Yet if another could precedence claim,
My fixt deſires could find no fairer Aim.
Alm. Dull ignorance, he cannot yet conceive:
To ſpeak more plain, ſhame will not give me leave. [*Aſide.*
——Suppoſe one lov'd you whom even Kings adore: [*To him.*
Who with your Life, your Freedom would reſtore,
And add to that the Crown of *Mexico*:
Would you for her *Cydaria*'s love forgo?
Cort. Though ſhe could offer all you can invent,
I could not of my Faith once vow'd repent.
Alm. A burning bluſh hath covered all my Face,
Why am I forc'd to publiſh my diſgrace?
What if I love, you know it cannot be,
And yet I bluſh to put the caſe 'twere me.
If I could love you with a flame ſo true,
I could forget what hand my Brother ſlew?——
——Make out the reſt—I am diſorder'd ſo,
I know not farther what to ſay or do:
——But anſwer me to what you think I meant.

Cort.

Cort. Reaſon or Wit no anſwer can invent:
Of words confus'd who can the meaning find?
Alm. Diſorder'd words ſhow a diſtemper'd mind.
Cort. She has oblig'd me ſo, that could I chuſe,
I would not anſwer what I muſt refuſe. [*Aſide.*
Alm. —His mind is ſhook;— ſuppoſe I lov'd you, ſpeak,
Would you for me *Cydaria*'s Fetters break?
Cort. Things meant in Jeſt, no ſerious anſwer need.
Alm. But put the caſe that it were ſo indeed.
Cort. If it were ſo, which but to think were Pride,
My conſtant Love would dangerouſly be try'd:
For ſince you could a Brother's death forgive,
He whom you ſave, for you alone ſhould live:
But I the moſt unhappy of Mankind,
E're I knew yours, have all my love reſign'd;
'Tis my own loſs I grieve, who have no more;
You go a begging to a Bankrupt's door.
Yet could I change, as ſure I never can,
How could you love ſo infamous a Man?
For love once given from her, and plac'd in you,
Would leave no ground I ever could be true.
Alm. You conſtrued me aright, ——I was in Jeſt:
And by that offer meant to ſound your Breſt;
Which ſince I find ſo conſtant to your Love,
Will much my value of your worth improve.
Spaniard, aſſure your ſelf you ſhall not be
Oblig'd to quit *Cydaria* for me:
'Tis dangerous though to treat me in this ſort,
And to refuſe my offer, though in ſport. [*Exit* Almeria.
Cort. In what a ſtrange Condition am I left, [Cort. *ſolus.*
More than I wiſh I have, of all I wiſh bereft!
In wiſhing nothing we enjoy ſtill moſt;
For even our wiſh is in poſſeſſion loſt:
Reſtleſs we wander to a new deſire,
And burn our ſelves by blowing up the fire:
We toſs and turn about our feaveriſh will,
When all our eaſe muſt come by lying ſtill:
For all the happineſs Mankind can gain
Is not in pleaſure, but in reſt from pain. [*Goes in, and the Scene cloſes upon him.*

SCENE II. *Chamber Royal.*

Enter Montezuma, Odmar, Guyomar, Alibech.

Mont. My Ears are deaf with this impatient crowd.
Odm. Their wants are now grown mutinous and loud:

The

The Gen'rals taken, but the Siege remains;
And their laſt Food our dying Men ſuſtains.
Guy. One means is only left, I to this hour,
Have kept the Captive from *Almeria*'s power,
And though by your Command ſhe often ſent
To urge his Doom, do ſtill his Death prevent.
Mont. That hope is paſt: him I have oft aſſail'd,
But neither Threats nor Kindneſs have prevail'd;
Hiding our Wants, I offer'd to releaſe
His Chains, and equally conclude a Peace:
He fiercely anſwer'd, I had now no way
But to ſubmit, and without Terms obey:
I told him, He in Chains demanded more
Than he impos'd in Victory before:
He ſullenly reply'd, He could not make
Thoſe Offers now; Honour muſt give, not take.
Odm. Twice have I ſally'd, and was twice beat back:
What deſp'rate Courſe remains for us to take!
Mont. If either Death or Bondage I muſt chooſe,
I'll keep my Freedom, though my Life I loſe.
Guy. I'll not upbraid you that you once refus'd
Thoſe Means you might have then with Honour us'd:
I'll lead your Men, perhaps bring Victory:
They know to Conquer beſt, who know to Die. [*Exeunt* Mont. Odmar.
Alib. Ah me, what have I heard! ſtay, *Guyomar*,
What hope you from this Sally you prepare?
Guy. A Death, with Honour for my Country's good:
A Death, to which your ſelf deſign'd my Blood.
Alib. You heard, and I well know the Town's Diſtreſs,
Which Sword and Famine both at once oppreſs:
Famine ſo fierce, that what's deny'd Man's Uſe,
E'en deadly Plants, and Herbs of pois'nous Juice
Wild Hunger ſeeks; and to prolong our Breath,
We greedily devour our certain Death:
The Soldier in th' Aſſault of Famine falls:
And Ghoſts, not Men, are watching on the Walls.
As Callow Birds———
Whoſe Mother's kill'd in ſeeking of the Prey,
Cry in their Neſt, and think her long away:
And at each Leaf that ſtirs, each blaſt of Wind,
Gape for the Food, which they muſt never find:
So cry the People in their Miſery.
Guy. And what Relief can they expect from me?
Alib. While *Montezuma* ſleeps, call in the Foe:
The Captive Gen'ral your Deſign may know:
His Noble Heart, to Honour ever true,
Knows how to ſpare as well as to ſubdue.

Guy. What I have heard I bluſh to hear: and grieve
Thoſe words you ſpoke, I muſt your words believe;
I to do this! I, whom you once thought brave,
To ſell my Country, and my King enſlave?
All I have done by one foul act deface,
And yield my right to you by turning baſe?
What more could *Odmar* wiſh that I ſhould do
To loſe your Love, than you perſwade me to?
No, Madam, no, I never can commit
A deed ſo ill, nor can you ſuffer it:
'Tis but to try what Vertue you can find
Lodg'd in my Soul.

Alib. I plainly ſpeak my Mind;
Dear as my Life my Vertue I'll preſerve:
But Vertue you too ſcrupulouſly ſerve:
I lov'd not more than now my Countries good,
When for it's ſervice I employ'd your Blood:
But things are alter'd, I am ſtill the ſame,
By different ways ſtill moving to one fame;
And by diſ-arming you, I now do more
To ſave the Town, than arming you before.

Guy. Things good or ill by circumſtances be;
In you 'tis Vertue, what is Vice in me.

Alib. That ill is pardon'd which does good procure.

Guy. The good's uncertain, but the ill is ſure.

Alib. When Kings grow ſtubborn ſlothful, or unwiſe,
Each private Man for publick good ſhould riſe.

Guy. Take heed, fair Maid how Monarchs you accuſe:
Such reaſons none but impious Rebels uſe:
Thoſe who to Empire by dark paths aſpire,
Still plead a call to what they moſt deſire;
But Kings by free conſent their Kingdoms take,
Strict as thoſe Sacred Ties which Nuptials make;
And what e'er faults in Princes time reveal,
None can be Judge where can be no Appeal.

Alib. In all debates you plainly let me ſee
You love your Vertue beſt, but *Odmar* me:
Go, your miſtaken Piety purſue:
I'll have from him what is deny'd by you;
With my Commands you ſhall no more be grac'd,
Remember, Sir, this Trial was your laſt.

Guy. The gods inſpire you with a better mind;
Make you more juſt, and make you then more kind:
But though from Vertues Rules I cannot part,
Think I deny you with a bleeding Heart:
'Tis hard with me whatever choice I make;
I muſt not merit you, or muſt forſake:

But in this ſtrait, to Honour I'll be true,
And leave my Fortune to the gods and you.
Enter Meſſenger *privately.*
Meſſ. Now is the time; be aiding to your Fate:
From the Watch-Tower, above the Weſtern-Gate,
I have diſcern'd the Foe ſecurely lie,
Too proud to fear a beaten Enemy:
Their careleſs Chiefs to the cool Grottoes run,
The Bowers of Kings, to ſhade them from the Sun.
Guy. Upon thy life diſcloſe thy News to none;
I'll make the Conqueſt or the ſhame my own. [*Exit* Guyomar *and* Meſſenger.

Enter Odmar.

Alib. I read ſome welcome Meſſage in his Eye:
Prince *Odmar* comes: I'll ſee if he'll deny.
Odmar. I come to tell you pleaſing News,
I begg'd a thing your Brother did refuſe.
Alib. The News both pleaſes me, and grives me too;
For nothing, ſure, ſhould be deny'd to you:
But he was bleſt who might commanded be;
You never meant that happineſs to me.
What he refus'd your kindneſs might beſtow,
But my Commands, perhaps, your burden grow.
Odm. Could I but live till burthenſome they prove,
My Life would be immortal as my Love.
Your wiſh, e'er it receive a name, I grant.
Alib. 'Tis to relieve your dying Countries want;
All hopes of ſuccour from your Arms is paſt,
To ſave us now you muſt our Ruine haſte;
Give up the Town, and to oblige him more,
The Captive General's Liberty reſtore.
Odm. You ſpeak to try my Love, Can you forgive
So ſoon, to let your Brother's Murderer live?
Alib. Orbellan, though my Brother did diſgrace
With treacherous Deeds our Mighty Mother's Race;
And to revenge his Blood, ſo juſtly ſpilt,
What is it leſs than to partake his guilt?
Though my Proud Siſter to revenge incline,
I to my Country's good my own reſign.
Odm. To ſave our Lives our Freedom I betray——
——Yet ſince I promis'd it, I will obey;
I'll not my Shame nor your Commands diſpute:
You ſhall behold your Empire's Abſolute. [*Exit* Odmar.
Alib. I ſhould have thank'd him for his ſpeedy Grant:
And yet I know not how, fit words I want:
Sure I am grown diſtracted in my mind,
That joy this Grant ſhould bring I cannot find:

The one, denying, vex'd my Soul before;
And this, obeying, has disturb'd me more:
The one with Grief, and slowly did refuse,
The other, in his Grant, much haste did use:
——He us'd too much——and granting me so soon,
He has the Merit of the Gift undone:
Methought with wondrous Ease, he swallow'd down
His forfeit Honour, to betray the Town:
My inward Choice was *Guyomar* before,
But now his Vertue has confirm'd me more——
——I rave, I rave, for *Odmar* will obey,
And then my Promise must my Choice betray.
Fantastick Honour, thou hast fram'd a Toil
Thy self, to make thy Love thy Vertues Spoil. [*Exit* Alibech.

SCENE III.

A pleasent Grotto discover'd: in it a Fountain spouting; round about it Vasquez, Pizarro, *and other* Spaniards *lying carelesly unarm'd, and by them many* Indian *Women, one of which sings the following Song.*

SONG.

Ah! fading Joy, how quickly art thou past?
Yet we thy Ruine haste.
As if the Cares of Humane Life were few,
We seek out new:
And follow Fate which would too fast pursue.

See how on every Bough the Birds express
In their sweet Notes their Happiness.
They all enjoy, and nothing spare;
But on their Mother Nature lay their Care:
Why then should Man, the Lord of all below,
Such Troubles chuse to know,
As none of all his Subjects undergo?
Hark, hark, the Waters fall, fall, fall:
And with a murmuring Sound
Dash, dash, upon the Ground,
To gentle Slumbers call.

After

After the Song, two Spaniards *arise and dance a* Saraband *with* Caſtanieta's: *at the end of which,* Guyomar *and his* Indians *enter, and 'ere the* Spaniards *can recover their Swords, ſeize them.*

Guy. Thoſe whom you took without in Triumph bring,
But ſee theſe ſtraight conducted to the King.
Piz. Vaſquez, what now remains in theſe Extreams?
Vaſq. Only to wake us from our Golden Dreams.
Piz. Since by our ſhameful Conduct we have loſt
Freedom, Wealth, Honour, which we value moſt,
I wiſh they would our Lives a Peroid give:
They live too long who Happineſs out-live. [Spaniards *are led out.*
1. *Ind.* See, Sir, how quickly your Succeſs is ſpread:
The King comes marching in the Army's Head.
Enter Montezuma, Alibech, Odmar, *diſcontented.*
Mont. Now all the Gods reward and bleſs my Son: [*Embracing.*
Thou haſt this day thy Father's Youth out-done.
Alib. Juſt Heaven all Happineſs upon him ſhower,
Till it confeſs it's Will beyond it's Power.
Guy. The Heav'ns are kind, the Gods propitious be,
I only doubt a Mortal Deity:
I neither fought for Conqueſt, nor for Fame,
Your Love alone can recompence my Flame.
Alib. I gave my Love to the moſt brave in War;
But that the King muſt judge.
Mont.——'Tis *Guyomar.* [*Souldiers ſhout, a* Guyomar, *&c.*
Mont. This day your Nuptials we will celebrate;
But guard theſe haughty Captives till their Fate:
Odmar, this night to keep them be your Care,
To morrow for their Sacrifice prepare.
Alib Blot not your Conqueſt with your Cruelty.
Mont. Fate ſays we are not ſafe unleſs they die:
The Spirit that fore-told this happy day,
Bid me uſe Caution, and avoid Delay:
Poſterity be juſter to my Fame:
Nor call it Murder, when each private Man
In his Defence may juſtly do the ſame:
But private Perſons more than Monarchs can:
All weigh our Acts, and whate'er ſeems unjuſt,
Impute not to Neceſſity, but Luſt. [*Ex.* Montez. Guyom. *and* Alib.
Odm Loſt and undone! he had my Father's Voice,
And *Alibech* ſeem'd pleas'd with her new Choice:
Alas, it was not new! too late I ſee,
Since one ſhe hated, that it muſt be me.
——I feel a ſtrange Temptation in my Will
To do an Action, great at once and ill:

Vertue

Vertue ill treated from my Soul is fled;
I by Revenge and Love am wholly led:
Yet Conſcience would againſt my rage rebel——
———Conſcience the fooliſh pride of doing well!
Sink Empire, Father Periſh, Brother fall,
Revenge does more than recompence you all.
———Conduct the Pris'ners in——
Spaniards, you ſee your own deplor'd Eſtate:

Enter Vaſquez, Pizarro.

What dare you do to reconcile your Fate?
Vaſq. All that deſpair, with Courage join'd can do.
Odm. An eaſie way to Victory I'll ſhow:
When all are buried in their ſleep or joy,
I'll give you Arms, Burn, Raviſh, and Deſtroy;
For my own ſhare one Beauty I deſign,
Engage your Honour that ſhe ſhall be mine.
Piz. I gladly Swear.
Vaſq. ———And I; but I requeſt
That, in return, one who has touch'd my breaſt,
Whoſe name I know not, may be given to me.
Odm. Spaniard, 'tis juſt; ſhe's yours who e're ſhe be.
Vaſq. The night comes on: if Fortune bleſs the bold,
I ſhall poſſeſs the Beauty.
Piz. I the Gold. [*Excunt omnes.*

SCENE IV. *A Priſon.*

Cortez *diſcovered, bound:* Almeria *talking with him.*

Alm. I come not now your conſtancy to prove,
You may believe me when I ſay I Love.
Cort. You have too well inſtructed me before,
In your intentions to believe you more.
Alm. I'm juſtly plagu'd by this your unbelief,
And am my ſelf the cauſe of my own grief:
But to beg Love, I cannot ſtoop ſo low;
It is enough that you my paſſion know:
'Tis in your choice; Love me, or Love me not, [*Lays hold on the Dagger.*
I have not yet my Brother's Death forgot.
Cort. You Menace me and Court me in a breath:
Your *Cupid* looks as dreadfully as Death.
Alm. Your hopes, without, are vaniſh'd into ſmoke:
Your Captains taken, and your Armies broke.
Cort. In vain you urge me with my miſeries:
When Fortune falls, High Courages can riſe.

Now

Now ſhould I change my Love, it would appear
Not the Effect of Gratitude, but fear.
Alm. I'll to the King and make it my Requeſt,
Or my Command that you may be releaſt;
And make you judge, when I have ſet you free,
Who beſt deſerves your Paſſion, I, or ſhe.
Cort. You tempt my Faith ſo generous a way,
As without Guilt might Conſtancy betray:
But I'm ſo far from meriting Eſteem,
That if I judge I muſt my ſelf condemn;
Yet having given my worthleſs Heart before,
What I muſt ne'er poſſeſs I will adore;
Take my Devotion then this humbler way;
Devotion is the Love which Heaven we pay. [*Kiſſes her Hand.*

Enter Cydaria.

Cyd. May I believe my Eyes! What do I ſee!
Is this her Hate to him, his Love to me!
'Tis in my Breaſt ſhe ſheaths her Dagger now.
Falſe Man, is this the Faith? Is this the Vow? [*To him.*
Cort. What words, dear Saint, are theſe I hear you uſe?
What Faith, what Vows are thoſe which you accuſe?
Cyd. More cruel than the Tygre o'er his Spoil;
And falſer than the Weeping Crocodile:
Can you add Vanity to Guilt, and take
A Pride to hear the Conqueſts which you make?
Go publiſh your Renown, let it be ſaid
You have a Woman, and that lov'd, betray'd.
Cort. With what Injuſtice is my Faith accus'd?
Life, Freedom, Empire, I at once refus'd;
And would again ten thouſand times for you.
Alm. She'll have too great Content to find him true;
And therefore ſince his Love is not for me,
I'll help to make my Rival's Miſery. [*Aſide.*
Spaniard, I never thought you falſe before: [*To him.*
Can you at once two Miſtreſſes adore?
Keep the poor Soul no longer in ſuſpence,
Your Change is ſuch as does not need Defence.
Cort. Riddles like theſe I cannot underſtand!
Alm. Why ſhould you bluſh? She ſaw you kiſs my hand.
Cyd. Fear not, I will, while your firſt Love's deny'd,
Favour your Shame, and turn my Eyes aſide;
My feeble Hopes in her Deſerts are loſt:
I neither can ſuch Power nor Beauty boaſt:
I have no Tye upon you to be true,
But that which looſned yours, my Love to you.

Cort.

Cort. Could you have heard my words!
Cyd. ——————Alas, what needs
To hear your Words, when I beheld your Deeds?
Cort. What ſhall I ſay! the Fate of Love is ſuch,
That ſtill it ſees too little or too much.
That act of mine which does your Paſſion move,
Was but a mark of my reſpect not Love.
Alm. Vex not your ſelf Excuſes to prepare:
For one you Love not is not worth your Care.
Cort. Cruel *Almeria*, take that Life you gave;
Since you but worſe deſtroy me, while you ſave.
Cyd. No, let me die, and I'll my Claim reſign;
For while I live, methinks you ſhould be mine.
Cort. The bloodieſt Vengeance which ſhe could purſue,
Would be a Trifle to my loſs of you.
Cyd. Your Change was wiſe: for had ſhe been deny'd,
A ſwift Revenge had follow'd from her Pride:
You from my gentle Nature had no Fears,
All my Revenge is only in my Tears.
Cort. Can you imagine I ſo mean could prove,
To ſave my Life by changing of my Love?
Cyd. Since Death is that which nat'rally we ſhun,
You did no more than I perhaps had done.
Cort. Make me not doubt, Fair Soul, your Conſtancy;
You would have dy'd for Love and ſo would I.
Alm. You may believe him; you have ſeen it prov'd.
Cort. Can I not gain belief how I have lov'd?
What can thy Ends, malicious Beauty, be?
Can he who kill'd thy Brother live for thee? [*A noiſe of claſhing of Swords.*
[Vaſquez *within*, Indians *againſt him.*
Vaſq. Yield, Slaves, or die; our Swords ſhall force our way. [*Within.*
Ind. We cannot, though o'er-powerd, our Truſt betray. [*Within.*
Cort. 'Tis *Vaſquez* voice, he brings me Liberty.
Vaſq. In ſpight of Fate I'll ſet my Gen'ral free: [*Within.*
Now Victory for us, the Town's our own.
Alm. All hopes of Safety and of Love are gone:
As when ſome dreadful Thunder-clap is nigh,
The winged Fire ſhoots ſwiftly through the Skie,
Strikes and conſumes 'ere ſcarce it does appear,
And by the ſudden I'll, prevents the Fear:
Such is my State in this amazing Woe,
It leaves no Pow'r to think, much leſs to do:
——But ſhall my Rival live? Shall ſhe enjoy
That Love in Peace I labour'd to deſtroy? [*Aſide.*
Cort. Her Looks grow black as a tempeſtuous Wind;
Some raging Thoughts are rowling in her Mind.

Alm.

Alm. Rival, I muſt your Jealouſy remove,
You ſhall, hereafter, be at reſt for Love.
Cyd. Now you are kind.
Alm. ——He whom you love is true :
But he ſhall never be poſſeſs'd by you. [*Draws her Dagger, and runs towards her.*
Cort. Hold, hold ; Ah, barb'rous Woman ! flye, oh flye !
Cyd. Ah, pity, pity ! is no ſuccour nigh ?
Cort. Run, run behind me, there you may be ſure,
While I have Life I will your Life ſecure. [Cydaria *gets behind him.*
Alm. On him or thee, light Vengeance any where : [*She ſtabs and hurts him.*
——What have I done ? I ſee his Blood appear !
Cyd. It ſtreams, it ſtreams from ev'ry Vital Part :
Was there no way but this to find his Heart ?
Alm. Ah ! Curſed Woman, what was my Deſign ?
This Weapon's Point ſhall mix that Blood with mine !
[*Goes to ſtab her ſelf, and being within his reach, he ſnatches the Dagger.*
Cort. Now neither Life nor Death are in your Power.
Alm. Then ſullenly I'll wait my Fatal Hour.

Enter Vaſquez *and* Pizarro *with drawn Swords.*

Vaſq. He lives, he lives.
Cort. ——Unfetter me with ſpeed,
Vaſquez, I ſee you troubled that I bleed :
But 'tis not deep ; our Army I can head.
Vaſq. You to a certain Victory are led :
Your Men all arm'd, ſtand ſilently within :
I with your Freedom did the Work begin.
Piz. What Friends we have, and how we came ſo ſtrong,
We'll ſoftly tell you as we march along.
Cort. In this ſafe Place let me ſecure your Fear : [*To* Cydaria.
No claſhing Swords, no Noiſe can enter here.
Amidſt our Arms as quiet you ſhall be
As Halcyons brooding on a Winter Sea.
Cyd. Leave me not here alone, and full of Fright,
Amidſt the Terrours of a Dreadful Night :
You judge, alas ! my Courage by your own ;
I never durſt in Darkneſs be alone :
I beg, I throw me humbly at your Feet——
Cort. You muſt not go where you may Dangers meet.
Th' unruly Sword will no Diſtinction make :
And Beauty will not there give Wounds, but take.
Alm. Then ſtay and take me with you ; though to be
A Slave to wait upon your Victory.
My Heart unmov'd, can Noiſe and Horrour bear :
Parting from you is all the Death I fear.

Cort. *Almeria*, 'tis enough I leave you free:
You neither muſt ſtay here, nor go with me.
Alm. Then take my Life, that will my Reſt reſtore:
'Tis all I ask for ſaving yours before.
Cort. That were a barbarous Return of Love.
Alm. Yet leaving it, you more inhumane prove:
In both Extreams I ſoft Relief ſhould find:
Oh! either hate me more, or be more kind.
Cort. Life of my Soul, do not my Abſence mourn:
But chear your Heart in hopes of my Return. [*To* Cydaria.
Your Noble Father's Life ſhall be my Care;
And both your Brothers I'm oblig'd to ſpare.
Cyd. Fate makes you deaf, while I in vain implore,
My Heart forebodes I ne'er ſhall ſee you more:
I have but one Requeſt when I am dead,
Let not my Rival to your Love ſucceed.
Cort. Fate will be kinder than your Fears foretell;
Farewel, my Dear.
Cyd.———A long and laſt Farewell:
———So eager to imploy the cruel Sword;
Can you not one, not one laſt Look afford!
Cort. I melt to Womaniſh Tears, and if I ſtay,
I find my Love my Courage will betray:
Yon Tower will keep you ſafe, but be ſo kind
To your own Life that none may Entrance find.
Cyd. Then lead me there—— [*He leads her.*
For this one minute of your Company,
I go methinks with ſome Content to die.
[*Exeunt* Cortez, Vaſquez, Pizarro, Cydaria.
Alm. Farewel, O too much lov'd, ſince lov'd in vain! [*Sola.*
What diſmal Fortune does for me remain!
Night and Deſpair my fatal Foot-ſteps guide;
That Chance may give the Death which he deny'd. [*Exit.*

Cortez, Vaſquez, Pizarro, *and* Spaniards *return again.*

Cort. All I hold dear, I truſt to your Defence, [*To* Pizarro.
Guard her, and, on your Life, remove not hence.
[*Exeunt* Cortez *and* Vaſquez.
Piz. I'll venture that——
The Gods are good; I'll leave her to their Care,
Steal from my Poſt, and in the Plunder ſhare. [*Exit*

ACT

ACT V. SCENE I.

The Chamber Royal, an Indian Hamock *diſcover'd in it.*

Enter Odmar *with Souldiers,* Guyomar, Alibech, *bound.*

Odm. FATE is more juſt than you to my Deſert,
And in this Act you blame, Heaven takes my part.
Guy. Can there be Gods, and no Revenge provide?
Odm. The Gods, are ever of the Conq'ring Side:
She's now my Queen, the *Spaniards* have agreed
I to my Father's Empire ſhall ſucceed.
Alib. How much I Crowns contemn I let thee ſee,
Chuſing the younger, and refuſing thee.
Guy. Were ſhe Ambitious ſhe'd diſdain to own
The Pageant Pomp of ſuch a Servile Throne:
A Throne which thou by Parricide doſt gain,
And by a baſe Submiſſion muſt retain.
Alib. I lov'd thee not before, but, *Odmar*, know
That now I hate thee and deſpiſe thee too.
Odm. With too much Violence you Crimes purſue,
Which if I Acted 'twas for Love of you:
This, if it teach not Love, may teach you Fear:
I brought not ſin ſo far, to ſtop it here.
Death in a Lover's Mouth would ſound but ill:
But know, I either muſt enjoy, or kill.
Alib. Beſtow, baſe Man, thy idle Threats elſewhere,
My Mother's Daughter knows not how to fear.
Since *Guyomar*, I muſt not be thy Bride,
Death ſhall enjoy what is to thee deny'd.
Odm. Then take thy Wiſh——
Guy. Hold, *Odmar*, hold——
My Right in *Alibech* I will reſign;
Rather than ſee her Die, I'll ſee her thine.
Alib. In vain thou wouldſt reſign, for I will be,
Ev'n when thou leav'ſt me, Conſtant ſtill to thee:
That ſhall not ſave my Life: wilt thou appear
Fearful for her who for her ſelf wants Fear?
Odm. Her Love to him ſhows me a ſurer way:
I by her Love, her Vertue muſt betray: [*Aſide.*
Since, *Alibech*, you are ſo true a Wife: [*To her.*
'Tis in you Pow'r to ſave your Husband's Life:

The Gods, by me, your Love and Vertue try:
For both will ſuffer if you let him Dye.
Alib. I never can believe you will proceed
To ſuch a Black and Execrable Deed.
Odm. I only threatned you; but could not prove
So much a Fool to murder what I love:
But in his Death, I ſome Advantage ſee:
Worſe than it is I'm ſure it cannot be.
If you conſent, you with that gentle Breath
Preſerve his Life: if not, behold his Death. [*Holds his Sword to his Breaſt.*
Alib. What ſhall I do!
Guy. ——What, are your Thoughts at ſtrife
About a Ranſom to preſerve my Life?
Though to ſave yours I did my Int'reſt give,
Think not when you were his I meant to live.
Alib. O let him be preſerv'd by any way:
But name not the foul Price which I muſt pay. [*To* Odm.
Odm. You would and would not; I'll no longer ſtay. [*Offers again to kill him.*
Alib. I yield, I yield; but yet 'ere I am ill,
An innocent Deſire I would fulfill:
With *Guyomar* I one chaſte Kiſs would leave,
The firſt and laſt he ever can receive.
Odm. Have what you ask: that Minute you agree
To my Deſires, your Husband ſhall be free.
[*They unbind her, ſhe goes to her Husband.*
Guy. No, *Alibech*, we never muſt embrace: [*He turns from her.*
Your guilty Kindneſs why do you miſplace?
'Tis meant to him, he is your private Choice:
I was made yours, but by the publick Voice.
And now you leave me with a poor pretence,
That your ill Act is for my Life's Defence.
Alib. Since there remains no other Means to try,
Think I am falſe; I cannot ſee you die.
Guy. To give for me both Life and Honour too,
Is more, perhaps, than I could give for you.
You have done much to cure my Jealouſy,
But cannot perfect it unleſs both dye:
For ſince both cannot live, who ſtays behind
Muſt be thought fearful, or, what's worſe, unkind.
Alib. I never could propoſe that Death you chuſe;
But am, like you, too jealous to refuſe. [*Embracing him.*
Together dying we together ſhow,
That both did pay that Faith which both did owe.
Odm. It then remains I act my own Deſign:
Have you your Wills, but I will firſt have mine.
Aſſiſt me, Soldiers——

[*They go to bind her, ſhe cries out.*

Enter.

Enter Vaſquez, *two* Spaniards.

Vaſq. Hold, *Odmar*, hold, I come in happy time
To hinder my Misfortune, and your Crime.
Odm. You ill return the kindneſs I have ſhown.
Vaſq. *Indian*, I ſay, deſiſt.
Odm. ——*Spaniard*, be gone,
Vaſq. This Lady I did for my ſelf deſign:
Dare you attempt her Honour who is mine?
Odm. You're much miſtaken; this is She whom I
Did with my Father's loſs, and Country's buy:
She whom your promiſe did to me convey,
When all things elſe were made your common Prey.
Vaſq. That Promiſe made, excepted one for me;
One whom I ſtill reſerv'd, and this is She.
Odm. This is not ſhe, you cannot be ſo baſe.
Vaſq. I love too deeply to miſtake the Face:
The Vanquiſh'd muſt receive the Victor's Laws.
Odm. If I am Vanquiſh'd, I my ſelf am cauſe.
Vaſq. Then thank your ſelf for what you undergo.
Odm. Thus lawleſs Might does Juſtice overthrow.
Vaſq. Traytors, like you, ſhould never Juſtice name.
Odm. You owe your Triumphs to that Traytors ſhame.
But to your General I'll my Right refer.
Vaſq. He never will protect a Raviſher:
His Generous Heart will ſoon decide our ſtrife;
He to your Brother will reſtore his Wife.
'T reſts we two our Claim in Combat try,
And that with this fair Prize, the Victor fly.
Odm. Make haſte,
I cannot ſuffer to be long perplext:
Conqueſt is my firſt wiſh, and Death my next.

[*They Fight, the* Spaniards *and* Indians *Fight.*

Alib. The Gods the Wicked by themſelves o'rthrow:
All Fight againſt us now, and for us too! *Unbinds her Husband.*

[*The two* Spaniards *and three* Indians *kill each other*, Vaſquez *kills* Odmar, Guyomar *runs to his Brother's Sword.*

Vaſq. Now you are mine; my greateſt Foe is ſlain. [*To* Alibech.
Guy. A greater ſtill to vanquiſh does remain.
Vaſq. Another yet!
The Wounds I make but ſow new Enemies:
Which from their Blood, like Earth-born Brethren, riſe.
Guy. *Spaniard*, take breath; ſome reſpite I'll afford,
My Cauſe has more advantage than your Sword.
Vaſq. Thou art ſo brave——could it with Honour be,
I'd ſeek thy friendſhip more than Victory.

Guy.

Guy. Friendſhip with him whoſe hand did *Odmar* kill !
Baſe as he was, he was my Brother ſtill :
And ſince his Blood has waſh'd away his Guilt,
Nature asks thine for that which thou has ſpilt.
[*They fight a little and breathe,* Alibech *takes up a Sword, and comes on.*
Alib. My Weakneſs may help ſomething in the Strife.
Guy. Kill not my Honour to preſerve my Life : [*Staying her.*
Rather than by thy Aid I'll Conqueſt gain,
Without Defence I poorly will be ſlain.
[*She goes back, they fight again,* Vaſquez *falls.*
Guy. Now, *Spaniard,* beg thy Life, and thou ſhalt live.
Vaſq. 'Twere vain to ask thee what thou canſt not give :
My Breath goes out, and I am now no more ;
Yet her I lov'd, in Death I will adore. [*Dies.*
Guy. Come, *Alibech,* let us from hence remove :
This is a Night of Horrour, not of Love.
From every Part I hear a dreadful Noiſe :
The Vanquiſh'd Crying, and the Victors Joys.
I'll to my Father's Aid and Country's flye,
And ſuccour both, or in their Ruine die. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *A Priſon.*

Montezuma, Indian High-Prieſt *bound,* Pizarro, Spaniards *with Swords drawn, a* Chriſtian Prieſt.

Piz. Thou haſt not yet diſcover'd all thy Store.
Mont. I neither can nor will diſcover more :
The Gods will puniſh you, if they be juſt ;
The Gods will Plague your ſacrilegious Luſt.
Chr. Prieſt. Mark how this impious Heathen juſtifies
His own falſe Gods, and our true God denies :
How wickedly he has refus'd his Wealth,
And hid his Gold, from Chriſtian Hands, by ſtealth :
Down with him, kill him, merit Heaven thereby.
Ind. High-Pr. Can Heaven be Author of ſuch Cruelty ?
Piz. Since neither Threats nor Kindneſs will prevail,
We muſt by other means your Minds aſſail ;
Faſten the Engines ; ſtretch 'em at their Length,
And pull the ſtreightned Cords with all your ſtrength.
[*They faſten them to the Rack, and then pull them.*
Mont. The Gods, who made me once a King, ſhall know
I ſtill am worthy to continue ſo :
Though now the Subject of your Tyranny,
I'll Plague you worſe than you can puniſh me.

Know

Know I have Gold, which you ſhall never find,
No Pains, no Tortures ſhall unlock my Mind.
Chr. Pr. Pull harder yet; he does not feel the Rack.
Mont. Pull till my Veins break, and my Sinews crack.
Ind. High-Pr. When will you end your barb'rous Cruelty?
I beg not to eſcape, I beg to die.
Mont. Shame on thy Prieſt-hood, that ſuch Prayers can bring:
Is it not brave to ſuffer with thy King?
When Monarchs ſuffer, Gods themſelves bear part;
Then well may'ſt thou who but my Vaſſal art:
I charge thee dare not groan, nor ſhew one ſign,
Thou at thy Torments doſt the leaſt repine.
Ind. High-Pr. You took an Oath when you receiv'd your Crown,
The Heavens ſhould pour their uſual Bleſſings down;
The Sun ſhould ſhine, the Earth its Fruits produce,
And nought be wanting to your Subjects Uſe:
Yet we with Famine were oppreſs'd, and now
Muſt to the Yoke of cruel Maſters bow.
Mont. If thoſe above, who made the World, could be
Forgetful of it, why then blam'ſt thou me?
Chr. Pr. Thoſe Pains, O Prince, thou ſuffer'ſt now, are light,
Compar'd to thoſe, which when thy Soul takes flight,
Immortal, Endleſs, thou muſt then endure,
Which Death begins, and Time can never cure.
Mont. Thou art deceiv'd: for whenſoe'er I die,
The Sun my Father bears my Soul on high:
He lets me down a Beam, and mounted there,
He draws it back, and pulls me through the Air:
I in the Eaſtern Parts, and riſing Sky,
You in Heav'ns Downfal, and the Weſt muſt lie.
Chr. Pr. Fond Man, by Heathen Ignorance miſ-led,
Thy Soul deſtroying when thy Body's dead:
Change yet thy Faith, and buy Eternal Reſt.
Ind. High-Pr. Die in your own, for our Belief is beſt.
Mont. In ſeeking Happineſs you both agree,
But in the ſearch the Paths ſo different be,
That all Religions with each other fight,
While only one can lead us in the Right,
But till that one hath ſome more certain Mark,
Poor Humane-kind muſt wander in the dark;
And ſuffer Pains eternally below,
For that, which here we cannot come to know.
Chr. Pr. That which we worſhip, and which you believe,
From Nature's common Hand we both receive:
All under various Names, adore and love
One Power Immenſe, which ever rules above.

Vice to abhor, and Vertue to purſue,
Is both believ'd and taught by us and you:
But here our Worſhip takes another way——
Mont. Where both agree 'tis there moſt ſafe to ſtay:
For what's more vain than publick Light to ſhun,
And ſet up Tapers while we ſee the Sun?
Chr. Pr. Though Nature teaches whom we ſhou'd adore,
By Heav'nly Beams we ſtill diſcover more.
Mont. Or this muſt be enough, or to Mankind
One equal way to Bliſs is not deſign'd.
For though ſome more may know, and ſome know leſs,
Yet all muſt know enough for Happineſs.
Chr. Pr. If in this middle way you ſtill pretend
To ſtay, your Journey never will have end.
Mont. Howe'er 'tis better in the midſt to ſtay,
Than wander farther in uncertain way.
Chr. Pr. But we by Martyrdom our Faith avow.
Mont. You do no more than I for ours do now,
To prove Religion true———
If either Wit or Sufferings would ſuffice,
All Faiths afford the Conſtant and the Wiſe:
And yet ev'n they, by Education ſway'd
In Age defend what Infancy obey'd.
Chr. Pr. Since Age by erring Child-hood is miſ-led,
Refer your ſelf to our unerring Head.
Mont. Man and not erre? What Reaſon can you give?
Chr. Pr. Renounce that Carnal Reaſon, and believe.
Mont. The Light of Nature ſhould I thus betray,
'Twere to wink hard that I might ſee the Day.
Chr. Pr. Condemn not yet the way you do not know;
I'll make your Reaſon judge what way to go.
Mont. 'Tis much too late for me new ways to take,
Who have but one ſhort ſtep of Life to make.
Piz. Increaſe their Pains, the Cords are yet too ſlack.
Chr. Pr. I muſt by force convert him on the Rack.
Ind. High-Pr. I faint away, and find I can no more:
Give leave, O King, I may reveal thy Store,
And free my ſelf from Pains I cannot bear.
Mont. Think'ſt thou I lie on Beds of Roſes, here,
Or in a wanton Bath ſtretch'd at my eaſe?
Die, Slave, and with thee die ſuch Thoughts as theſe.

[High-Prieſt *turns aſide, and Dies.*

Enter

Enter Cortez *attended by* Spaniards, *he ſpeaks entring.*

Cort. On pain of death kill none but thoſe who fight;
I much Repent me of this bloody Night:
Slaughter grows Murther when it goes too far,
And makes a Maſſacre what was a War:
Sheath all your Weapons, and in ſilence move,
'Tis Sacred here to Beauty and to Love. [*Sees* Montezuma.
Ha———
What diſmal Sight is this which takes from me
All the Delight that waits on Victory! [*Runs to take him off the Rack.*
Make haſte: how now, Religion do you frown?
Haſte, holy Avarice, and help him down.
Ah, Father, Father, what do I endure, [*Embracing* Montezuma.
To ſee theſe Wounds my Pity cannot cure!
Mont. Am I ſo low, that you ſhould pity bring,
And give an Infants Comfort to a King?
Ask theſe, if I have once unmanly groan'd;
Or ought have done deſerving to be moan'd.
Cort. Did I not charge thou ſhould'ſt not ſtir from hence? [*To* Pizarro.
But Martial Law ſhall puniſh thy Offence.
And you, [*To the* Chr. Prieſt.
Who ſaucily teach Monarchs to obey,
And the wide World in narrow Cloyſters ſway;
Set up by Kings as humble Aids of Power,
You that which bred you Viper-like devour,
You Enemies of Crowns.
Chr. Pr.———Come, let's away,
We but provoke his Fury by our ſtay.
Cort. If this go free, farewel that Diſcipline,
Which did in *Spaniſh* Camps ſeverely ſhine:
Accurſed Gold, 'tis thou haſt caus'd theſe Crimes;
Thou turn'ſt our Steel againſt thy Parent Climes!
And into *Spain* wilt fatally be brought,
Since with the Price of Blood thou here art bought. [*Ex.* Prieſt *and* Pizar.
[Cortez *kneels by* Montezuma, *and weeps.*
Cort. Can you forget thoſe Crimes they did commit?
Mont. I'll do what for my Diginity is fit:
Riſe, Sir; I'm ſatisfi'd the Fault was theirs:
Truſt me you make me weep to ſee your Tears:
Muſt I chear you?
Cort. Ah Heavens!
Mont. ———You're much to blame;
Your Grief is cruel, for it ſhews my Shame,
Does my loſt Crown to my remembrance bring:
But weep not you, and I'll be ſtill a King.

You have forgot that I your Death design'd,
To satisfie the proud *Almeria*'s mind;
You, who preserv'd my Life, I doom'd to die.
Cort. Your Love did that, and not your Cruelty.

Enter a Spaniard.

Span. Prince *Guyomar* the Combat still maintains,
Our Men retreat, and he their Ground regains:
But once encourag'd by our General's Sight,
We boldly should renew the doubtful Fight.
Cort. Remove not hence, you shall not long attend: [*To* Montez.
I'll aid my Souldiers, yet preserve my Friend.
Mont. Excellent Man! [*Exit* Cortez, &c.
But I, by living, poorly take the way
To injure Goodness, which I cannot pay.

Enter Almeria.

Alm. Ruin and Death run arm'd through every Street;
And yet that Fate I seek I cannot meet:
What Guards Misfortunes are and misery!
Death that strikes all, yet seems afraid of me.
Mont. Almeria's here, O turn away your Face!
Must you be witness too of my Disgrace?
Alm. I am not that *Almeria* whom you knew,
But want that pity I deny'd to you:
Your Conquerour, Alas! has vanquish'd me;
But he refuses his own Victory:
While all are Captives, in your Conquer'd State,
I find a wretched Freedom in his hate.
Mont. Couldst thou thy Love on one who scorn'd thee lose?
He saw not with my Eyes who could refuse:
Him who could prove so much unkind to thee,
I ne'er will suffer to be kind to me.
Alm. I am content in Death to share your Fate;
And die for him I love with him I hate.
Mont. What shall I do in this perplexing streight!
My tortur'd Limbs refuse to bear my weight:
[*Endeavouring to walk, not being able.*
I cannot go to Death to set me free:
Death must be kind, and come himself to me.
Alm. I've thought upon't: I have Affairs below, Alm. *musing.*
Which I must needs dispatch before I go:
Sir, I have found a place where you may be, [*To him.*
(Though not preserv'd) yet like a King die free:
The General left your Daughter in the Tower,
We may a while resist the *Spaniard*'s power.
If *Guyomar* prevail——

Mont.

Mont.——Make haſte and call;
She'll hear your Voice, and anſwer from the Wall.
Alm. My Voice ſhe knows and fears, but uſe your own,
And to gain Entrance, feign you are alone. [Alm. *ſteps behind.*
Mont. Cydaria!
Alm.——Louder.
Mont.——Daughter!
Alm.——Louder yet.
Mont. Thou canſt not, ſure, thy Father's Voice forget.
[*He Knocks at the Door, at laſt* Cydaria *looks over the Balcony.*
Cyd. Since my Love went I have been frighted ſo,
With diſmal Groans and Noiſes from below:
I durſt not ſend my Eyes abroad for fear
Of ſeeing Dangers, which I yet but hear.
Mont. Cydaria!
Cyd.——Sure 'tis my Father calls.
Mont.——Dear Child, make haſte;
All hope of Succour, but from thee, is paſt:
As when upon the Sands the Traveller
Sees the high Sea come rolling from afar,
The Land grow ſhort, he mends his weary pace,
While Death behind him covers all the Place:
So I by ſwift Misfortunes am purſu'd,
Which on each other, are like Waves renew'd.
Cyd. Are you alone?
Mont.——I am.
Cyd.——I'll ſtreight deſcend;
Heaven did you here for both our Safeties ſend.
[Cydaria *deſcends and opens the Door,* Almeria *ruſhes betwixt with* Montezuma.
Cyd. Almeria here! then I am loſt again. [*Both thruſt.*
Alm. Yield to my ſtrength; you ſtruggle but in vain.
Make haſte and ſhut, our Enemies appear.
[Cortez *and* Spaniards *appear at the other end.*
Cyd. Then do you enter, and let me ſtay here.
[*As ſhe ſpeaks,* Almeria *over-powers her, thruſts her in, and ſhuts.*
Cort. Sure, I both heard her Voice, and ſaw her Face,
She's like a Viſion vaniſh'd from the place.
Too late I find my Abſence was too long;
My Hopes grow ſickly, and my Fears grow ſtrong.
[*He Knocks a little, then* Montezuma, Cydaria, Almeria *appear above.*
Alm. Look up, look up, and ſee if you can know
Thoſe whom in vain you think to find below.

Cyd. Look up, and ſee *Cydaria*'s loſt Eſtate.
Mont. And caſt one look on *Montezuma*'s Fate.
Cort. Speak not ſuch diſmal words as wound my Ear:
Nor name Death to me when *Cydaria*'s there.
Deſpair not, Sir; who knows but Conqu'ring *Spain*
May part of what you loſt reſtore again?
Mont. No, *Spaniard*, know; he who to Empire born,
Lives to be leſs, deſerves the Victor's Scorn:
Kings and their Crowns have but one Deſtiny:
Power is their Life, when that expires they die.
Cyd. What dreadful words are theſe!
Mont. ——Name Life no more;
'Tis now a Torture worſe than all I bore:
I'll not be brib'd to ſuffer Life, but die
In ſpight of your miſtaken Clemency.
I was your Slave, and I was us'd like one;
The Shame continues when the Pain is gone:
But I'm a King while this is in my Hand—— [*His Sword.*
He wants no Subjects who can Death command:
You ſhould have ty'd him up, t' have conquer'd me,
But he's ſtill mine, and thus he ſets me free. *Stabs himſelf.*
Cyd. Oh my dear Father!
Cort. Haſte, break ope the Door.
Alm. When that is forc'd there yet remain two more.
[*The Souldiers break open the firſt Door and go in.*
We ſhall have time enough to take our way,
'Ere any can our Fatal Journey ſtay.
Mont. Already mine is paſt: O Powers Divine;
Take my laſt Thanks; no longer I repine:
I might have liv'd my own Miſ-haps to mourn,
While ſome would pity me, but more would ſcorn!
For Pity only on freſh Objects ſtays;
But with the tedious ſight of Woes decays.
Still leſs and leſs my Boyling Spirits flow;
And I grow ſtiff as cooling Metals do:
Farewel *Almeria*—— [*Dies.*
Cyd.——He's gone, he's gone,
And leaves poor me Defenceleſs here alone.
Alm. You ſhall not long be ſo: Prepare to die,
That you may bear your Father Company.
Cyd. Oh! name not Death to me, you frighs me ſo,
That with the Fear I ſhall prevent the Blow:
I know your Mercy's more than to deſtroy
A thing ſo young, ſo innocent as I.
Cort. Whence can proceed thy cruel Thirſt of Blood,
Ah barb'rous Woman! Woman! that's too good,

Too

Too mild for thee; there's Pity in that Name,
But thou haſt loſt thy Pity with thy Shame.
Alm. Your cruel words have pierc'd me to the Heart;
But on my Rival I'll revenge my Smart.
Cort. Oh, ſtay your hand! and to redeem my Fault,
I'll ſpeak the kindeſt words———
That Tongue e'er utter'd, or that Heart e'er thought.
Dear——Lovely———Sweet———
Alm. This but offends me more;
You act your Kindneſs on *Cydaria*'s Score.
Cyd. For his dear ſake let me my Life receive.
Alm. Fool, for his ſake alone you muſt not live;
Revenge is now my Joy; he's not for me,
And I'll make ſure he ne'er ſhall be for thee.
Cyd. But what's my Crime?
Alm.——'Tis loving where I love.
Cyd. Your own Example does my Act approve.
Alm. 'Tis ſuch a Fault I never can forgive.
Cyd. How can I mend, unleſs you let me live?
I yet am Tender, Young, and full of Fear,
And dare not die, but fain would tarry here.
Cort. If Blood you ſeek, I will my own reſign:
O ſpare her Life, and in exchange take mine.
Alm. The Love you ſhew but haſtes her Death the more.
Cort. I'll run, and help to force the inner Door. [*Is going in haſte.*
Alm. Stay, *Spaniard*, ſtay, depart not from my Eyes:
That moment that I loſe your ſight ſhe dies.
To look on you, I'll grant a ſhort Reprieve.
Cort. O make your Gift more full, and let her live:
I dare not go; and yet how dare I ſtay?
Her I would ſave; I murder either way.
Cyd. Can you be ſo hard-hearted to deſtroy
My ripening Hopes, that are ſo near to Joy?
I juſt approach to all I would poſſeſs:
Death only ſtands 'twixt me and Happineſs.
Alm. Your Father, with his Life has loſt his Throne:
Your Country's Freedom and Renown is gone.
Honour requires your Death: you muſt obey.
Cyd. Do you die firſt; and ſhew me then the way.
Alm. Should you not follow, my Revenge were loſt.
Cyd. Then riſe again and fright me with your Ghoſt.
Alm. I will not truſt to that, ſince Death I chuſe,
I'll not leave you that Life which I refuſe:
If Death's a Pain, it is not leſs to me;
And if 'tis nothing, 'tis no more to thee.
But hark! the Noiſe increaſes from behind,
They're near, and may prevent what I deſign'd:

Take

Take there a Rival's Gift—— [*Stabs her.*
Cort. Perdition seize thee for so black a Deed,
Alm. Blame not an Act which did from Love proceed:
I'll thus revenge thee with this fatal Blow; [*Stabs her self.*
Stand fair, and let my Heart-blood on thee flow.
Cyd. Stay Life, and keep me in the cheerful Light;
Death is too black, and dwells in too much Night.
Thou leav'st me, Life, but Love supplies thy part,
And keeps me warm by lingring in my Heart:
Yet dying for him, I thy Claim remove;
How dear it costs to conquer in my love;
Now strike; that thought, I hope, will arm my Breast.
Alm. Ah with what differing passions am I prest!
Cyd. Death, when far off, did terrible appear;
But looks less dreadfull as he comes more near.
Alm. O Rival, I have lost the power to kill;
Strength hath forsook my Arm, and Rage my Will:
I must surmount that Love which thou hast shown:
Dying for him is due to me alone.
Thy weakness shall not boast the Victory,
Now thou shalt live, and dead I'll conquer thee:
Souldiers assist me down. [*Exeunt from above led by* Souldiers, *and enter both led by* Cortez.
Cort. Is there no danger then? [*To* Cydaria.
Cyd. You need not fear
My Wound, I cannot die when you are near.
Cort. You for my sake, Life to *Cydaria* give; [*To* Almeria.
And I could die for you, if you might live.
Alm. Enough, I die content, now you are kind;
Kill'd in my Limbs, reviving in my Mind:
Come near, *Cydaria*, and forgive my Crime. [Cydaria *starts back.*
You need not fear my Rage a second time:
I'll bathe your Wounds in Tears for my Offence:
That Hand which made it makes this Recompence. [*Ready to joyn their hands.*
I would have joyn'd you, but my Heart's too high:
You will, too soon possess him when I die.
Cort. She faints, O softly, set her down.
Alm. 'Tis past!
In thy lov'd Bosom let me breathe my last.
Here in this one short Moment that I live.
I have what e'er the longest Life could give—— [*Dies.*
Cort. Farewel, thou generous Maid: ev'n Victory
Glad as it is, must lend some Tears to thee:
Many I dare not shed, lest you believe [*To* Cydaria.
I joy in you less than for her I grieve.
Cyd. But are you sure She's dead?

I must

I muſt embrace you faſt, before I know
Whether my Life be yet ſecure or no:
Some other Hour I will to Tears allow;
But having you, can ſhew no Sorrow now.

[*Enter* Guyomar *and* Alibech *bound with Souldiers.*

Cort. Prince *Guyomar* in Bonds! O Friendſhip's Shame!
It makes me bluſh to own a Victor's Name. [*Unbinds him,* Cydaria, Alibech.

Cyd. See, *Alibech*, *Almeria* lies there:
But do not think 'twas I that murder'd her.

[Alibech *kneels and kiſſes her Dead Siſter.*

Cort. Live and enjoy more than your Conquerour: [*To* Guyomar.
Take all my Love, and ſhare in all my Power.

Guy. Think me not proudly rude, if I forſake
Thoſe Gifts I cannot with my Honour take:
I for my Country fought, and would again,
Had I yet left a Country to maintain:
But ſince the Gods decreed it otherwiſe,
I never will on its dear Ruines riſe.

Alib. Of all your Goodneſs leave to our diſpoſe,
Our Liberty's the only Gift we chuſe:
Abſence alone can make our Sorrows leſs;
And not to ſee what we can ne'er redreſs.

Guy. Northward, beyond the Mountains, we will go,
Where Rocks lie cover'd with Eternal Snow:
Thin Herbage in the Plains and fruitleſs Fields,
The Sand no Gold, the Mine no Silver yields:
There Love and Freedom we'll in Peace enjoy;
No *Spaniards* will that Colony deſtroy.
We to our ſelves will all our Wiſhes grant;
And nothing coveting can nothing want.

Cort. Firſt your Great Father's Funeral Pomp provide:
That done, in Peace your Generous Exiles guide.
While I loud Thanks pay to the Powers above,
Thus doubly bleſt with Conqueſt and with Love.

FINIS.

FINIS

SECRET-LOVE:

OR, THE

Maiden-Queen:

As it is Acted

By Their MAJESTIES

SERVANTS.

By Mr DRYDEN.

——— Vitiis nemo ſine naſcitur; optimus ille
Qui minimis urgetur.

HORACE.

LONDON,

Printed for *Henry Herringman*, and are to be ſold by *Richard Bentley*, at the Poſt-Houſe in *Ruſſel-ſtreet*, *Covent-Garden*, 1691.

SECRET-LOVE:

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PREFACE.

IT has been the ordinary practice of the French Poets, to dedicate their Works of this nature to their King, especially when they have had the least encouragement to it, by his approbation of them on the Stage. But I confess I want the confidence to follow their example, though perhaps I have as specious pretences to it for this Piece, as any they can boast of: it having been own'd in so particular a manner by His Majesty, that he has grac'd it with the Title of His Play, and thereby rescued it from the severity (that I may not say malice) of its Enemies. But, though a character so high and undeserv'd has not rais'd in me the presumption to offer such a trifle to his most serious view, yet I will own the vanity to say, that after this glory which it has receiv'd from a Soveraign Prince, I could not send it to seek protection from any Subject. Be this Poem then sacred to him without the tedious form of a Dedication, and without presuming to interrupt those hours which he is daily giving to the peace and settlement of his People.

For what else concerns this Play; I would tell the Reader that it is regular, according to the strictest of Dramatick Laws, but that it is a commendation which many of our Poets now despise, and a Beauty which our common Audiences do not easily discern. Neither indéed do I value my self upon it, because with all that symmetry of parts, it may want an air and spirit (which consists in the writing) to set it off. 'Tis a question variously disputed, whether an Author may be allowed as a competent judge of his own works. As to the Fabrick and contrivance of them certainly he may, for that is properly the employment of the judgment; which, as a Master-builder may determine, and that without deception, whether the work be according to the exactness of the model; still granting him to have a perfect Idea of that pattern by which he works: and that he keeps himself always constant to the discourse of his judgment, without admitting self-love, which is the false surveyer of his Fancy, to inter-meddle in it. These Qualifications granted (being such as all sound Poets are presuppos'd to have within them) I think all Writers, of what kind soever, may infallibly judge of the frame and contexture of their Works. But for the ornament of Writing, which is greater,

more various and bizarre in Poesie than in any other kind; as it is properly the Child of Fancy, so it can receive no measure, or at least but a very imperfect one, of its own excellencies or failures from the judgment. Self-love (which enters but rarely into the offices of the judgment) here predominates. And Fancy (if I may so speak) judging of it self, can be no more certain or demonstrative of its own effects, than two crooked lines can be the adæquate measure of each other. What I have said on this subject, may perhaps give me some credit with my Readers, in my opinion of this Play, which I have ever valued above the rest of my Follies of this kind: yet not thereby in the least dissenting from their judgment who have concluded the writing of this to be much inferiour to my Indian Emperour. But the Argument of that was much more noble, not having the allay of Comedy to depress it: yet if this be more perfect, either in it's kind, or in the general notion of a Play, 'tis as much as I desire to have granted for the vindication of my Opinion, and, what as nearly touches me, the sentence of a Royal Judge. Many have imagin'd the Character of *Philocles* to be faulty; some for not discovering the Queen's love, others for his joining in her restraint. But though I am not of their number, who obstinately defend what they have once said, I may with modesty take up those answers which have been made for me by my Friends; namely, that *Philocles* who was but a Gentleman of ordinary Birth, had no reason to guess so soon at the Queen's Passion, she being a Person so much above him, and by the suffrages of all her people, already destin'd to *Lysimantes*: Besides, that he was prepossessed, (as the Queen somewhere hints it to him) with another inclination, which rendred him less clear-sighted in it, since no Man, at the same time, can distinctly view two different objects. And if this, with any shew of reason, may be defended, I leave my Masters the Criticks to determine, whether it be not much more conducing to the beauty of my Plot, that *Philocles* should be long kept ignorant of the Queen's love, than that with one leap he should have entred into the knowledge of it, and thereby freed himself, to the disgust of the Audience, from that pleasing Labyrinth of errours which was prepar'd for him. As for that other objection of his joining in the Queen's Imprisonment, it is indisputably that which every Man, if he examines himself, would have done on the like occasion. If they answer, that it takes

from

from the height of his Character to do it; I would enquire of my over-wise Censors, who told them I intended him a perfect Character, or indeed what necessity was there he should be so, the variety of Images being one great beauty of a Play? it was as much as I design'd, to show one great and absolute Pattern of honour in my Poem, which I did in the Person of the Queen: All the defects of the other parts being set to show the more to recommend that one Character of vertue to the Audience. But neither was the fault of *Philocles* so great, if the circumstances be consider'd, which, as moral Philosophy assures us, make the essential differences of good and bad; He himself best explaining his own intentions in his last Act, which was the restauration of his Queen; and even before that, in the honesty of his expressions when he was unavoidably led by the impulsions of his love to do it. That which with more reason was objected as an indecorum, is the management of the last Scene of the Play, where *Celadon* and *Florimel* are treating too lightly of their Marriage, in the presence of the Queen, who likewise seems to stand idle while the great action of the *Drama* is still depending. This I cannot otherwise defend, than by telling you I so design'd it on purpose to make my Play go off more smartly; that Scene, being in the opinion of the best Judges, the most divertising of the whole Comedy. But though the Artifice succeeded, I am willing to acknowledge it as a fault, since it pleas'd His Majesty, the best Judge, to think it so. I have only to add, that the Play is founded on a story in the *Cyrus*, which he calls the Queen of *Corinth*; in whose Character, as it has been affirm'd to me, he represents that of the famous *Christina*, Queen of *Sweden*. This is what I thought convenient to write by way of Preface, to the Maiden-Queen; in the reading of which, I fear you will not meet with that satisfaction which you have had in seeing it on the Stage; the chief parts of it both serious and comick, being performed to that height of excellence, that nothing but a command which I could not handsomely disobey, could have given me the Courage to have made it publick.

Pro-

Prologue.

I.

HE who writ this, not without pains and thought,
From French *and* Engliſh *Theaters has brought*
Th' exacteſt Rules by which a Play is wrought.

II.

The Unities of Action, Place, and Time;
The Scenes unbroken; and a mingled chime
Of Johnſon's *humour, with* Corneilles *rhyme.*

III.

But while dead colours he with care did lay,
He fears his Wit, or Plot he did not weigh,
Which are the living Beauties of a Play.

IV.

Plays are like Towns, which how ee'r fortify'd
By Engineers, have ſtill ſome weaker ſide
By the o'er-ſeen Defendant uneſpy'd.

V.

And with that Art you make approaches now;
Such skilful fury in Aſſaults you ſhow,
That every Poet without ſhame may bow.

VI.

Ours therefore humbly would attend your doom,
If Souldier-like, he may have terms to come
With flying Colours, and with beat of Drum.

The Prologue goes out, and ſtays while a Tune is play'd, after which he returns again.

Second

Second PROLOGUE.

I Had forgot one half, I do protest,
And now am sent again to speak the rest.
He bows to every great and noble Wit;
But to the little Hectors of the Pit,
Our Poet's sturdy, and will not submit.
He'll be before-hand with 'em, and not stay
To see each peevish Critick stab his Play,
Each Puny Censor, who his skill to boast,
Is cheaply witty on the Poet's cost.
No Critick's verdict, should, of right, stand good,
They are excepted all as men of Blood:
And the same Law shall shield them from their Fury,
Which has excluded Butchers from a Jury.
You'd all be Wits ——
But Writing's tedious, and that way may fail;
The most compendious method is to rail:
Which you so like, you think your Selves ill us'd
When in smart Prologues you are not abus'd.
A civil Prologue is approv'd by no Man;
You hate it as you do a civil Woman:
Your Fancy's pall'd, and liberally you pay
To have it quicken'd ere you see a Play.
Just as old Sinners worn from their Delight,
Give money to be whipp'd to Appetite.
But what a Pox keep I so much ado
To save our Poet? He is one of you;
A Brother Judgment, and as I hear say,
A curs'd Critick as e'er damn'd a Play.
Good salvage Gentlemen, your own Kind spare,
He is, like you, a very Wolf or Bear.
Yet think not he'll your ancient Rights invade,
Or stop the Course of your free-Damning Trade.
For he (he vows) at no Friend's Play can sit,
But he must needs find faults to shew his Wit:
Then, for his sake, ne'er stint your Noise and Deight;
Throw boldly, for he sets to all that write;
With such he ventures on an even Lay,
For they bring ready Money into Play.
Those who write not, and yet all Writers nick,
Are Bankrupt Gamesters, for they Damn on tick.

THE

THE PERSONS.

Queen of *Sicily*.	Mrs. *Marshall*.
Candiope, Princess of the Blood.	Mrs. *Queen*.
Asteria, the Queen's Confident.	Mrs. *Knep*.
Florimel, A Maid of Honour.	Mrs. *Ellen Gwyn*.
Flavia, Another Maid of Honour.	Mrs. *Frances Davenport*.
Olinda, Sisters.	Mrs. *Rutter*.
Sabina, Sisters.	Mrs. *Eliz. Davenport*.
Melissa, Mother to *Olinda* and *Sabina*.	Mrs. *Cory*.
Lysmantes, First Prince of the Blood.	Mr. *Burt*.
Philocles, The Queen's Favourite.	Major *Mohun*.
Celadon, A Courtier.	Mr. *Hart*.
Guards.	
Pages of Honour.	
Souldiers.	

The Scene *SICILY*.

SE-

SECRET-LOVE:
OR, THE
Maiden-Queen.

ACT I. SCENE I.

The Scene is Walks, *near the Court.*

Enter Celadon, Aſteria, *meeting each other, he in riding habit; they embrace.*

Celadon. DEar *Aſteria!*

Aſteria. My dear Brother! welcome; a thouſand welcomes: Methinks this year you have been abſent has been ſo tedious! I hope as you have made a pleaſant Voyage, ſo you have brought your good humour back again to Court.

Cel. I never yet knew any company I could not be merry in, except it were an old Woman's.

Aſt. Or at a Funeral.

Cel. Nay, for that you ſhall excuſe me; for I was never merrier than I was at a Creditor's of mine, whoſe Book periſhed with him. But what new Beauties have you at Court? how do *Meliſſa*'s two fair Daughters?

Aſt. When you tell me which of 'em you are in love with, I'll anſwer you.

Cel. Which of 'em, naughty Siſter, what a queſtion's there? With both of 'em, with each and ſingular of 'em.

Aſt. Bleſs me! you are not ſerious!

Cel. You look as if it were a wonder to ſee a Man in Love: are they not handſome?

Aſt. I, but both together——

Cel. I, and both aſunder; why, I hope there are but two of 'em, the tall Singing and Dancing one, and the little Innocent one?

Aſt. But you cannot marry both?

Cel. No, nor either of 'em I truſt in Heaven; but I can keep them company, I can ſing and dance with 'em, and treat 'em, and that, I take it,

it, is ſomewhat better than muſty marrying them: Marriage is poor folks pleaſure that cannot go to the coſt of variety: but I am out of danger of that with theſe two, for I love 'em ſo equally I can never make choice between 'em. Had I but one Miſtreſs, I might go to her to be merry, and ſhe, perhaps, be out of humour; there were a viſit loſt: But here, if one of 'em frown upon me, the other will be the more obliging, on purpoſe to recommend her own gaiety, beſides a thouſand things that I could name.

Aſt. And none of 'em to any purpoſe.

Cel. Well, If you will not be cruel to a poor Lover, you might oblige me by carrying me to their Lodgings.

Aſt. You know I am always buſie about the Queen.

Cel. But once or twice only, till I am a little fluſh'd in my acquaintance with other Ladies, and have learn'd to prey for my ſelf: I promiſe you I'll make all the haſte I can to end the trouble, by being in love ſomewhere elſe.

Aſt. You would think it hard to be deny'd now.

Cel. And reaſon good: many a Man hangs himſelf for the loſs of one Miſtreſs: How do you think then I ſhould bear the loſs of two; eſpecially in a Court where I think Beauty is but thin ſown?

Aſt. There's one *Florimel* the Queens Ward, a new Beauty, as wild as you, and a vaſt Fortune.

Cel. I am for her before the World: bring me to her, and I'll releaſe you of your promiſe for the other two.

Enter a Page.

Page. Madam, the Queen expects you.

Cel. I ſee you hold her favour; Adieu Siſter, you have a little Emiſſary there, otherwiſe I would offer you my ſervice.

Aſt. Farewel Brother, think upon *Florimel*.

Cel. You may truſt my memory for an handſome Woman, I'll think upon her, and the reſt too; I'll forget none of 'em. [*Exit* Aſteria.

SCENE II.

Enter a Gentleman walking over the Stage haſtily; after him Florimel, *and* Flavia, *Maſqued.*

Fla. Phormio, Phormio, you will not leave us ——

Gent. In faith I have a little buſineſs; —— [*Exit Gentleman.*

Cel. Cannot I ſerve you in the Gentlemans room, Ladies?

Fla. Which of us would you ſerve?

Cel. Either of you, or both of you.

Fla. Who, could you not be conſtant to one?

Cel. Conſtant to one! I have been a Courtier, a Souldier, and a Traveller to good purpoſe, if I muſt be conſtant to one; give me ſome Twenty, ſome Forty, ſome a Hundred Miſtreſſes, I have more Love than any Woman can turn her to.

Flav.

Flor. Bleſs us, let us be gone Couſin; we two are nothing in his hands.

Cel. Yet for my part, I can live with as few Miſtreſſes as any Man: I deſire no ſuperfluities; only for neceſſary change or ſo; as I ſhift my Linen.

Flor. A pretty odd kind of Fellow this: he fits my humour rarely: —— [*Aſide.*

Fla. You are as unconſtant as the Moon.

Flo. You wrong him, he's as conſtant as the Sun; he would ſee all the World in twenty four hours.

Cel. 'Tis very true, Madam, but, like him, I would viſit and away.

Flor. For what an unreaſonable thing it were to ſtay long, be troubleſome, and hinder a Lady of a freſh Lover?

Cel. A rare Creature this! —— beſides, Madam, how like a Fool a Man looks, when after all his eagerneſs of two Minutes before, he ſhrinks into a faint kiſs and a cold complement.

Ladies both, into your hands I commit my ſelf; ſhare me betwixt you.

Fla. I'll have nothing to do with you, ſince you cannot be conſtant to one.

Cel. Nay, rather than loſe either of you, I'll do more; I'll be conſtant to an hundred of you: or (if you will needs ſetter me to one,) agree the matter between your ſelves; and the moſt handſome take me.

Flor. Though I am not ſhe, yet ſince my Maſque's down, and you cannot convince me, have a good faith of my Beauty, and for once I take you for my Servant.

Cel. And for once, I'll make a blind bargain with you: ſtrike hands; is't a Match Miſtreſs?

Flor. Done Servant.

Cel. Now I am ſure I have the worſt on't: for you ſee the worſt of me, and that I do not of you till you ſhew your face, —— Yet now I think on't you muſt be handſome. ——

Flor. What kind of Beauty do you like?

Cel. Juſt ſuch a one as yours.

Flor. What's that?

Cel. Such an Oval Face, clear Skin, hazel Eyes, thick brown Eyebrows, and Hair as you have for all the World.

Fla. But I can aſſure you ſhe has nothing of all this.

Cel. Hold thy peace, Envy; nay I can be conſtant an I ſet on't.

Flor. 'Tis true ſhe tells you.

Cel. I, I, you may ſlander your ſelf as you pleaſe; then you have —— let me ſee.

Flor. I'll ſwear you ſha' not ſee. ——

Cel. A turn'd up Noſe, that gives an air to your Face: Oh, I find I am more and more in love with you! a full nether Lip, an out-mouth, that makes mine water at it: the bottom of your Cheeks a little blub, and two dimples when you ſmile; for your ſtature 'tis well, and for your wit 'twas given you by one that knew it had been thrown away upon an ill Face; come you are handſome, there's no denying it.

Flor. Can you ſettle your Spirits to ſee an ugly Face, and not be frighted?

red? I could find in my heart to lift up my Masque and disabuse you.

Cel. I defie your Masque, would you would try the experiment.

Flor. No, I wo'not; for your ignorance is the Mother of your devotion to me.

Cel. Since you will not take the pains to convert me, I'll make bold to keep my faith: a miserable Man I am sure you have made me.

Fla. This is pleasant.

Cel. It may be so to you, but it is not to me; for ought I see, I am going to the most constant *Maudlin*. ——

Flor. 'Tis very well, *Celadon*, you can be constant to one you have never seen; and have forsaken all you have seen.

Cel. It seems you know me then: well, if thou shou'dst prove one of my cast Mistresses, I would use thee most damnably, for offering to make me love thee twice.

Flor. You are i' th' right: an old Mistress or Servant is an old Tune, the pleasure on't is past, when we have once learnt it.

Fla. But what Woman in the World would you wish her like?

Cel. I have heard of one *Florimel* the Queens Ward, would she were as like her for Beauty, as she is for Humour.

Fla. Do you hear that Cousin: —— [*To* Flor. *aside.*

Flor. *Florimel*'s not handsome: besides she's unconstant; and only loves for some few days.

Cel. If she loves for shorter time than I, she must love by Winter days and Summer nights i' faith.

Flor. When you see us together you shall judge: in the mean time adieu sweet Servant.

Cel. Why you wo'not be so inhumane to carry away my heart, and not so much as tell me where I may hear news on't?

Flor. I mean to keep it safe for you; for if you had it, you would bestow it worse: farewel, I must see a Lady.

Cel. So must I too, if I can pull off your Masque.

Flor. You will not be so rude, I hope.

Cel. By this light but I will:

Flor. By this leg but you sha'not. [*Exeunt* Flor. *and* Fla. *running.*

SCENE III.

Enter Philocles, *and meets him going out.*

Cel. How! my Cousin the new Favourite! —— [*Aside.*

Phil. Dear *Celadon*! most happily arriv'd.
I hear y' have been an honour to your Country,
In the *Calabrian* Wars, and I am glad.
I have some interest in't.

Cel. —— But in you
I have a larger subject for my joys:
To see so rare a thing as rising Vertue,

And

And merit understood at Court.

Phil. Perhaps it is the only act that can
Accuse our Queen of weakness.

Enter Lysimantes *attended.*

Lys. O, my Lord *Philocles*, well overtaken!
I came to look you. (*Phil.*) Had I known it sooner,
My swift attendance, Sir, had spar'd your trouble.
To Cel. ——— Cousin, you see Prince *Lysimantes*
Is pleased to favour me with his commands:
I beg you'll be no stranger now at Court.

Cel. So long as there be Ladies there, you need
Not doubt me. [*Exit* Celadon.

Phil. Some of them will, I hope, make you a Convert.

Lys. My Lord *Philocles*, I am glad we are alone;
There is a business that concerns me nearly,
In which I beg your love. (*Phil.*) Command my service.

Lys. I know your interest with the Queen is great;
(I speak not this as envying your Fortune,
For frankly I confess you have deserv'd it.)
Besides, my Birth, my Courage and my Honour,
Are all above so base a Vice. ———

Phil. I know, my Lord, you are first Prince o' th' Blood;
Your Countreys second hope;
And that the publick Vote when the Queen weds,
Designs you for her choice.

Lys. I am not worthy,
Except Love makes desert,
For doubtless she's the glory of her time;
Of faultless Beauty, blooming as the Spring,
In our *Sicilian* Groves; matchless in Virtue,
And largely sold where e'er her bounty gives,
As with each breath she could create new *Indies*.

Phil. But jealous of her glory.

Lys. You are a Courtier; and in other terms,
Would you say she is averse from Marriage?
Lest it might lessen her Authority.
But, whensoe'r she does, I know the people
Will scarcely suffer her to match
With any neighb'ring Prince, whose power might bend
Our free *Sicilians* to a foreign Yoke.

Phil. I love too well my Country to dissent.

Lys. Then to proceed, (as you well know, my Lord)
The Provinces have sent their Deputies
Humbly to move her she would choose at home;
And, for she seems averse from speaking with them,
By my appointment, have design'd those walks,

Where

Where well she cannot shun them. Now, if you
Assist their suit, by joining yours to it,
And by your mediation I prove happy,
I freely promise you. ——
Phil. Without a bribe command my utmost in it: ——
And yet, there is a thing, which time may give me
The confidence to name: ——
Lys. 'Tis yours whatever,
But tell me true; does she not entertain
Some deep and setled thoughts against my person?
Phil. I hope not so; but she of late is froward;
Reserv'd, and sad, and vex'd at little things;
Which her great Soul asham'd of, straight shakes off,
And is compos'd again.
Lys. You are still near the Queen: and all our Actions come to Princes Eyes, as they are represented by them that hold the Mirror.
Phil. Here she comes, and with her the Deputies; ——
I fear all is not right.

Enter Queen, Deputies after her; Asteria, Guard, Flavia, Olinda, Sabina.

Queen turns back to the Deputies, and speaks entring.

Queen. And I must tell you,
It is a sawcy boldness thus to press
On my retirements. ——
1. *Dep.* Our business being of no less concern
Than is the peace and quiet of your subjects ——
And that delay'd ——
2. *Dep.* —— we humbly took this time
To represent your Peoples fears to you.
Qu. My Peoples fears! who made them States-men?
They much mistake their business, if they think
It is to govern: ——
The Rights of Subjects and of Soveraigns
Are things distinct in Nature: theirs, is to
Enjoy propriety, not Empire.
Lys. If they have err'd, 'twas but an over-care;
An ill-tim'd Duty. ——
Queen. Cousin I expect
From your near Blood, not to excuse, but check 'em.
They would impose a Ruler
Upon their lawful Queen:
For what's an Husband else?
Lys. Far, Madam, be it from the thoughts
Of any who pretends to that high Honour,

To

To wish for more than to be reckon'd
As the most grac'd, and first of all your Servants.
Queen. These are the insinuating promises
Of those who aim at pow'r: but tell me, Cousin;
For you are unconcern'd and may be Judge)
Should that aspiring Man compass his ends,
What pawn of his obedience could he give me,
When Kingly Pow'r were once invested in him?
Lys. What greater pledge than Love? when those fair Eyes
Cast their commanding beams, he that cou'd be
A Rebel to your birth, must pay them homage.
Queen. All Eyes are fair
That sparkle with the Jewels of a Crown:
But now I see my Government is odious;
My people find I am not fit to Reign,
Else they would never——
Lys. So far from that, we all acknowledge you
The bounty of the Gods to *Sicily*:
More than they are you cannot make our Joys;
Make them but lasting in a Successor.
Phil. Your people seek not to impose a Prince;
But humbly offer one to your free choice:
And such a one as he is, (may I have leave
To speak some little of his great deserts.)
Queen. I'll hear no more——
To the Dep. For you, attend to morrow at the Council,
There you shall have my firm resolves; mean time
My Cousin I am sure will welcome you.
Lys. Still more and more mysterious: but I have gain'd one of her
Women that shall unriddle it: —— Come Gentlemen. ——
All Dep. Heav'n preserve your Majesty. [*Exeunt* Lys. *and* Dep.
Qu. Philocles, you may stay:
Phil. I humbly wait your Majesty's Commands.
Qu. Yet now I better think on't you may go.
Phil. Madam!
Qu. I have no Commands. —— or, what's all one
You, no obedience.
Phil. How, no obedience, Madam?
I plead no other merit; 'tis the Charter
By which I hold your Favour, and my Fortunes.
Qu. My Favours are cheap Blessings, like Rain and Sun-shine:
For which we scarcely thank the Gods, because
We daily have them.
Phil. Madam, your breath which rais'd me from the dust
May lay me there again:
But fate nor time can ever make me lose
The sense of your indulgent bounties to me.

Qu.

Qu. You are above them now, grown popular:
Ah *Philocles*, could I expect from you
That usage! no tongue but yours
To move me to a Marriage! —— [Weeps.
The factious Deputies might have some end in't,
And my ambitious Cousin gain a Crown;
But what advantage could there come to you?
What could you hope from *Lysimantes* Reign
That you can want in mine?

Phil. You your self clear me, Madam, had I sought
More pow'r, this Marriage sure was not the way.
But, when your safety was in question,
When all your people were unsatisfied,
Desir'd a King, nay more, design'd the Man,
It was my duty then. ——

Qu. Let me be judge of my own safety;
I am a Woman,
But danger from my subjects cannot fright me.

Phil. But *Lysimantes*, Madam, is a Person ——

Qu. I cannot love, ——
Shall I, who born a Sovereign Queen,
Be barr'd of that which God and Nature gives
The meanest Slave, a freedom in my love?
—— Leave me, good *Philocles*, to my own thoughts;
When next I need your counsel I'll send for you ——

Phil. I'm most unhappy in your high displeasure;
But, since I must not speak, Madam, be pleas'd
To peruse this, and therein read my care.
[*He plunks out a paper and presents it to her, but drops, unknown to him, a Picture.*

Queen reads. —— [*Ex.* Philocles.
A Catalogue of such Persons ——

Spies the Box. What's this he has let fall? *Asteria:*

Ast. Your Majesty ——

Qu. Take that up, it fell from *Philocles*.
[*She takes it up, looks on it, and smiles.*

Qu. How now, what makes you merry?

Ast. A small discovery I have made, Madam.

Qu. Of what?

Ast. Since first your Majesty grac'd *Philocles*,
I have not heard him nam'd for any Mistriss,
But now this Picture has convinc'd me. ——

Qu. Ha! let me see it —— (*Snatches it from her.*)
Candiope, Prince *Lysimantes* Sister!
Ast. Your favour, Madam, may encourage him ——
And yet he loves in a high place for him;
A Princess of the Blood, and what is more,

Beyond

Beyond compariſon the faireſt Lady
Our Iſle can boaſt.
Qu. How! ſhe the faireſt
Beyond compariſon! 'tis falſe, you flatter her;
She is not fair. ——
Aſt. I humbly beg forgiveneſs on my Knees,
If I offended you: but next yours, Madam,
Which all muſt yield to ——
Qu. I pretend to none.
Aſt. She paſſes for a beauty.
Qu. I, ſhe may paſs. —— But why do I ſpeak of her?
Dear *Aſteria* lead me, I am not well o' th' ſuddain. —— [*She faints.*
Aſt. Who's near there? help the Queen. [*The Guards are coming.*
Qu. Bid 'em away, 'twas but a qualm,
And 'tis already going. ——
Aſt. Dear Madam what's the matter! y'are
Of late ſo alter'd, I ſcarce know you.
You were gay humour'd, and you now are penſive,
Once calm, and now unquiet;
Pardon my boldneſs that I preſs thus far
Into your ſecret thoughts: I have at leaſt
A ſubjects ſhare in you.
Qu. Thou haſt a greater,
That of a Friend; but am I froward, ſaiſt thou?
Aſt. It ill becomes me, Madam, to ſay that.
Qu. I know I am: prithee forgive me for it,
I cannot help it, but thou haſt
Not long to ſuffer it.
Aſt. Alas!
Qu. I feel my ſtrength each day and hour conſume,
Like Lilies waſting in a Limbecks heat.
Yet a few days ——
And thou ſhalt ſee me lie all damp and cold,
Shrowded within ſome hollow Vault, among
My ſilent Anceſtors.
Aſt. O deareſt Madam!
Speak not of death, or think not, if you die
That I will ſtay behind.
Qu. Thy love has mov'd me, I for once will have
The pleaſure to be pitied; I'll unfold
A thing ſo ſtrange, ſo horrid of my ſelf; ——
Aſt. Bleſs me, ſweet Heaven!
So horrid, ſaid you, Madam?
Qu. That Sun, who with one look ſurveys the Globe,
Sees not a wretch like me: and could the World
Take a right meaſure of my ſtate within,
Mankind muſt either pity me, or ſcorn me.

Aſt. Sure none could do the laſt.

Qu. Thou long'ſt to know't:
And I do tell thee, but ſhame ſtops my mouth.
Firſt promiſe me thou wilt excuſe my folly,
And next be ſecret. ——

Aſt. —— Can you doubt it Madam?

Qu. Yet you might ſpare my labour; ——
Can you not gueſs ——

Aſt. Madam, pleaſe you I'll try.

Qu. Hold, *Aſteria:*
I would not have you gueſs, for ſhould you find it,
I ſhould imagine, that ſome other might,
And then I were moſt wretched;
Therefore, though you ſhould know it, flatter me:
And ſay you could not gueſs it. ——

Aſt. Madam, I need not flatter you, I cannot, —— and yet,
Might not Ambition trouble your repoſe?

Qu. My *Sicily*, I thank the Gods, contents me:
But ſince I muſt reveal it, know 'tis love:
I who pretended ſo to glory, am
Become the ſlave of love. ——

Aſt. I thought your Majeſty had fram'd deſigns
To ſubvert all your Laws; become a Tyrant,
Or vex your Neighbours with injurious Wars;
Is this all, Madam?

Qu. Is not this enough?
Then, know, I love below my ſelf, a Subject;
Love one who loves another, and who knows not
That I love him.

Aſt. He muſt be told it, Madam.

Qu. Not for the World, *Aſteria*;
When e'er he knows it, I ſhall die for ſhame.

Aſt. What is it then that would content you?

Qu. Nothing but that I had not lov'd.

Aſt. May I not ask without offence who 'tis?

Qu. Ev'n that confirms me I have lov'd amiſs?
Since thou canſt know I love, and not imagine
It muſt be *Philocles*.

Aſt. My Couſin is indeed a moſt deſerving Perſon;
Valiant and wiſe; and handſome, and well born.

Qu. But not of Royal Bloud:
I know his fate unfit to be a King.
To be his Wife I could forſake my Crown; but not my Glory:
Yet, —— would he did not love *Candiope*;
Would he lov'd me, —— but knew not of my love,
Or e'er durſt tell me his.

Aſt. In all this Labyrinth,

I find one path conducing to your quiet.

Qu. O tell me quickly then.

Aft. Candiope, as Princess of the blood,
Without your approbation cannot marry:
First break his match with her, by vertue of
Your Sovereign Authority.

Qu. I fear that were to make him hate me,
Or, what's as bad, to let him know I love him:
Could you not do it of your self?

Aft. I'll not be wanting to my power:
But if your Majesty appears not in it,
The love of *Philocles* will soon surmount
All other difficulties.

Qu. Then, as we walk, we'll think what means are best,
Effect but this, and thou shar'st half my breast. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

The Queen's Apartment.

Asserio sola. NOthing thrives that I have plotted:
For I have founded *Philocles*, and find
He is too constant to *Candiope*:
Her too I have allushed, but in vain,
Objecting want of quality in *Philocles*.
I'll to the Queen, and plainly tell her
She must make use of her Authority
To break the match.

SCENE II.

Enter Celadon, *looking about him.*

Brother! what make you here
About the Queen's Apartments?
Which of the Ladies are you watching for?

Cel. Any of 'em that will do me the good turn to make me soundly in love.

Aft. Then I'll bespeak you one; you will be desperately in love with *Florimel*: so soon as the Queen heard you were returned, she gave you her for Mistriss.

Cel. Thank her Majesty; but to confess the truth, my fancy lies partly another way.

Aft. That's strange: *Florimel* vows you are already in love with her.

Cel. She wrongs me horribly, I swear and vow she spoke with a tongue. *Florimel.* ——

Aft. Well, take your Fortune, I must leave you. [Exit *Asteria.*

SCENE III

Enter Florimel, *sees him, and is running back.*

Cel. Nay i'faith I am got betwixt you and home, you are my Prisoner, Lady bright, till you resolve me one question.

She signs. She is dumb.

Pox; I think she's dumb: what a vengeance dost thou at Court, with such a rare face, without a tongue to answer to a kind question? Art thou dumb indeed, then thou canst tell no tales, we—— goes to kiss her.

Flor. Hold, hold, you are not mad!

Cel. Oh, my Miss in a Masque! have you found your tongue?

Flor. 'Twas time, I think; what had become of me, if I had not?

Cel. Methinks your Lips had done as well.

Flor. I, if my Masque had been over 'em, as it was when you met me in the walks.

Cel. Well; will you believe me another time: did not I say you were infinitely handsome? they may talk of *Florimel*, if they will, but I'faith she must come short of you.

Flor. Have you seen her, then?

Cel. I look'd a little that way, but I had soon enough of her, she is not to be seen twice without a surfeit.

Flor. However you are beholding to her, they say she loves you.

Cel. By fate she sha'not love me: I have told her a piece of my mind already: Pox o' these coming Women: they set a Man to Dinner before he has an Appetite. [Flavia *at the door.*

Florimel, you are call'd within. [*Exit.*

Cel. I hope in the Lord you are not *Florimel?*

Flor. Ev'n she at your service, the same kind and coming *Florimel*, you have describ'd.

Cel. Why then we are agreed already, I am as kind and coming as you for the heart of you: I knew at first we two were good for nothing but one another.

Flor. But, without raillery, are you in Love?

Cel. So horribly much, that contrary to my own Maxims, I think in my Conscience I could marry you.

Flor. No, no, 'tis not come to that yet: but if you are really in love, you have done me the greatest pleasure in the World.

Cel. That pleasure, and a greater too I have in store for you.

Flor. This Animal call'd a Lover I have long'd to see these two years.

Cel. Sure you walk'd with your Masque on all the while, for if you had been seen, you could not have been without your wish.

Flor. I warrant you mean an ordinary whining Lover; but I must have other proofs of Love e'er I believe it.

Cel. You shall have the best that I can give you.

Flor. I would have a Lover, that if need be, should hang himself, drown himself, break his neck, poison himself, for very despair; he that will scruple this is an impudent Fellow if he says he is in love.

Cel. Pray, Madam, which of these four things would you have your Lover do? for a Man's but a Man, he cannot hang, and drown, and break his neck, and poyson himself, all together.

Flor. Well then, because you are but a beginner, and I would not discourage you, any of these shall serve your turn in a fair way.

Cel. I am much deceiv'd in those Eyes of yours, if a Treat, a Song, and the Fiddles, be not a more acceptable proof of love to you, than any of those Tragical ones you have mentioned.

Flor. However you will grant, it is but decent you should be pale, and lean, and melancholick to shew you are in love: and that I shall require of you when I see you next.

Cel. When you see me next? why you do not make a Rabbet of me, to be lean at twenty four hours warning? in the mean while we burn daylight, lose time and love.

Flor. Would you marry me without consideration?

Cel. To choose, by Heaven, for they that think on't, twenty to one would never do it; hang forecast, to make sure of one good night is as much in reason as a Man should expect from this ill World.

Flor. Methinks a few more years and discretion would do well: I do not like this going to Bed so early, it makes one so weary before morning.

Cel. That's much as your Pillow is laid before you go to sleep.

Flor. Shall I make a Proposition to you? I will give you a whole year of probation to love me in; to grow reserv'd, discreet, sober and faithful, and to pay me all the services of a Lover. ——

Cel. And at the end of it you'll marry me?

Flor. If neither of us alter our minds before, ——.

Cel. By this light a necessary clause, —— but if I pay in all the foresaid services before the day, you shall be obliged to take me sooner into mercy.

Flor. Provided if you prove unfaithful, then your time of a Twelvemonth to be prolong'd; so many services I will bate you so many days or weeks; so many faults I will add to your 'Prentiship, so much more: And of all this I only to be Judge.

SCENE IV.

Enter Philocles, *and* Lysimantes.

Lys. Is the Queen this way, Madam?

Flor. If it please your Highness; Follow me, Captive.

Cel. March on, Conquerour —— [*She pulls him.*

Lys.

Lyſ. You're ſure her Majeſty will not oppoſe it? [*Exeunt Col. Viol.*

Phil. Leave that to me my Lord.

Lyſ. Then, though perhaps my ſiſters birth might challenge
An higher match,
I'll weigh your merits on the other ſide
To make the balance even.

Phil. I go, my Lord, this minute. [*Exit Lyſimantes.*

Lyſ. My beſt wiſhes wait on you.

SCENE V.

Enter the Queen and Aſteria.

Queen. Yonder he is; have I no other way?

Aſt. O Madam, you muſt ſtand this brunt:
Deny him now, and leave the reſt to me:
I'll to *Candiope*'s Mother,
And under the pretence of Friendſhip, work
On her Ambition to put off a match
So mean as *Philocles*.
[*Queen to* Phil.] You may approach, Sir,
We two diſcourſe no ſecrets.

Phil. I come, Madam, to weary out your Royal bounty.

Qu. Some ſuit I warrant for your Couſin *Coladon*.
Leave his advancement to my care.

Phil. Your goodneſs ſtill prevents my wiſhes: ——
Yet I have one requeſt,
Might it not paſs almoſt for madneſs, and
Extream Ambition in me. ——

Qu. You know you have a favourable Judge,
It lies not in you to ask any thing
I cannot grant.

Phil. Madam, perhaps you think me too faulty:
But Love alone inſpires me with Ambition,
Though but to look on fair *Candiope* were an excuſe for both.

Qu. Keep your Ambition and let Love alone;
That I can cloy, but this I cannot cure.
I have ſome reaſons (invincible to me) which muſt forbid
Your Marriage with *Candiope*.

Phil. I knew I was not worthy.

Qu. Not for that, *Philocles*, you deſerve all things,
And to ſhow I think it, my Admiral I hear is dead,
His vacant place, (the beſt in all my Kingdom)
I here confer on you.

Phil. Rather take back all you had giv'n before,
Than not give this.
For believe, Madam, nothing is ſo near

My

My Soul as the poſſeſſion of *Candiope.*
Qu. Since that belief would be to your diſadvantage,
I will not entertain it.
Phil. Why, Madam, can you be thus cruel to me?
To give me all things which I did not ask,
And yet deny that only thing I beg:
And ſo beg that I find I cannot live
Without the hope of it.
Qu. Hope greater things;
But hope not this. Haſte to o'ercome your Love,
It is but putting a ſhort liv'd paſſion to a violent death.
Phil. I cannot live without *Candiope.*
But I can die without a murmur,
Having my doom pronounc'd from your fair Mouth.
Qu. If I am to pronounce it, live my *Philocles,*
But live without (I was about to ſay) [*Aſide.*
Without his Love, but that I cannot do;
Live *Philocles* without *Candiope.*
Phil. Madam, could you give my doom ſo quickly,
And knew it was irrevocable!
'Tis too apparent
You who alone love Glory, and whoſe Soul
Is looſened from your ſenſes, cannot judge
What torments mine of groſſer mould, endures.
Qu. I cannot ſuffer you
To give me praiſes which are not my owne:
I love like you, and am yet much more wretched
Than you can think your ſelf.
Phil. Weak bars they needs muſt be that fortune puts
'Twixt Soveraign Power, and all it can deſire.
When Princes love, they call themſelves unhappy,
Only, becauſe the word ſounds handſome in a Lovers mouth.
But you can ceaſe to be ſo when you pleaſe
By making *Lyſimantes* fortunate.
Queen. Were he indeed the Man, you had ſome reaſon;
But 'tis another, more without my power,
And yet a Subject too.
Phil. O, Madam, ſay not ſo,
It cannot be a Subject if not he,
It were to be injurious to your ſelf
To make another choice.
Qu. Yet *Lyſimantes*, ſet by him I love,
Is more obſcur'd than Stars too near the Sun;
He has a brightneſs of his own,
Not bo[illegible]'d of his Fathers, but born with him.
Phil. [illegible]don if I ſay, who e'er he be,
He has p[illegible]is'd ſome ill Acts upon you, Madam;

For

For he, whom you deſcribe, I ſee is born
But from the lees o' th' people.
Qu. You offend me, *Philocles.*
Whence had you leave to uſe thoſe inſolent terms
Of him I pleaſe to love: one I muſt tell you,
(Since fooliſhly I have gone thus far)
Whom I eſteem your equal,
And far ſuperiour to Prince *Lyſimantes*;
One who deſerves to wear a Crown. ——
Phil. Whirlwinds bear me hence before I live
To that deteſted day. —— That frown aſſures me
I have offended, by my over-freedom;
But yet methinks a heart ſo plain and honeſt
And zealous of your glory, might hope your pardon for it.
Qu. I give it you, but
When you know him better
You'll alter your opinion; he's no ill Friend of yours.
Phil. I well perceive
He has ſupplanted me in your eſteem;
But that's the leaſt of ills this fatal wretch
Has practis'd. —— Think, for Heavens ſake, Madam think
If you have drunk no Philter;
Qu. Yes, he has given me a Philter; ——
But I have drunk it only from his Eyes.
Phil. Hot Irons thank 'em for't. —— [*Softly, or turning from her.*
Qu. What's that you mutter?
Hence from my ſight: I know not whether
I ever ſhall endure to ſee you more.
Phil. But hear me, Madam.
Qu. I ſay begone. —— See me no more this day. ——
I will not hear one word in your excuſe.
Now, Sir, be rude again; *And give Laws to your Queen.* [*Ex.* Phil. *bowing.*
Aſteria, come hither.
Was ever boldneſs like to this of *Philocles?*
Help me to reproach him; for I reſolve
Henceforth no more to love him.
Aſt. Truth is, I wondred at your patience, Madam:
Did you not mark his words, his mien, his Action,
How full of haughtineſs, how ſmall reſpect?
Qu. And he to uſe me thus, he whom I favour'd,
Nay more, he whom I lov'd?
Aſt. A Man methinks of vulgar parts and preſence!
Qu. Or allow him ſomething handſome, valiant, or ſo ——
Yet this to me! ——
Aſt. The workmanſhip of inconſiderate favour,
The Creature of raſh love; one of thoſe Meteors
Which Monarchs raiſe from Earth,

And

And people wondring how they came ſo high,
Fear, from their influence, Plagues, and Wars, and Famine.
Qu. Ha!
Aſt. One whom inſtead of baniſhing a day,
You ſhould have plum'd of all his borrow'd honours:
And let him ſee what abject things they are
Whom Princes often love without deſert.
Qu. What has my *Philocles* deſerv'd from thee,
That thou ſhouldſt uſe him thus?
Were he the baſeſt of Mankind, thou could'ſt not
Have given him ruder language.
Aſt. Did not your Majeſty command me,
Did not your ſelf begin?
Qu. I grant I did, but I have right to do it;
I love him and may rail; —— in you 'tis malice;
Malice in the moſt high degree; for never Man
Was more deſerving than my *Philocles*. ——
Or, do you love him, ha! and plead that title?
Confeſs, and I'll forgive you. ——
For none can look on him but needs muſt love.
Aſt. I love him, Madam! I beſeech your Majeſty
Have better thoughts on me.
Qu. Doſt thou not love him then?
Good Heaven, how ſtupid and how dull is ſhe!
How moſt invincibly inſenſible!
No Woman does deſerve to live
That loves not *Philocles*. ——
Aſt. Dear Madam, recollect your ſelf; alas
How much diſtracted are your thoughts, and how
Disjointed all your words! ——
The Sibils leaves more orderly were laid.
Where is that harmony of mind, that prudence
Which guided all you did? that ſenſe of Glory
Which rais'd you, high above the reſt of Kings,
As Kings are o'er the level of Mankind?
Qu. Gone, gone, *Aſteria*, all is gone,
Or loſt within me far from any uſe.
Sometimes I ſtruggle like the Sun in Clouds,
But ſtraight I am o'er-caſt. ——
Aſt. I grieve to ſee it. ——
Qu. Then thou haſt yet the goodneſs
To pardon what I ſaid. ——
Alas, I uſe my ſelf much worſe than thee.
Love rages in great Souls,
For there his pow'r moſt oppoſition finds;
High Trees are ſhook, becauſe they dare the Winds. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE of the Act, *The Court Gallery.*

Philocles, *ſolus.*

Phil. 'TIs true, ſhe baniſh'd me but for a day;
But Favourites, once declining, ſink apace.
Yet Fortune, ſtop, —— this is the likelieſt place
To meet *Aſteria*, and by her convey
My humble vows to my offended Queen.

Enter Queen, *and* Aſteria.

Ha! She comes her ſelf; Unhappy Man!
Where ſhall I hide? —— *(is going out.)*
Qu. Is not that *Philocles*
Who makes ſuch haſte away? *Philocles, Philocles* ——
[*Philocles coming back.*] I fear'd ſhe ſaw me.
Qu. How now Sir, am I ſuch a Bugbear
That I ſcare people from me?
Phil. 'Tis true, I ſhould more carefully have ſhun'd
The place where you might be; as, when it thunders
Men reverently quit the open Air,
Becauſe the angry Gods are then abroad.
Qu. What does he mean, *Aſteria!*
I do not underſtand him.
Aſt. Your Majeſty forgets you baniſh'd him
Your preſence for this day. —— *(to her ſoftly.)*
Qu. Ha! baniſhed him! 'tis true indeed;
But, as thou ſayſt, I had forgot it quite. —— *to her.*
Aſt. That's very ſtrange, ſcarce half an hour ago.
Qu. But Love had drawn his pardon up ſo ſoon,
That I forgot he e'er offended me.
Phil. Pardon me, that I could not thank you ſooner.
Your ſudden grace, like ſome ſwift flood pour'd in on narrow banks
O'er flow'd my Spirits.
Qu. No, 'tis for me to ask your pardon, *Philocles*,
For the great injury I did you
In not remembring I was angry with you.
But I'll repair my fault,
And rowze my anger up againſt you yet.
Phil. No, Madam, my forgiveneſs was your act of grace
And I lay hold of it.
Qu. Princes ſometimes may paſs
Acts of Oblivion in their own wrong.

Phil.

Phil. 'Tis true, but not recal them.
Qu. But, *Philocles*, since I have told you there is one I love,
I will go on; and let you know
What passed this day betwixt us; be our judge
Whether my servant have dealt well with me.
Phil. I beseech your Majesty excuse me:
Any thing more of him may make me
Relapse too soon, and forfeit my late pardon.
Qu. But you'll be glad to know it.
Phil. May I not hope then
You have some quarrel to him?
Qu. Yes, a great one.
But first to justify my self,
Know, *Philocles*, I have conceal'd my passion
With such care from him, that he knows not yet
I love, but only that I much esteem him.
Phil. O stupid wretch
That by a thousand tokens could not guess it!
Qu. He loves elsewhere, and that has blinded him.
Phil. He's blind indeed!
So the dull Beasts in the first Paradise
With levell'd Eyes gaz'd each upon their kind;
There fix'd their love: and ne'er look'd up to view
That glorious Creature Man, their sovereign Lord.
Qu. Y'are too severe on little faults, but he has crimes, untold,
Which will, I fear, move you much more against him.
He fell this day into a passion with me,
And boldly contradicted all I said.
Phil. And stands his Head upon his Shoulders yet?
How long shall this most insolent ——
Qu. Take heed you rail not,
You know you are but on your good behaviour.
Phil. Why then I will not call him Traitor ——
But only rude, audacious and impertinent,
To use his Soveraign so. —— I beg your leave
To wish you have at least imprison'd him.
Qu. Some people may speak ill, and yet mean well:
Remember you were not confin'd; and yet
Your fault was great. In short, I love him,
And that excuses all; but be not jealous;
His rising shall not be your overthrow,
Nor will I ever marry him ——
Phil. That's some comfort yet,
He shall not be a King.
Qu. He never shall. But you are discompos'd;
Stay here a little; I have somewhat for you
Shall shew you still are in my favour. [*Exeunt Queen and* Asteria.

Enter

Enter to him Candiope, *Weeping.*

Phil. How now, in tears, my fair *Candiope?*
So through a watry Cloud
The Sun at once seems both to weep and shine.
For what Forefathers sin do you afflict
Those precious Eyes! for sure you have
None of your own to weep.

Cand. My Crimes both great and many needs must flow,
Since Heav'n will punish them with losing you.

Phil. Afflictions sent from Heav'n without a cause
Make bold Mankind enquire into its Laws.
But Heav'n, which moulding beauty takes such care,
Makes gentle fates on purpose for the fair:
And destiny that sees them so divine,
Spins all their fortunes in a silken twine.
No mortal hand so ignorant is found
To weave course work upon a precious ground.

Cand. Go preach this doctrine in my Mother's Ears.

Phil. Has her severity produc'd these Tears?

Cand. She has recall'd those hopes she gave before,
And strictly bids me ne'er to see you more.

Phil. Changes in froward age are Natural;
Who hopes for constant weather in the fall?
'Tis in your pow'r your duty to transfer,
And place that right in me which was in her.

Cand. Reason, like foreign Foes, would ne'er o'ercome,
But that I find I am betray'd at home.
You have a Friend that fights for you within.

Phil. Let Reason ever lose, so Love may win.

Enter Queen, *and* Asteria.

Queen with a Picture in her hand.

Qu. See there, *Asteria*, All we have done succeeds still to the worse;
We hindred him from seeing her at home,
Where I but only heard they lov'd; and now
She comes to Court; and mads me with the sight on't.

Ast. Dear Madam, overcome your self a little,
Or they'll perceive how much you are concern'd.

Qu. I struggle with my heart, —— but it will have some vent.
[*To Cand.*] Cousin you are a stranger at the Court,

Cand. It was my duty I confess,
To attend oftner on your Majesty.

Qu. Asteria, Mend my Cousins Handkerchief,
It sits too narrow there, and shows too much.

The broadneſs of the Shoulders —— Nay fie, *Aſteria*,
Now you put it too much backward, and diſcover
The bigneſs of her Breaſts.
Cand. I beſeech your Majeſty
Give not your ſelf this trouble.
Qu. Sweet Couſin, you ſhall pardon me;
A beauty ſuch as yours
Deſerves a more than ordinary care,
To ſet it out.
Come hither, *Philocles*, do but obſerve,
She has but one groſs fault in all her ſhape,
That is, ſhe bears up here too much,
And the malicious workman has left it open to your Eye.
Phil. Where, an't pleaſe your Majeſty, methinks 'tis very well?
Qu. Do not you ſee it, Oh how blind is Love!
Cand. And how quick ſighted malice! [*Aſide.*
Qu. But yet methinks, thoſe knots of Sky, do not
So well with the dead colour of her Face.
Aſt. Your Majeſty miſtakes, ſhe wants no red.
The Queen here plucks out her Glaſs, and looks ſometimes on her ſelf, ſometimes on her Rival.
Qu. How do I look to day, *Aſteria!*
Methinks not well.
Aſt. Pardon me, Madam, moſt victoriouſly.
Qu. What think you, *Philocles?* come, do not flatter.
Phil. *Paris* was a bold Man who preſum'd
To judge the beauty of a Goddeſs.
Cand. Your Majeſty has given the reaſon why
He cannot judge; his Love has blinded him.
Qu. Methinks a long patch here beneath her Eye
Might hide that diſmal hollowneſs, what think you, *Philocles?*
Cand. Beſeech you Madam, ask not his opinion.
What my faults are it is no matter;
He loves me with them all.
Qu. I, he may love, but when he marries you
Your Bridal ſhall be kept in ſome dark Dungeon.
Farewel, and think of that, too eaſie Maid,
I bluſh thou ſhar'ſt my blood —— [*Exeunt* Queen, Aſteria.
Cand. Inhumane Queen!
Thou canſt not be more willing to reſign
Thy part in me, than I to give up mine.
Phil. Love, how few ſubjects do thy Laws fulfil,
And yet thoſe few, like us, thou uſeſt ill!
Cand. The greateſt Slaves, in Monarchies, are they,
Whom Birth ſets neareſt to Imperial ſway;
While jealous pow'r does ſullenly o'erſpy,
We play like Deer within the Lyons Eye.

Would

Would I for you ſome Shepherdeſs had been;
And but each *May* ne'er heard the name of Queen.
Phil. If you were ſo, might I ſome Monarch be,
Then, you ſhould gain what now you loſe by me:
Then, you in all my glories ſhould have part,
And rule my Empire, as you rule my heart.
Cand. How much our golden wiſhes are in vain!
When they are paſt we are our ſelves again.

Enter Queen, *and* Aſteria, *above.*

Qu. Look, look *Aſteria*, yet they are not gone.
Hence we may hear what they diſcourſe alone.
Phil. My Love inſpires me with a generous thought
Which you unknowing, in thoſe wiſhes taught.
Since happineſs may out of Courts be found,
Why ſtay we here on this enchanted ground:
And chooſe not rather with content to dwell
(If Love and we can find it) in a Cell?
Cand. Thoſe who, like you, have once in Courts been great,
May think they wiſh, but wiſh not to retreat.
They ſeldom go but when they cannot ſtay;
As loſing Gameſters throw the Dice away:
Ev'n in that Cell, where you repoſe would find,
Viſions of Court will haunt your reſtleſs mind;
And glorious dreams ſtand ready to reſtore
The pleaſing ſhapes of all you had before.
Phil. He, who with your poſſeſſion once is bleſt,
On eaſie terms may part with all the reſt.
All my Ambition will in you be crown'd;
And thoſe white Arms ſhall all my wiſhes bound.
Our life ſhall be but one long Nuptial day,
And like chaf'd Odours melt in ſweets away;
Soft as the Night our Minutes ſhall be worn,
And chearful as the Birds that wake the Morn.
Cand. Thus hope miſleads it ſelf in pleaſant way;
And takes more joys on truſt than Love can pay!
But Love, with long poſſeſſion, once decay'd,
That Face which now you Court, you will upbraid.
Phil. Falſe Lovers broach theſe tenets, to remove
The fault from them by placing it on Love. ——
Cand. Yet grant in Youth you keep alive your Fire,
Old Age will come, and then it muſt expire:
Youth but a while does at Love's Temple ſtay,
As ſome fair Inn to lodge it on the way.
Phil. Your doubts are kind; but to be ſatisfy'd,
I can be true, I beg I may be try'd.
Cand. Tryals of love too dear the making coſt;

For if ſucceſsleſs, the whole venture's loſt.
What you propoſe, brings wants and care along.
Phil. Love can bear both.
Cand. But is your Love ſo ſtrong?
Phil. They do not want, who wiſh not to have more;
Who ever ſaid an Anchoret was poor?
Cand. To anſwer generouſly as you have done,
I ſhould not by your Arguments be won:
I know I urge your ruine by conſent;
Yet love too well that ruine to prevent.
Phil. Like water giv'n to thoſe whom Fevers fry:
You kill but him, who muſt without it die.
Cand. Secure me I may love without a Crime;
Then, for our flight, appoint both place and time.
Phil. Th' enſuing hour my plighted vows ſhall be;
The time's not long; or only long to me.
Cand. Then, let us go where we ſhall ne'er be ſeen
By my hard Mother,
Phil. Or my cruel Queen. [*Exeunt* Phil. Cand.
Queen above. O *Philocles* unkind to call me cruel!
So falſe *Aeneas* did from *Dido* fly,
But never branded her with Cruelty.
How I deſpiſe my ſelf for loving ſo!
Aſt. At once you hate your ſelf and love him too.
Qu. No, his Ingratitude has cur'd my Wound:
A painful Cure indeed!
Aſt. And yet not found.
His ignorance of your true thoughts
Excuſes this; you did ſeem cruel, Madam.
Qu. But much of kindneſs ſtill was mixed with it.
Who could miſtake ſo groſly not to know
A *Cupid* frowning when he draws his Bow?
Aſt. He's going now to ſmart for his offence.
Qu. Should he without my leave depart from hence?
Aſt. No matter; ſince you hate him, let him go.
Qu. But I my hate by my revenge will ſhow:
Beſides, his Head's a forfeit to the State.
Aſt. When you take that I will believe you hate.
Let him poſſeſs, and then he'll ſoon repent:
And ſo his Crime will prove his puniſhment.
Qu. He may repent; but he will firſt poſſeſs.
Aſt. O, Madam, now your hatred you confeſs:
If his poſſeſſing her your rage does move,
'Tis Jealouſie the avarice of Love.
Qu. No more, *Aſteria.*
Seek *Lyſimantes* out, bid him ſet his Guards
Through all the Court and City.

Prevent

Prevent their Marriage firſt; then ſtop their flight.
Some fitting puniſhments I will ordain,
But ſpeak not you of *Philocles* again:
'Tis bold to ſearch, and dangerous to find
Too much of Heav'ns, or of a Princes mind. [Qu. *deſcends and Exit.*

As the Queen has done ſpeaking, Flavia *is going haſtily over the Stage;* Aſteria *ſees her.*

Aſt. Flavia, Flavia, whither ſo faſt?

Fla. Did you call, *Aſteria?*

Aſt. The Queen has buſineſs with Prince *Lyſimantes*; Speak to any Gentleman that's next, to fetch him. [*Exit* Aſt. *from above.*

Fla. I ſuſpect ſomewhat, but I'll watch you cloſe;
Prince *Lyſimantes* has not choſe in me,
The worſt Spy of the Court. —— *Celadon!* what makes he here!

Enter Celadon, Olinda, Sabina; *they walk over the Stage together, he ſeeming to court them.*

Olind. Nay, ſweet *Celadon.* ——

Sab. Nay, dear *Celadon.*

Fla. O ho. I ſee his buſineſs now, 'tis with *Meliſſa*'s two Daughters: Look, look, how he peeps about to ſee if the coaſt be clear; like an Hawk that will not plume if ſhe be look'd on.
So —— at laſt he has truſs'd his quarry. —— [*Exeunt* Cel. Oli. Sab.

Enter Florimel.

Flor. Did you ſee *Celadon* this way?

Fla. If you had not ask'd the queſtion, I ſhould have thought you had come from watching him; he's juſt gone off with *Meliſſa*'s Daughters.

Flor. Meliſſa's Daughters! he did not Court 'em I hope?

Fla. So buſily, he loſt no time: while he was teaching the one a tune, he was kiſſing the others hand.

Flor. O fine Gentleman!

Fla. And they ſo greedy of him! Did you never ſee two fiſhes about a Bait, tugging it this way and t'other way; for my part, I look'd at leaſt he ſhould have loſt a Leg or Arm i' th' Service. ——
Nay, never vex your ſelf, but e'en reſolve to break with him.

Flor. No, no, 'tis not come to that, yet; I'll correct him firſt, and then hope the beſt from time.

Fla. From time! Believe me, there's little good to be expected from him. I never knew the old Gentleman with the Scythe and Hour-glaſs, bring any thing but gray hair, thin cheeks, and loſs of teeth: you ſee *Celadon* loves others.

Flor. There's the more hope he may love me among the reſt: hang't, I would not marry one of theſe ſolemn Fops; they are good for nothing but to make Cuckolds: Give me a Servant that is an high Flier at all Games; that is bounteous of himſelf to many Women; and yet when ever I pleas'd to throw out the lure of Matrimony, ſhould come down with a wing, and fly the better at his own quarry.

Fla.

Fla. But are you ſure you can take him down when you think good?

Flor. Nothing more certain.

Fla. What Wager will you venture upon the Trial?

Flor. Any thing.

Fla. My Maidenhead to yours.

Flor. That's a good one, who ſhall take the forfeit?

Fla. I'll go and write a Letter as from theſe two Siſters, to ſummon him immediately; it ſhall be deliver'd before you. I warrant you ſee a ſtrange Combat betwixt the Fleſh and the Spirit: if he leaves you to go to them, you'll grant he loves them better.

Flor. Not a jot the more; a Bee may pick of many Flowers, and like ſome one better than all the reſt.

Fla. But then your Bee muſt not leave his ſting behind him.

Flor. Well; make the experiment however: I hear him coming, and a whole noiſe of Fidlers at his heels. Hey-day, what a mad Husband ſhall I have? ——

Enter Celadon.

Fla. And what a mad Wife will he have? well, I muſt go a little way, but I'll return immediately and write it: you'll keep him in diſcourſe the while? [*Exit* Flavia.

Cel. Where are you, Madam? what do you mean to run away thus? pray ſtand to't that we may diſpatch this buſineſs.

Flor. I think you mean to watch me as they do Witches, to make me confeſs I love you. Lord, what a buſtle have you kept this Afternoon? What with eating, ſinging and dancing, I am ſo wearied, that I ſhall not be in caſe to hear of any more love this fortnight.

Cel. Nay, if you ſurfeit on't before Tryal, Lord have mercy upon you when I have married you.

Flor. But what Kings Revenue do you think will maintain this extravagant Expence?

Cel. I have a damnable Father, a rich old Rogue, if he would once die! Lord, how long does he mean to make it e'er he dies!

Flor. As long as ever he can, I'll paſs my word for him.

Cel. I think then we had beſt conſider him as an obſtinate old Fellow, that is deaf to the news of a better World; and ne'er ſtay for him.

Flor. But e'en marry; and get him Grand-children in abundance, and great Grand-children upon them, and ſo inch him and ſhove him out of the World by the very force of new Generations: —— if that be the way you muſt excuſe me.

Cel. But doſt thou know what it is to be an old Maid?

Flor. No, nor hope I ſha'nt theſe twenty years.

Cel. But when that time comes, in the firſt place thou wilt be condemned to tell ſtories, how many Men thou mighteſt have had; and none believe thee: Then thou groweſt froward, and impudently wearieſt all thy Friends to ſollicite Man for thee.

Flor. Away with your old Common place-wit: I am reſolved to grow

fat and look young till forty, and then slip out of the World with the first wrinkle, and the reputation of five and twenty.

Cel. Well, what think you now of a reckoning betwixt us?

Flor. How do you mean?

Cel. To discount for so many days of my years service, as I have paid in since Morning.

Flor. With all my heart.

Cel. Imprimis, For a Treat:

Item. For my Glass Coach:

Item. For sitting bare and wagging your Fann:

And lastly, and principally, for my Fidelity to you this long hour and half.

Flor. For this I bate you three Weeks of your Service; now hear your Bill of Faults; for your comfort 'tis a short one.

Cel. I know it.

Flor. Imprimis, Item, and Sum total, for keeping Company with *Melissa*'s Daughters.

Cel. How the Pox came you to know of that? Gad I believe the Devil plays booty against himself, and tells you of my sins. [*Aside.*

Flor. The offence being so small, the punishment shall be but proportionable, I will set you back only half a year.

Cel. You're most unconstionable: when then do you think we shall come together? there's none but the old Patriarchs could live long enough to marry you at this rate. What do you take me for, some Cousin of *Methusalem*'s, that I must stay an hundred years before I come to beget Sons and Daughters?

Flor. Here's an impudent Lover, he complains of me without ever offering to excuse himself; *Item*, a Fortnight more for that.

Cel. So there's another puff in my Voyage has blown me back to the North of *Scotland*.

Flor. All this is nothing to your excuse for the two Sisters.

Cel. 'Faith if ever I did more than kiss 'em, and that but once, ——

Flor. What could you have done more to me?

Cel. An hundred times more; as thou shalt know dear Rogue, at time convenient.

Flor. You talk, you talk; Could you kiss 'em, though but once, and ne'er think of me?

Cel. Nay if I had thought of thee, I had kiss'd 'em over a thousand times, with the very force of imagination.

Flor. The Gallants are mightily beholding to you, you have found 'em out a new way to kiss their Mistresses, upon other Womens Lips.

Cel. What would you have? You are my Sultana Queen, the rest are but in the nature of your Slaves; I may make some slight Excursion into the Enemies Country, for Forage or so, but I ever return to my head Quarters.

Enter one with a Letter.

Cel. To me?

Mess.

Mess. If your name be *Celadon.* [Celadon *reads softly.*

Flor. He's swallowing the Pill; presently we shall see the operation.

Cel. *to the Page.*] Child, come hither Child; here's money for thee: So, be gone quickly good Child, before any body examines thee: Thou art in a dangerous place, Child. —— [*Thrusts him out.*

Very good, the Sisters send me word they will have the Fiddles this Afternoon, and invite me to sup there; —— Now cannot I forbear and I should be damn'd, though I have scap'd a scouring so lately for it. Yet I love *Florimel* better than both 'em together; —— there's the Riddle on't: but only for the sweet sake of variety. —— [*Aside.*

Well, we must all sin, and we must all repent, and there's an end on't.

Flor. What is it that makes you fidge up and down so?

Cel. 'Faith I am sent for by a very dear Friend, and 'tis upon a business of Life and Death.

Flor. On my Life some Woman?

Cel. On my honour some Man; Do you think I would lye to you?

Flor. But you engag'd to sup with me!

Cel. But I consider it may be scandalous to stay late in your Lodgings. Adieu dear Miss, if ever I am false to thee again. [*Exit* Cel.

Flor. See what constant metal you Men are made of! He begins to vex me in good earnest. Hang him, let him go and take enough of 'em: and yet methinks I can't endure he should neither. Lord, that such a Madcap as I should ever live to be jealous!

I must after him.
Some Ladies would discard him now, but I
A fitter way for my revenge will find,
I'll marry him, and serve him in his kind. [*Exit* Florimel.

ACT IV.

SCENE *The Walks.*

Melissa, *after her* Olinda *and* Sabina.

Mel. I Must take this business up in time: this wild Fellow begins to haunt my House again. Well, I'll be bold to say it, 'tis as easie to bring up a young Lyon, without mischief, as a Maiden-head of Fifteen, to make it tame for an Husbands Bed. Not but that the young Man is handsome, rich and young, and I could be content he should marry one of 'em, but to seduce 'em both in this manner. —— Well, I'll examine 'em apart, and if I can find out which he loves, I'll offer him his choice.—— Come hither Child. —— [*To* Olinda.

Olin. Your pleasure, Madam?

Mel. Nothing but for your good *Olinda*, what think you of *Celadon*?

Olin. Why I think he's a very mad Fellow; but yet I have some obligements

ments to him: he teaches me new Airs of the Guitarre, and talks kindly to me, and I to him.

Mel. But tell me in earneſt, do you think he loves you?

Olin. Can you doubt it? There were never two ſo cut out for one another; we both love Singing, Dancing, Treats and Muſick. In ſhort, we are each others counterpart.

Mel. But does he love you ſeriouſly?

Olin. Seriouſly! I know not that; if he did, perhaps I ſhould not love him: but we ſit and talk, and wrangle, and are Friends; when we are together we never hold our tongues; and then we have always a noiſe of Fiddles at our heels, he hunts me merrily as the Hound does the Hare; and either this is Love, or I know it not.

Mel. Well, go back, and call *Sabina* to me. —— Olinda *goes behind.* This is a Riddle paſt my finding out: whether he loves her or no is the queſtion; but this I am ſure of, ſhe loves him: —— O my little Favourite, I muſt ask you a queſtion concerning *Celadon*: Is he in love with you?

Sab. I think indeed he does not hate me, at leaſt if a Mans word may be taken for it.

Mel. But what expreſſions has he made you?

Sab. Truly the Man has done his part; he has ſpoken civilly to me, and I was not ſo young but I underſtood him.

Mel. And you could be content to marry him?

Sab. I have ſworn never to marry; beſides, he's a wild young Man; yet to obey you, Mother, I would be content to be ſacrific'd.

Mel. No, no, we would but lead you to the Altar.

Sab. Not to put off the Gentleman neither; for if I have him not, I am reſolv'd to die a Maid, that's once, Mother. ——

Mel. Both my Daughters are in love with him, and I cannot yet find he loves either of 'em.

Olin. Mother, Mother, yonder's *Celadon* in the Walks.

Mel. Peace wanton; you had beſt ring the Bells for joy. Well, I'll not meet him, becauſe I know not which to offer him, yet he ſeems to like the youngeſt beſt: I'll give him opportunity with her; *Olinda*, do you make haſte after me.

Olin. This is ſomething hard though. [*Exit* Mel.

Enter Celadon.

Cel. You ſee Ladies the leaſt breath of yours brings me to you: I have been ſeeking you at your Lodgings, and from thence came hither after you.

Sab. 'Twas well you found us.

Cel. Found you! half this brightneſs beſide you two was enough to have lighted me. I could never chuſe my way. Here's fair beauty enough for one Family; ſuch a Voice, ſuch a Wit, ſo noble a ſtature, ſo white a Skin.

Olin. I thought he would be particular at laſt. [*Aside.*

Cel. And young *Sabina*, ſo ſweet an innocence, ſuch

Such a Roſe-bud newly blown.
This is my goodly Palace of Love, and that my little withdrawing Room. A word, Madam. ——

Olin. I like not this. (*Aſide.*) Sir, if you are not too buſie with my Siſter, I would ſpeak with you.

Cel. I come, Madam. ——

Sab. Time enough, Sir; pray finiſh your Diſcourſe —— and as you were a ſaying, Sir, ——

Olin. Sweet Sir. ——

Sab. Siſter, you forget, my Mother bid you make haſte.

Olin. Well, go you and tell her I am coming. ——

Sab. I can never endure to be the Meſſenger of ill news; but if you pleaſe, I'll ſend her word you won't come. ——

Olin. Minion, Minion, remember this. —— [*Exit* Olinda.

Sab. She's horribly in love with you.

Cel. Lord, who could love that walking Steeple? She's ſo high that every time ſhe ſings to me, I am looking up for the Bell that tolls to Church. —— Ha! Give me my little Fifth-rate that lies ſo ſnug. —— She! hang her, a Dutch built bottom: ſhe's ſo tall, there's no boarding her. But we loſe time —— Madam, let me ſeal my love upon your mouth. [*Kiſs.*

Soft and ſweet by Heaven! ſure you wear Roſe-leaves between your Lips.

Sab. Lord, Lord; What's the matter with me, my breath grows ſo ſhort I can ſcarce ſpeak to you.

Cel. No matter, give me thy Lips again, and I'll ſpeak for thee.

Sab. You don't love me. ——

Cel. I warrant thee; ſit down by me and kiſs again. —— She warms faſter than *Pygmalion*'s Image. [*Aſide.*

[*Kiſs.*] —— I marry Sir, this was the original uſe of Lips; talking, eating, and drinking came in by th' by. ——

Sab. Nay pray be civil; will you be at quiet?

Cel. What would you have me ſit ſtill and look upon you like a little Puppy-dog that's taught to beg with his fore-leg up?

Enter Florimel.

Flor. *Celadon* the faithful! in good time, Sir. ——

Cel. In very good time *Florimel*; for Heavens ſake help me quickly.

Flor. What's the matter?

Cel. Do you not ſee! here's a poor Gentlewoman in a ſwoon! (*ſwoons away!*) I have been rubbing her this half hour, and cannot bring her to her ſenſes.

Flor. Alas, how came ſhe ſo?

Cel. Oh barbarous! do you ſtay to ask queſtions, run for charity.

Flor. Help, help, alas poor Lady. —— [*Exit* Flor.

Sab. Is ſhe gone?

Cel. I, thanks be to my wit that helpt me at a pinch; I thank Heaven, I never pumpt for a lye in all my life yet.

Sab.

Sab. I am afraid you love her, *Celadon!*

Cel. Only as a civil acquaintance or ſo, but however to avoid ſlander, you had beſt be gone before ſhe comes again.

Sab. I can find a Tongue as well as ſhe. ——

Cel. I, but the truth is, I am a kind of ſcandalous Perſon, and for you to be ſeen in my Company —— Stay in the walks, by this kiſs I'll be with you preſently —— [*Exit Sab.*

Enter Florimel, *running.*

Flor. Help, help, I can find no body.

Cel. 'Tis needleſs now my dear, ſhe's recover'd, and gone off, but ſo wan and weakly. ——

Flor. Umh! I begin to ſmell a Rat, what was your buſineſs here, *Celadon?*

Cel. Charity, Chriſtian Charity; you ſaw I was labouring for life with her.

Flor. But how came you hither? not that I care this, —— but only to be ſatisfied —— *Sings.* ——

Cel. You are jealous in my Conſcience.

Flor. Who I jealous? Then I wiſh this ſigh may be the laſt that ever I may draw. —— [*Sighs.*

Cel. But why do you ſigh then?

Flor. Nothing but a cold, I cannot fetch my breath well. —— But what will you ſay if I wrote the Letter you had, to try your Faith?

Cel. Hey day! This is juſt the Devil and the Sinner; you lay ſnares for me, and then puniſh me for being taken; here's trying a Man's Faith indeed: What do you think I had the Faith of a Stock, or of a Stone? Nay, and you go to tantalize a Man, —— 'gad I love upon the ſquare, I can endure no tricks to be uſed to me.

[Olinda *and* Sabina, *at the door peeping.*

Olin. Sab. Celadon, Celadon!

Flor. What Voices are thoſe?

Cel. Some Camerades of mine that call me to play; —— Pox on 'em they'll ſpoil all —— [*Aſide.*

Flor. Pray let's ſee 'em.

Cel. Hang 'em Tatterdemallions, they are not worth your ſight; pray Gentlemen be gone, I'll be with you immediately.

Sab. No, we'll ſtay here for you.

Flor. Do your Gentlemen ſpeak with treble Voices? I am reſolv'd to ſee what Company you keep.

Cel. Nay, 'good my Dear. ——

[*He lays hold of her to pull her back; ſhe lays hold of* Olinda, *by whom* Sabina *holds; ſo that he pulling they all come in.*

Flor. Are theſe your Camerades?

[*Sings.*] 'Tis *Strephon* calls, what would my love?
Why do not you roar out like a great Bull-cyal, Come follow to the *Bayes*

Myrtle Grove. Pray Sir, which of these fair Ladies is it, for whom you were to do the courtesie, for it were unconscionable to leave you to 'em both; what, a Man's but a Man you know.

Olin. The Gentleman may find an Owner.

Sab. Though not of you.

Flor. Pray agree whose the lost Sheep is, and take him.

Sab. 'Slife they'll cry me anon, and tell my marks.

Flor. Troth I pity your Highness there, I perceive he has left you for the little one: Methinks he should have been afraid to break his neck when he fell so high as from you to her.

Sab. Well my drolling Lady, I may be even with you. ——

Flor. Not this ten years by the growth, yet.

Sab. Can flesh and blood endure this!

Flor. How now, my *Amazon in decimo sexto!*

Olin. Do you affront my Sister! ——

Flor. I, but thou art so tall, I think I shall never affront thee. ——

Sab. Come away Sister, we shall be jeer'd to Death else.

[*Exeunt* Olinda, Sabina.

Flor. Why do you look that way, you can't forbear leering after the forbidden Fruit. ——— But when e'er I take a Wenchers word again! ——

Cel. A Wenchers word! why should you speak so contemptibly of the better half of Mankind! I'll stand up for the honour of my Vocation.

Flor. You are in no fault I warrant; —— 'ware my Busk. ——

Cel. Not to give a fair Lady the lye, I am in fault; ——— but otherwise. ——— Come let us be Friends, and let me wait on you to your Lodgings.

Flor. This impudence shall not save you from my Table-Book. *Item.* A Month more for this fault. ——— [*They walk to the door.*

1. *Souldier within.* Stand.

2. *Souldier within.* Stand, give the word.

Cel. Now what's the meaning of this trow, Guards set?

1. *Souldier.* Give the Word, or you cannot pass; these are they, Brother; let's in and seize 'em.

The two Souldiers enter ———

1. *Souldier.* —— Down with him.

2. *Souldier.* Disarm him.

Cel. How now Rascals! ———

[*Draws and beats one off, and catches the other.*

Cel. Ask your Life you Villain.

2. *Souldier.* Quarter, quarter.

Cel. Was ever such an Insolence?

Sould. We did but our duty; here we were set to take a Gentleman and Lady, that would steal a Marriage without the Queens consent, and we thought you had been they. [*Exit Souldier.*

Flor. Your Cousin *Philocles* and the Princess *Candiope* on my Life! for I heard the Queen give private Orders to *Lysimantes*, and name them twice or thrice. *Cel.*

Cel. I know a ſcore or two of Madcaps here hard by, whom I can pick up from Taverns and Gaming-Houſes, and Bordels; thoſe I'll bring to aid him: Now *Florimel*, there's an Argument for Wenching, where would you have had ſo many honeſt men together upon the ſudden for a brave employment?

Flor. You'll leave me then to take my fortune?

Cel. No; if you will, I'll have you into the places aforeſaid, and enter you into good Company.

Flor. Thank you Sir, here's a Key will let me through this back-door to my own Lodgings.

Cel. If I come off with life, I'll ſee you this Evening, if not——— Adieu *Florimel.* ———

Flor. If you come not I ſhall conclude you are kill'd, or taken; to be hang'd for a Rebel to morrow Morning——— and then I'll honour your memory with a Lampoon inſtead of an Epitaph.

Cel. No, no, I truſt better in my Fate: I know I am reſerv'd to do you a Courteſie. [*Exit* Celadon.

[*As* Florimel *is unlocking the door to go out,* Flavia *opens it againſt her, and enters to her, followed by a Page.*

Fla. Florimel, do you hear the news?

Flor. I gueſs they are in purſuit of *Philocles.*

Fla. When *Lyſimantes* came with the Queens Orders,
He refuſed to render up *Candiope*;
And with ſome few brave Friends he had about him
Is forcing of his way through all the Guards.

Flor. A gallant Fellow, I'll in, will you with me?
Hark, the noiſe comes this way!

Fla. I have a Meſſage from the Queen to *Lyſimantes.*
I hope I may be ſafe among the Souldiers.

Flor. Oh very ſafe, perhaps ſome honeſt Fellow in the tumult may take pity of thy Maiden-head, or ſo——— Adieu.

Page 1. The noiſe comes nearer, Madam. [*Exit* Florimel.

Fla. I am glad on't: this Meſſage gives me the opportunity of ſpeaking privately with *Lyſimantes.*

Enter Philocles, *and* Candiope, *with three Friends; purſued by* Lyſimantes, *and Souldiers.*

Lyſ. What is it renders you thus obſtinate? you have no hope of flight, and to reſiſt is full as vain.

Phil. I'll die rather than yield her up.

Fla. My Lord!

Lyſ. How now, ſome new Meſſage from the Queen?
(*To Souldiers.*) Retire a while to a convenient diſtance.

[Lyſimantes, *and* Flavia *whiſper.*

Lyſi. O *Flavia* 'tis impoſſible! the Queen in love with *Philocles!*

Fla. I have ſuſpected it before; but now,

My

My Ears and Eyes are Witneſſes, ——
This hour I over-heard her to *Aſteria*
Making ſuch ſad complaints of her hard fate!
For my part I believe you lead him back
But to his Coronation.
Lyſ. Hell take him firſt.
Fla. Preſently after this ſhe call'd for me,
And bid me run, and with ſtrict care command you
On peril of your Life he had no harm:
But, Sir, ſhe ſpoke it with ſo great concernment,
Me thought I ſaw love, anger, and deſpair
All combating at once upon her Face.
Lyſ. Tell the Queen —— I know not what, I am diſtracted ſo; ——
But go and leave me to my thoughts. —— [*Exit* Flavia.
Was ever ſuch amazing news
Told in ſo ſtrange and critical a moment!
What ſhall I do!
Does ſhe love *Philocles*, who loves not her;
And loves not *Lyſimantes* who prefers her
Above his Life! what reſts but that I take
This opportunity, which her ſelf
Has given me, to kill this happy Rival!
Aſſiſt me Souldiers.
Phil. They ſhall buy me dearly.
Cand. Ah me, unhappy Maid!

Enter Celadon *with his Friends, unbutton'd and reeling.*

Cel. Courage my noble Couſin, I have brought
A band of Blades, the braveſt youths of *Syracuſe*:
Some drunk, ſome ſober, all reſolv'd to run
Your fortune to the utmoſt. Fall on mad Boys ——
Lyſ. Hold a little; ——
I'm not ſecure of Victory againſt theſe deſperate Ruffins.
Cel. No, but I ſecure you; they ſhall cut your throat for ſuch another word of 'em. Ruffins quoth a! call Gameſters, Whore-maſters, and Drunkards, Ruffins!
Lyſ. Pray Gentlemen fall back a little ——
Cel. O ho, are they Gentlemen now with you!
Speak firſt to your Gentlemen Souldiers to retire; and then
I'll ſpeak to my Gentlemen Ruffins.
[Cel. *Signs to his party*] There's your diſciplin'd men now. ——
[*They ſing and the Souldiers retire on both ſides.*
Come Gentlemen, let's loſe no time; while they are talking, let's have one merry main before we die —— for Mortality ſake.
1. Agreed, here's my Cloak for a Table.
2. And my Hat for a Box. —— [*They lie down and throw.*
Lyſ. Suppoſe I kill'd him!

'Twould but exaſperate the Queen the more:
He loves not her, nor knows he ſhe loves him:
A ſuddain thought is come into my head ——
So to contrive it, that this *Philocles*,
And theſe his Friends ſhall bring to paſs that for me
Which I could never compaſs. —— True, I ſtrain
A point of honour; but then her uſage to me, it ſhall be ſo ——
Pray, *Philocles*, Command your Souldiers off;
As I will mine: I've ſomewhat to propoſe
Which you perhaps may like.

Cand. I will not leave him.

Lyſ. — 'Tis my deſire you ſhould not.

Phil. — Couſin, lead off your Friends.

Cel. —— One word in your Ear, Couz. Let me adviſe you; either make your own conditions, or never agree with him: his Men are poor ſober Rogues, they can never ſtand before us.

[*Exeunt omnes præter* Lyſ. Phil. Cand.

Lyſ. Suppoſe ſome Friend e'er night,
Should bring you to poſſeſs all your deſire;
And not ſo only, but ſecure for ever
The Nations happineſs ——

Phil. I would think of him
As ſome God or Angel.

Lyſ. That God or Angel you and I may be to one another,
We have betwixt us
An hundred Men; the Cittadel you govern,
What were it now to ſeize the Queen!

Phil. O Impiety! to ſeize the Queen!
To ſeize her, ſaid you?

Lyſ. The word might be too rough, I meant ſecure her.

Phil. Was this your propoſition,
And had you none to make it to but me?

Lyſ. Pray hear me out e'er you condemn me!
I would not the leaſt violence were offer'd
Her Perſon; two ſmall grants is all I ask,
To make me happy in her ſelf, and you
In your *Candiope*.

Cand. And will not you do this, my *Philocles*?
Nay, now my Brother ſpeaks but reaſon.

Phil. Int'reſt makes all ſeem reaſon that leads to it.
Int'reſt that does the zeal of Sects create,
To purge a Church, and to reform a State.

Lyſ. In ſhort, the Queen hath ſent to part you two;
What more ſhe means to her I know not.

Phil. To her! alas! why, will not you protect her?

Lyſ. With you I can; but where's my power alone?

Cand. You know ſhe loves me not; you lately heard her

How

How she insulted over me: how she
Despis'd that Beauty which you say I have;
I see she purposes my death.
Phil. Why do you fright me with it?
'Tis in your Brothers pow'r to let us 'scape,
And then you run no danger.
Lys. True, I may;
But then my head must pay the forfeit of it.
Phil. O wretched *Philocles*, whither would love
Hurry thee headlong!
Lys. Cease these acclamations.
There's no danger on your side; 'tis but to
Live without my Sister, resolve that
And you have shot the Gulf.
Phil. To live without her! is that nothing, think you?
The damn'd in Hell endure no greater pain
Than seeing Heaven from far with hopeless Eyes.
Cand. *Candiope* must die, and die for you;
See it not unreveng'd at least.
Phil. Ha! unreveng'd! on whom should I revenge it?
But yet she dies, and I may hinder it;
'Tis I then murder my *Candiope*!
And yet should I take Arms against my Queen!
That favour'd me, rais'd me to what I am!
Alas it must not be.
Lys. He cools again ——(*Aside.*) True; she once favour'd you,
But now I am inform'd,
She is besotted on an upstart wretch;
So far, that she intends to make him Master
Both of her Crown and Person.
Phil. Knows he that!
Then, what I dreaded most is come to pass. —— [*Aside.*
I am convinc'd of the necessity;
Let us make haste to raze
That action from the Annals of her Reign:
No motive but her glory could have wrought me.
I am a Traytor to her to preserve her
From Treason to her self; and yet Heav'n knows
With what a heavy heart
Philocles turns Reformer: but have care
This fault of her strange passion take no air.
Let not the vulgar blow upon her fame.
Lys. I will be careful; shall we go, my Lord?
Phil. Time wasts apace; Each first prepare his men.
Come my *Candiope* —— [*Exeunt* Phil. Cand.
Lys. This ruins him for ever with the Queen;
The odium's half his, the profit all my own.

Thoſe who, like me, by others help would climb,
To make 'em ſure, muſt dip 'em in their crime. [*Exit Lyſ.*

SCENE II. *The Queens Apartments.*

Enter Queen and Aſteria.

Qu. No more news yet from *Philocles?*
Aſt. None, Madam, ſince *Flavia*'s return.
Qu. O my *Aſteria*, if you lov'd me, ſure
You would ſay ſomething to me of my *Philocles?*
I could ſpeak ever of him.
Aſt. Madam, you Commanded me no more to name him to you.
Qu. Then I Command you now ſpeak of nothing elſe:
I charge you here, on your Allegiance, tell me
What I ſhould do with him.
Aſt. When you gave Orders that he ſhould be taken,
You ſeem'd reſolv'd how to diſpoſe of him.
Qu. Dull *Aſteria*, not to know,
Mad people never think the ſame thing twice.
Alas! I'm hurried reſtleſs up and down,
I was in anger once, and then I thought
I had put into ſhore!
But now a guſt of love blows hard againſt me,
And bears me off again.
Aſt. Shall I ſing the Song you made of *Philocles*,
And call'd it *Secret-love?*
Qu. Do, for that's all kindneſs: and while thou ſing'ſt it,
I can think nothing but what pleaſes me.

SONG.

I Feed a flame within which ſo torments me,
That it both pains my heart, and yet contents me:
'Tis ſuch a pleaſing ſmart, and I ſo love it,
That I had rather die than once remove it.

Yet he for whom I grieve ſhall never know it,
My tongue does not betray, nor my Eyes ſhow it,
Not a ſigh nor a tear my pain diſcloſes,
But they fall ſilently like dew on Roſes.

Thus to prevent my love from being cruel,
My heart's the ſacrifice as 'tis the fuel:
And while I ſuffer this to give him quiet,
My faith rewards my love, though he deny it.

Qu

On his Eyes will I gaze, and there delight me;
While I conceal my love, no frown can fright me:
To be more happy I dare not aſpire;
Nor can I fall more low, mounting no higher.

Qu. Peace: Methinks I hear the noiſe
Of claſhing Swords and clatt'ring Arms below.

Enter Flavia.

Now; what news that you preſs in ſo rudely?
Fla. Madam, the worſt that can be;
Your Guards upon the ſuddain are ſurpriz'd,
Diſarm'd, ſome ſlain, all ſcatter'd.
Qu. By whom?
Fla. Prince *Lyſimantes*, and Lord *Philocles*.
Qu. It cannot be; *Philocles* is a Priſoner.
Fla. What my Eyes ſaw ——
Qu. Pull 'em out; they are falſe Spectacles.
Aſt. O vertue, impotent and blind as Fortune!
Who would be good, or pious, if this Queen
Thy great Example ſuffers!
Qu. Peace, *Aſteria*, accuſe not vertue;
She has but given me a great occaſion
Of ſhowing what I am when Fortune leaves me.
Aſt. *Philocles*, to do this!
Qu. I, *Philocles*, I muſt confeſs 'twas hard!
But there's a fate in kindneſs
Still, to be leaſt return'd where moſt 'tis given.
Where's *Candiope?*
Fla. *Philocles* was whiſpering to her.
Qu. Hence Screech-owl; call my Guards quickly there:
Put 'em apart in ſeveral Priſons.
Alas! I had forgot I have no Guards,
But thoſe which are my Jaylors,
Never till now, unhappy Queen;
The uſe of pow'r, till loſt, is ſeldom known;
Now I ſhould ſtrike, I find my thunder gone. [*Exeunt* Qu. *and* Flavia.

Philocles *enters, and meets* Aſteria *going out.*

Phil. *Aſteria!* Where's the Queen?
Aſt. Ah my Lord what have you done!
I came to ſeek you. *Phil.* Is it from her you come?
Aſt. No, but on her behalf; her heart's too great,
In this low ebb of Fortune, ſo intreat.
Phil. 'Tis but a ſhort Eclipſe,
Which paſt, a glorious day will ſoon enſue:
But I would ask a favour too from you.

Aſt.

Aſt. When Conquerours Petition, they Command;
Thoſe that can Captive Queens, who can withſtand?
Phil. She, with her happineſs, might mine create;
Yet ſeems indulgent to her own ill fate:
But ſhe, in ſecret, hates me ſure; for why
If not, ſhould ſhe *Candiope* deny?
Aſt. If you dare truſt my knowledge of her mind,
She has no thoughts of you that are unkind.
Phil. I could my ſorrows with ſome patience bear,
Did they proceed from any one but her:
But from the Queen! whoſe Perſon I adore,
By Duty much, by inclination more.
Aſt. He is inclin'd already, did he know
That ſhe lov'd him, how would this paſſion grow! [*Aſide.*
Phil. That her fair hand with Deſtiny combines,
Fate ne'er ſtrikes deep, but when unkindneſs joins!
For, to confeſs the ſecret of my mind,
Something ſo tender for the Queen I find,
That ev'n *Candiope* can ſcarce remove,
And, were ſhe lower, I ſhould call it love.
Aſt. She charg'd me not this ſecret to betray,
But I beſt ſerve her if I diſobey.
For, if he loves, 'twas for her int'reſt done;
If not, he'll keep it ſecret for his own. [*Aſide.*
Phil. Why are you in obliging me ſo ſlow?
Aſt. The thing's of great importance you would know;
And you muſt firſt ſwear ſecreſie to all.
Phil. I ſwear.
Aſt. Yet hold; your Oath's too general.
Swear that *Candiope* ſhall never know.
Phil. I ſwear:
Aſt. No not the Queen her ſelf.
Phil. I vow.
Aſt. You wonder why I am ſo cautious grown
In telling what concerns your ſelf alone:
But ſpare my Vow, and gueſs what it may be
That makes the Queen deny *Candiope*.
'Tis neither hate nor pride that moves her mind;
Methinks the Riddle is not hard to find.
Phil. You ſeem ſo great a wonder to intend,
As were, in me, a crime to apprehend.
Aſt. 'Tis not a crime to know; but would be one
To prove ungrateful when your Duty's known.
Phil. Why would you thus my eaſie faith abuſe?
I cannot think the Queen ſo ill would chuſe.
But ſtay, now your impoſture will appear;
She has her ſelf confeſs'd ſhe lov'd elſewhere:

On

On ſome ignoble choice has plac'd her heart,
One who wants quality, and more, deſert.
Aſt. This though unjuſt, you have moſt right to ſay,
For, if you'll rail againſt your ſelf, you may.
Phil. Dull that I was!
A thouſand things now crowd my memory
That make me know it could be none but I.
Her rage was Love: and its tempeſtuous flame,
Like Lightning, ſhow'd the Heaven from whence it came.
But in her kindneſs my own ſhame I ſee;
Have I dethron'd her then, for loving me?
I hate my ſelf for that which I have done,
Much more, diſcover'd, than I did unknown.
How does ſhe brook her ſtrange Impriſonment?
Aſt. As great Souls ſhould, that make their own content.
The hardeſt term ſhe for your act could find
Was only this, O *Philoctas*, unkind!
Then, ſetting free a ſigh, from her fair Eyes
She wip'd two pearls, the remnant of wild ſhow'rs,
Which hung like drops upon the Bells of flow'rs,
And thank'd the Heav'ns,
Which better did, what ſhe deſign'd, purſue,
Without her crime to give her pow'r to you.
Phil. Hold, hold you ſet my thoughts ſo near a Crown,
They mount above my reach to pull them down:
Here Conſtancy; Ambition there does move;
On each ſide Beauty, and on both ſides Love.
Aſt. Methinks the leaſt you can is to receive
This love with reverence and your former leave.
Phil. Think but what difficulties come between!
Aſt. 'Tis wond'rous difficult to love a Queen.
Phil. For pity ceaſe more reaſons to provide,
I am but too much yielding to your ſide;
And, were my heart but at my own diſpoſe,
I ſhould not make a ſcruple then to chooſe.
Aſt. Then if the Queen will my advice approve,
Her hatred to you ſhall expel her love.
Phil. Not to be lov'd by her, as hard would be
As to be hated by *Candiope*.
Aſt. I leave you to reſolve while you have time;
You muſt be guilty, but may chooſe your crime. [*Exit* Aſteria.
Phil. One thing I have reſolv'd; and that I'll do
Both for my love and for my honour too.
But then, (Ingratitude and falſhood weigh'd,)
I know not which would moſt my Soul upbra d.
Fate ſhoves me headlong down a rugged way;
Unſafe to run, and yet too ſteep to ſtay. [*Exit* Phil.

ACT.

ACT V.

SCENE *The Court.*

Florimel *in Mans Habit.*

'TWill be rare now if I can go through with it, to out-do this mad *Celadon* in all his tricks, and get both his Miſtreſſes from him; then I ſhall revenge my ſelf upon all three, and ſave my own ſtake into the bargain; for I find I do love the Rogue in ſpight of all his Infidelities. Yonder they are, and this way they muſt come. —— If Cloaths and a *bon meen* will take 'em, I ſhall do't. —— Save you *Monſieur Florimel*; Faith methinks you are a very *janty* Fellow, *poudrè & ajuſtè*, as well as the beſt of 'em. I can manage the little Comb, —— ſet my Hat, ſhake my Garniture, toſs about my empty Noddle, walk with a courant flurr, and at every ſtep peck down my Head: —— if I ſhould be miſtaken for ſome Courtier now, pray where's the difference?

Enter to her, Celadon, Olinda, Sabina.

Olin. Never mince the matter!

Sab. You have left your heart behind with *Florimel*; we know it.

Cel. You know you wrong me; when I am with *Florimel* 'tis ſtill your Priſoner, it only draws a longer chain after it.

Flor. Is it e'en ſo! then farewel poor *Florimel*, thy Maidenhead is condemn'd to die with thee ———

Cel. But let's leave the diſcourſe; 'tis all digreſſion that does not ſpeak of your beauties. ——

Flor. Now for me in the name of impudence! —— [*walks with them.* They are the greateſt beauties I confeſs that ever I beheld. ——

Cel. How now, what's the meaning of this young Fellow?

Flor. And therefore I cannot wonder that this Gentleman who has the honour to be known to you ſhould admire you, —— ſince I that am a ſtranger ———

Cel. And a very impudent one, as I take it, Sir. ———

Flor. Am ſo extreamly ſurpriz'd, that I admire, love, am wounded and am dying all in a moment.

Cel. I have ſeen him ſomewhere, but where I know not! prithee my Friend leave us, doſt thou think we do not know our way in Court?

Flor. I pretend not to inſtruct you in your way; you ſee I do not go before you! but you cannot poſſibly deny me the happineſs to wait upon theſe Ladies; ——— me, who ———

Cel. Thee, who ſhalt be beaten moſt unmercifully if thou doſt follow them!

Flor. You will not draw in Court I hope!

Cel. Pox on him, let's walk away faſter, and be rid of him. —

Flor.

Flor. O take no care for me, Sir, you ſhall not loſe me, I'll rather mend my pace, than not wait on you.

Olin. I begin to like this Fellow. ——

Cel. You make very bold here in my Seraglio, and I ſhall find a time to tell you ſo, Sir.

Flor. When you find a time to tell me on't, I ſhall find a time to anſwer you: But pray what do you find in your ſelf ſo extraordinary, that you ſhould ſerve theſe Ladies better than I; let me know what 'tis you value your ſelf upon, and let them judge betwixt us.

Cel. I am ſomewhat more a Man than you.

Flor. That is, you are ſo much older than I: Do you like a Man ever the better for his Age, Ladies?

Sab. Well ſaid, young Gentleman.

Cel. Piſh, thee? a young raw Creature, thou haſt ne'er been under the Barbers hands yet.

Flor. No, nor under the Surgeons neither as you have been.

Cel. 'Slife what wouldſt thou be at, I am madder than thou art?

Flor. The Devil you are; I'll Tope with you, I'll Sing with you, I'll Dance with you, —— I'll Swagger with you. ——

Cel. I'll fight with you.

Flor. Out upon fighting; 'tis grown ſo common a faſhion, that a Modiſh Man contemns it; A Man of Garniture and Feather is above the diſpenſation of the Sword.

Olin. Uds my Life, here's the Queen's Muſick juſt going to us; you ſhall decide your quarrel by a Dance.

Sab. Who ſtops the Fiddles?

Cel. Baſe and Trebble, by your leaves, we arreſt you at theſe Ladies Suits.

Flor. Come on Sirs, play me a Jigg,
You ſhall ſee how I'll baffle him.

Dance.

Flor. Your judgment, Ladies.

Olin. You Sir, you Sir, This is the rareſt Gentleman: I could live and die with him. ——

Sab. Lord how he ſweats! pleaſe you Sir to make uſe of my Handkerchief?

Olin. You and I are merry, and juſt of an humour Sir; therefore we two ſhould love one another.

Sab. And you and I are juſt of an Age Sir, and therefore methinks we ſhould not hate one another.

Cel. Then I perceive Ladies I am a Caſtaway, a Reprobate with you: why faith this is hard luck now, that I ſhould be no leſs than one whole hour in getting your Affections, and now muſt loſe 'em in a quarter of it.

Olin. No matter, let him rail, does the loſs afflict you Sir?

Cel. No in faith does it not; for if you had not forſaken me, I had you: ſo the Willows may flouriſh for any branches I ſhall rob 'em of.

Sab. However we have the advantage to have left you; not you us. ——

Cel. That's only a certain nimbleneſs in Nature you Women have to be firſt unconſtant: but if you had not made the more haſte, the Wind was veering too upon my Weathercock: the beſt on't is, *Florimel* is worth both of you.

Flor. 'Tis like ſhe'll accept of their leavings.

Cel. She will accept on't, and ſhe ſhall accept on't; I think I know more than you of her mind, Sir.

Enter Meliſſa.

Mel. Daughters, there's a poor collation within that waits for you.

Flor. Will you walk muſty Sir?

Cel. No marry Sir; I won'not; I have ſurfeited of that old Womans Face already.

Flor. Begin ſome frolick then; what will you do for her?

Cel. Faith I am no Dog to ſhow tricks for her; I cannot come aloft for an old Woman.

Flor. Dare you kiſs her?

Cel. I was never dar'd by any Man.—— By your leave old Madam. —— [*He plucks off her Ruff.*

Mel. Help, help, do you diſcover my nakedneſs?

Cel. Peace Tiffany! no harm. [*He puts on the Ruff.* —— Now Sir here's *Florimel*'s health to you. —— [*Kiſſes her.*

Mel. Away Sir: —— a ſweet young Man as you are to abuſe the gift of Nature ſo

Cel. Good Mother do not commend me ſo; I am fleſh and blood, and you do not know what you may pluck upon that reverend perſon of yours. —— Come on, follow your Leader.

[*Gives* Florimel *the Ruff, ſhe puts it on.*

Flor. Stand fair Mother. ——

Cel. What with your Hat on? lie thou there; —— and thou too. ——

[*Plucks off her Hat and Perruke, and diſcovers* Florimel.

Omnes. Florimel!

Flor. My kind Miſtreſſes, how ſorry I am I can do you no further ſervice! I think I had beſt reſign you to *Celadon* to make amends for me.

Cel. Lord what a misfortune it was Ladies, that the Gentleman could not hold forth to you!

Olin. We have loſt *Celadon* too.

Mel. Come away; this is paſt enduring. [*Exeunt* Mel. Olin.

Sab. Well if ever I believe a Man to be a Man for the ſake of a Perruke and Feather again. ——

Flor. Come *Celadon*, ſhall we make accounts even? Lord what a hanging look was there: indeed if you had been recreant to your Miſtreſs, or had forſworn your love, that ſinners face had been but decent, but for the vertuous, the innocent, the conſtant *Celadon*!

Cel. This is not very heroick in you now to inſult over a Man in his misfortunes;

misfortunes; but take heed, you have robb'd me of my two Miſtreſſes; I ſhall grow deſperately conſtant, and all the tempeſt of my love will fall upon your head: I ſhall ſo pay you. ——

Flor. Who you, pay me! you are a bankrupt, caſt beyond all poſſibility of recovery.

Cel. If I am a Bankrupt I'll be a very honeſt one; when I cannot pay my debts, at leaſt I'll give you up the poſſeſſion of my body.

Flor. No, I'll deal better with you; ſince you are unable to pay, I'll give in your Bond.

Enter Philocles, *with a Commander's Staff in his hand, attended.*

Phil. Couſin, I am ſorry I muſt take you from your Company about an earneſt buſineſs.

Flor. There needs no excuſe, my Lord, we had diſpatched our affairs, and were juſt parting.

Cel. Will you be going, Sir, ſweet Sir, damn'd Sir, I have but one word more to ſay to you.

Flor. As I am a Man of Honour, I'll wait on you ſome other time. ——

Cel. By theſe Breeches. ——

Flor. Which if I marry you I am reſolv'd to wear; put that into our bargain, and ſo adieu, Sir. —— [*Exit* Florimel.

Phil. Hark you Couſin —— (*They whiſper.*)
You'll ſee it exactly executed; I rely upon you.

Cel. I ſhall not fail, my Lord; may the concluſion of it prove happy to you. [*Exit* Celadon.

Philocles ſolus.

Where'er I caſt about my wandring Eyes,
Greatneſs lies ready in ſome ſhape to tempt me,
The royal Furniture in every room,
The Guards, and the huge waving crowds of People,
All waiting for a ſight of that fair Queen
Who makes a preſent of her love to me:
Now tell me Stoick!
If all theſe with a wiſh might be made thine,
Would'ſt thou not truck thy ragged Vertue for 'em?
If Glory was a bait that Angels ſwallow'd,
How then ſhould Souls allay'd to ſenſe reſiſt it!

Enter Candiope.

Ah poor *Candiope!* I pity her,
But that is all. ——

Cand. O my dear *Philocles!* a thouſand bleſſings wait on thee!
The hope of being thine, I think will put
Me paſt my meat and ſleep with ecſtaſie,
So I ſhall keep the faſts of Seraphims,
And wake for joy like Nightingals in *May*.

Phil. Wake *Philocles*, wake from thy dream of glory,
'Tis all but ſhadow to *Candiope*:
Canſt thou betray a love ſo innocent! [*Aſide.*
Cand. What makes you melancholick? I doubt
I have diſpleaſed you?
Phil. No my love, I am not displeas'd with you,
But with my ſelf, when I conſider
How little I deſerve you.
Cand. Say not ſo my *Philocles*, a love ſo true as yours
That would have left a Court, and a Queen's favour
To live in a poor Hermitage with me. ——
Phil. Ha! ſhe has ſtung me to the quick!
As if ſhe knew the falſhood I intended:
But, I thank Heav'n, it has recall'd my Vertue; —— [*Aſide.*
(*To her.*) O my dear, I love you, and you only;
Go in, I have ſome buſineſs for a while;
But I think Minutes Ages till we meet.
Cand. I knew you had; but yet I could not chooſe
But come and look upon you. —— [*Exit* Candiope.
Phil. What barbarous Man could wrong ſo ſweet a Vertue!

Enter the Queen in black with Aſteria.

Madam, the States are ſtraight to meet; but why
In theſe dark Ornaments will you be ſeen?
Qu. —— They fit the Fortune of a Captive Queen.
Phil. —— Deep ſhades are thus to heighten colours ſet;
So Stars in Night, and Diamonds ſhine in Jet.
Qu. True Friends ſhould ſo in dark afflictions ſhine,
But I have no great cauſe to boaſt of mine.
Phil. You may have too much prejudice for ſome,
And think 'em falſe before their Trial's come.
But, Madam, what determine you to do?
Qu. I came not here to be advis'd by you:
But charge you by that pow'r which once you own'd,
And which is ſtill my right, ev'n when unthron'd;
That whatſoe'er the States reſolve of me,
You never more think of *Candiope*.
Phil. Not think of her! ah, how ſhould I obey!
Her Tyrant Eyes have forc'd my heart away.
Qu. By force retake it from thoſe tyrant Eyes,
I'll grant you out my Letters of Reprize.
Phil. She has, too well, prevented that deſign
By giving me her heart in change for mine.
Qu. Thus fooliſh Indians Gold for Glaſs forego,
'Twas to your loſs you priz'd your heart ſo low.
I ſet its value when you were advanc'd,
And as my favours grew, its rate inhanc'd.

Phil.

Phil. The rate of ſubjects hearts by yours muſt go,
And love in yours has ſet the value low.
Qu. I ſtand corrected, and my ſelf reprove,
You teach me to repent my low plac'd love:
Help me this paſſion from my heart to tear,
Now rail on him, and I will ſit and hear.
Phil. Madam, like you, I have repented too,
And dare not rail on one I do not know.
Qu. This, *Philoctus*, like ſtrange perverſeneſs ſhows,
As if what e'er I ſaid, you would oppoſe;
How come you thus concern'd for this unknown?
Phil. I only judge his actions by my own.
Qu. I've heard too much, and you too much have ſaid
O Heav'ns, the ſecret of my Soul's betray'd!
He knows my love, I read it in his face,
And bluſhes, conſcious of his Queen's diſgrace.—— [*Aſide.*
(*To him.*) Hence quickly, hence, or I ſhall die with ſhame.
Phil. Now I love both, and both with equal flame;
Exit Wretched I came, more wretched I retire,
me. When two winds blow it who can quench the fire? [*Exit* Phil.
Qu. O my *Aſteria*, I know not whom to accuſe;
But either my own Eyes, or you have told
My love to *Philocles*.
Aſt. Is't poſſible that he ſhould know it, Madam!
Qu. Methinks you ask'd that queſtion guiltily.
Her Hand on Aſt. ſhoulder. Confeſs, for I will know, what was the ſubject of your long diſcourſe
I' th' Antichamber with him.
Aſt. It was buſineſs to convince him, Madam,
How ill he did, being ſo much oblig'd,
To join in your Impriſonment.
Qu. Nay, now I am confirm'd my thought was true;
For you could give him no ſuch reaſon
Of his obligements as my love.
Aſt. Becauſe I ſaw him much a Malecontent,
I thought to win him to your intereſt, Madam,
By telling him it was no want of kindneſs
Made your refuſal of *Candiope*.
And he perhaps ——
Qu. What of him now?
Aſt. As men are apt, interpreted my words
To all th' advantage he could wreſt the ſence,
As if I meant you lov'd him.
Qu. Have I depoſited within thy breaſt
The deareſt treaſure of my Life, my glory,
And haſt thou thus betray'd me!
But why do I accuſe thy female weakneſs

And

And not thy own for trusting thee.
Unhappy Queen, *Philocles*, knows thy fondness,
And needs must think it done by his Command.
Ast. Dear Madam, think not so.
Qu. Peace, Peace, thou shouldst for ever hold thy tongue.
For it has spoke too much for all thy life. [*To her.*
Then *Philocles* has told *Candiope*,
And courts her kindness with his scorn of me.
O whither am I fallen! But I must conquer my self, and give a stop
To all these ills by headlong passion caus'd;
In hearts resolv'd weak love is put to flight,
And only conquers when we dare not fight.
But we indulge our thoughts, and while he gains
An entrance, please our selves into our pains.

Enter Lysimantes.

Ast. Prince *Lysimantes*, Madam!
Qu. Come near you poor deluded criminal;
See how ambition cheats you: You thought to find a Prisoner here,
But you behold a Queen.
Lys. And may you long be so: 'tis true this Act
May cause some wonder in your Majesty.
Qu. None, Cousin, none; I ever thought you
Ambitious, Proud, Designing.
Lys. Yet all my Pride, Designs, and my Ambition
Were taught me by a Master
With whom you are not unacquainted, Madam.
Qu. Explain your self; dark purposes, like yours,
Need an interpretation.
Lys. 'Tis love I mean.
Qu. Have my low Fortunes giv'n thee
This insolence to name it to thy Queen?
Lys. Yet you have heard love nam'd without offence,
As much below you as you think my passion,
I can look down on yours. ——
Qu. Does he know it too!
This is th' extreamest malice of my Stars! —— [*Aside.*
Lys. You see, that Princes faults,
(Howe'er they think 'em safe from publick view)
Fly out through the dark crannies of their Closets:
We know what the Sun does,
Ev'n when we see him not in t'other World.
Qu. My actions, Cousin, never fear'd the light.
Lys. Produce him then, your darling of the dark,
For such an one you have.
Qu. I know no such.

Lys.

Lyſ. You know, but will not own him.
Qu. Rebels ne'er want pretence to blacken Kings,
And this, it ſeems, is yours: do you produce him
Or ne'er hereafter ſully my Renown
With this aſperſion: —— Sure he dares not name him —— [*Aſide.*
Lyſ. I am too tender of your Fame; or elſe ——
Nor are things brought to that extremity;
Provided you accept my paſſion,
I'll gladly yield to think I was decelv'd.
Qu. Keep in your errour ſtill; I will not buy
Your good opinion at ſo dear a rate,
As my own miſery by being yours.
Lyſ. Do not provoke my patience by ſuch ſcorns,
For fear I break through all and name him to you.
Qu. Hope not to fright me with your mighty looks;
Know I dare ſtem that tempeſt in your brow,
And daſh it back upon you.
Lyſ. Spight of Prudence it will out: 'Tis *Philocles.*
Now judge, when I was made a property
To cheat my ſelf by making him your Priſoner,
Whether I had not right to take up Arms?
Qu. Poor envious Wretch!
Was this the venome that ſwell'd up thy breaſt?
My grace to *Philocles* miſdeem'd my love.
Lyſ. 'Tis true, the Gentleman is innocent;
He ne'er ſinn'd up ſo high, not in his wiſhes;
You know he loves elſewhere.
Qu. You mean your Siſter.
Lyſ. I wiſh ſome Sibyl now would tell me
Why you refus'd her to him?
Qu. Perhaps I did not think him worthy of her.
Lyſ. Did you not think him too worthy, Madam?
This is too thin a Veil to hide your Paſſion,
To prove you love him not; yet give her him,
And I'll engage my honour to lay down my Arms.
Qu. He is arriv'd where I would wiſh —— [*Aſide.*
Call in the Company and you ſhall ſee what I will do.
Lyſ. Who waits without there? [*Exit Lyſ.*
Qu. Now hold, my heart, for this one act of honour,
And I will never ask more courage of thee;
Once more I have the means to reinſtate my ſelf into my glory;
I feel my love to *Philocles* within me
Shrink, and pull back my heart from this hard tryal,
But it muſt be when glory ſays it muſt,
As Children wading from ſome Rivers Bank
Firſt try the water with their tender feet,
Then ſhuddring up with cold, ſtep back again.

And

And ſtreight a little further venture on,
Till at the laſt they plunge into the deep,
And paſs at once, what they were doubting long;
I'll make the ſame experiment; it ſhall be done in haſte,
Becauſe I'll put it paſt my pow'r t' undo.

Enter at one door Lyſimantes, *at the other* Philocles, Celadon, Candiope, Florimel, Flavia, Olinda, Sabina; *the three Deputies and Souldiers,*

Lyſ. In Arms! is all well, *Philocles?*
Phil. No, but it ſhall be.
Qu. He comes, and with him
The Fever of my Love returns to ſhake me.
I ſee love is not baniſh'd from my Soul,
He is ſtill there, but is chain'd up by glory.
Aſt. You've made a noble Conqueſt, Madam.
Qu. Come hither, *Philocles:* I am firſt to tell you
I and my Couſin are agreed, he has
Engag'd to lay down Arms.
Phil. 'Tis well for him he has; for all his Party
By my Command already are ſurpriz'd,
While I was talking with your Majeſty.
Cel. Yes 'faith I have done him that courteſie;
I brought his Followers, under pretence of guarding it, to a ſtrait place where they areall coupt up without uſe of their Arms, and may be pelted to death by the ſmall infantry o'er the Town.
Qu. 'Twas more than I expected, or could hope;
Yet ſtill I thought your meaning honeſt.
Phil. My fault was raſhneſs, but 'twas full of Zeal;
Nor had I e'er been led to that attempt,
Had I not ſeen it would be done without me;
But by compliance I preſerv'd the pow'r
Which I have ſince made uſe of for your ſervice.
Qu. And which I purpoſe to recompence.——
Lyſ. With her Crown ſhe means; I knew 'twould come to't. [*Aſide.*
Phil. O Heav'ns, ſhe'll own her love!
Then I muſt loſe *Candiope* for ever,
And flouting in a vaſt abyſs of glory,
Seek and not find my Saint.
Qu. Take your *Candiope*; and be as happy
As love can make you both.—— how pleas'd I am
That I can force my Tongue
To ſpeak words ſo far diſtant from my heart! [*Aſide.*
Cand. My happineſs is more than I can utter!
Lyſ. Methinks I could do violence on myſelf for taking Arms
Againſt a Queen ſo good, ſo bountiful.
Give me leave, Madam, in token of

Of joy, to give you thanks for *Philocles*.
You have preſerv'd my Friend, and now he owes not
His Fortunes only to your favour; but
What's more, his Life, and more than that, his Love.
I am convinc'd, ſhe never lov'd him now;
Since by her free conſent, all force remov'd,
She gives him to my Siſter.
Flavia was an Impoſter and deceiv'd me. ——
Phil. As for me, Madam, I can only ſay
That I beg reſpite for my thanks; for on a ſudden,
The benefit's ſo great it overwhelms me.
Aſt. Mark but the faintneſs of th' acknowledgment. [*To the Qu. aſide.*
Qu. to *Aſt.*] I have obſerv'd it with you, and am pleas'd
He ſeems not ſatisfy'd; for I ſtill wiſh
That he may love me.
Phil. I ſee *Aſteria* deluded me
With flattering hopes of the Queens love
Only to draw me off from *Lyſimantes*: ——
But I will think no more on't.
I'm going to poſſeſs *Candiope*,
And I am raviſh'd with the joy on't! ha!
Not raviſh'd neither.
For what can be more charming than that Queen!
Behold how night ſits lovely on her Eye-brows,
While day breaks from her Eyes! then a Crown too:
Loſt, loſt, for ever loſt, and now 'tis gone,
'Tis beautiful. —— [*Aſide.*
Aſt. How he Eyes you ſtill! —— [*To the Queen.*
Phil. Sure I had one of the fallen Angels Dreams;
All Heav'n within this hour was mine! —— [*Aſide.*
Cand. What is it that diſturbs you, Dear?
Phil. Only the greatneſs of my joy:
I've ta'ne too ſtrong a Cordial, love,
And cannot yet digeſt it.
Qu. [*Clapping her hand on* Aſteria.] 'Tis done! but this pang more; and then a glorious birth.
The tumults of this day, my loyal ſubjects,
Have ſetled in my heart a reſolution,
Happy for you, and glorious too for me.
Firſt for my Couſin, though attempting on my Perſon,
He has incurr'd the danger of the Laws,
I will not puniſh him.
Lyſ. You bind me ever to my loyalty.
Qu. Then that I may oblige you more to it,
I here declare you rightful Succeſſor,
And Heir immediate to my Crown:
This, Gentlemen, —— [*To the Deputies.*

I hope will ſtill my ſubjects diſcontents,
When they behold ſucceſſion firmly ſetled.

[*Deputies*] Heav'n preſerve your Majeſty.

Qu. As for my ſelf I have reſolv'd
Still to continue as I am, unmarried
The cares, obſervances, and all the duties
Which I ſhould pay an Husband, I will place
Upon my People; and our mutual love
Shall make a bleſſing more than Conjugal.
And this the States ſhall ratifie.

Lyſ. Heav'n bear me witneſs that I take no joy
In the ſucceſſion of a Crown
Which muſt deſcend to me ſo ſad a way.

Qu. Couſin, no more; my reſolution's paſt,
Which fate ſhall never alter.

Phil. Then I am once more happy:
For ſince none poſſeſs her, I am pleas'd
With my own choice, and will deſire no more.
For multiplying wiſhes is a curſe
That keep the mind ſtill painfully awake.

Qu. Celadon,
Your care and loyalty have this day oblig'd me!
But how to be acknowledging I know not,
Unleſs you give the means.

Cel. I was in hope your Majeſty had forgot me; therefore if you pleaſe, Madam, I'll only beg a Pardon for having taken up Arms once to day againſt you; for I have a fooliſh kind of Conſcience, which I wiſh many of your Subjects had, that will not let me ask a recompence for my Loyalty, when I know I have been a Rebel.

Qu. Your Modeſty ſhall not ſerve the turn; ask ſomething.

Cel. Then I beg, Madam, you will command *Florimel* never to be Friends with me.

Flor. Ask again; I grant that without the Queen: but why are you afraid on't?

Cel. Becauſe I am ſure as ſoon as ever you are, you'll marry me.

Flor. Do you fear it?

Cel. No, 'twill come with a fear.

Flor. If you do, I will not ſtick with you for an Oath.

Cel. I require no Oath till we come to Church; and then after the Prieſt, I hope, for I find it will be my deſtiny to marry thee.

Flor. If ever I ſay word after the black Gentleman for thee *Celadon*——

Cel. Then I hope you'll give me leave to beſtow a faithful heart elſewhere.

Flor. I, but if you would have one you muſt beſpeak it, for I am ſure you have none ready made.

Cel. What ſay you, ſhall I marry *Flavia*?

Flor. No, ſhe'll be too cunning for you.

Cel. What say you to *Olinda* there? she's tall, and fair, and bonny.

Flor. And Fooliſh, and Apiſh, and Fickle.

Cel. But *Sabina*, there's pretty, and young, and loving and innocent.

Flor. And dwarfiſh, and childiſh, and fond, and flippant: if you marry her Siſter you will get May-Poles, and if you marry her, you will get Fairies to dance about them.

Cel. Nay then the caſe is clear, *Florimel*; if you take 'em all from me, 'tis becauſe you reſerve me for your ſelf.

Flor. But this Marriage is ſuch a Bugbear to me, much might be if we could invent but any way to make it eaſie.

Cel. Some fooliſh people have made it uneaſie, by drawing the knot faſter than they need; but we that are wiſer will looſen it a little.

Flor. 'Tis true indeed, there's ſome difference betwixt a Girdle and a Halter.

Cel. As for the firſt year, according to the laudable cuſtom of new married people, we ſhall follow one another up into Chambers, and down into Gardens, and think we ſhall never have enough of one another. —— So far 'tis pleaſant enough I hope.

Flor. But after that, when we begin to live like Husband and Wife, and never come near one another —— what then Sir?

Cel. Why then our only happineſs muſt be to have one mind, and one will, *Florimel*.

Flor. One mind if thou wilt, but prithee let us have two wills; for I find one will be little enough for me alone. But how if thoſe wills ſhould meet and claſh, *Celadon*?

Cel. I warrant thee for that: Husbands and Wives keep their wills far enough aſunder for ever meeting: one thing let us be ſure to agree on, that is, never to be jealous.

Flor. No; but e'en love one another as long as we can; and confeſs the truth when we can love no longer.

Cel. When I have been at play, you ſhall never ask me what money I have loſt.

Flor. When I have been abroad, you ſhall never enquire who treated me.

Cel. Item, I will have the liberty to ſleep all night, without your interrupting my repoſe for any evil deſign whatſoever.

Flor. Item, Then you ſhall bid me good night before you ſleep.

Cel. Provided always, that whatever liberties we take with other people, we continue very honeſt to one another.

Flor. As far as will conſiſt with a pleaſant life.

Cel. Laſtly, Whereas the Names of Husband and Wife hold forth nothing, but claſhing and cloying, and dullneſs and faintneſs in their ſignification, they ſhall be aboliſh'd for ever betwixt us.

Flor. And inſtead of thoſe, we will be married by the more agreeable Names of Miſtreſs and Gallant.

Cel. None of my Priviledge to be infring'd by thee, *Florimel*, under the Penalty of a Month of Faſting nights.

Flor. None of my privileges to be infring'd by thee *Celadon*, under the penalty of Cuckoldom.

Cel. Well, if it be my fortune to be made a Cuckold, I had rather thou shouldst make me one than any one in *Sicily*: and for my comfort I shall have thee oftner than any of thy servants.

Flor. La ye now, is not such a marriage as good as wenching, *Celadon*?

Cel. This is very good, but not so good, *Florimel*.

Qu. Now set me forward to th' Assembly. You promise Cousin your consent?

Lys. But most unwillingly.

Qu. *Philocles*, I must beg your Voice too.

Phil. Most joyfully I give it.

Lys. Madam but one word more; —— since you are so resolv'd,
That you may see, bold as my passion was,
'Twas only for your Person not your Crown;
I swear no second love
Shall violate the flame I had for you,
But in strict imitation of your Oath
I vow a single Life.

Qu. To Asteria.] Now, my *Asteria*, my joys are full;
The Pow'rs above that see
The innocent love I bear to *Philocles*,
Have giv'n its due reward; for by this means
The right of *Lysimantes* will devolve
Upon *Candiope*; and I shall have
This great content, to think, when I am dead
My Crown may fall on *Philocles* his head. [*Exeunt omnes.*

THE EPI-

EPILOGUE.

Written by a Perſon of Honour.

OUR Poet ſomething doubtful of his Fate
Made choice of me to be his Advocate,
Relying on my Knowledge in the Laws,
And I as boldly undertook the Cauſe.
I left my Client yonder in a rant
Againſt the envious, and the ignorant,
Who are, he ſays, his only Enemies:
But he contemns their malice, and defies
The ſharpeſt of his Cenſurers to ſay
Where there is one groſs fault in all his Play.
The language is ſo fitted for each part,
The Plot according to the Rules of Art;
And twenty other things he bid me tell you,
But I cry'd e'en go do't your ſelf for Nelly.
Reaſon with Judges, urg'd in the defence
Of thoſe they would condemn, is inſolence;
I therefore wave the merits of his Play,
And think it fit to plead this ſafer way.
If when too many in the purchaſe ſhare,
Robbing's not worth the danger nor the care;
The men of buſineſs, muſt in Policy,
Cheriſh a little harmleſs Poetry.
All wit wou'd elſe grow up to Knavery.
Wit is a Bird of Muſick, or of Prey,
Mounting ſhe ſtrikes at all things in her way.
But if this Birdlime once but touch her Wings,
On the next buſh ſhe ſits her down, and ſings.
I have but one word more; tell me I Pray
What you will get by damning of our Play?
A whipt Fanatick who does not recant,
Is by his Brethren call'd a ſuff'ring Saint;
And by your hands ſhou'd this poor Poet die
Before he does renounce his Poetry,
His death muſt needs confirm the party more
Than all his ſcribling life could do before:
Where ſo much zeal does in a Sect appear,
'Tis to no purpoſe, 'faith, to be ſevere.
But t'other day I heard this rhyming Fop
Say, Criticks were the Whips, and he the Top;
For, as a Top ſpins the more you baſte her,
So every laſh you give, he writes the faſter.

FINIS.

A Catalogue of ſome Plays Printed for R. Bently.

1. *Artuff*, or the *French* Puritan.
2. Forc'd Marriage, or the Jealous Bridegroom.
3. *Engliſh Monſieur*.
4. All miſtaken, or the mad Couple.
5. Generous Enemies, or the Ridiculous Lovers.
6. The Plain-Dealer.
7. *Sertorius*, a Tragedy.
8. *Nero*, a Tragedy.
9. *Sophonisba*, or *Hanibal*'s Overthrow.
10. *Gloriana*, or the Court of *Auguſtus Cæſar*.
11. *Alexander* the Great.
12. *Mythridates* King of *Pontus*.
13. *Oedipus* King of *Thebes*.
14. *Caſar Borgia*.
15. *Theodoſius*, or the Force of Love.
16. Madam *Fickle*, or the Witty Falſe One.
17. The Fond Husband, or the Plotting Siſters.
18. Eſquire *Old-Sap*, or the Night-Adventures.
19. Fool turn'd Critick.
20. Vertuous Wife, or Good Luck at Laſt.
21. The Fatal Wager.
22. *Andromache*.
23. *Caliſto*, or the Chaſt Nymph.
24. Deſtruction of *Jeruſalem*, in two Parts.
25. Ambitious Stateſman, or the Loyal Favourite.
26. Miſery of Civil War.
27. The Murder of the Duke of *Gloceſter*.
28. *Thyeſtes*, a Tragedy.
29. *Hamlet* Pr. of *Denmark*, a Tragedy.
30. The Orphan, or the Unhappy Marriage.
31. The Souldiers Fortune.
32. *Tamerlain* the Great.
33. Mr *Limberham*, or the Kind Keeper.
34. Miſtaken Husband.
35. Notes on th'Emperor of *Morocco*, by the Wits.
36. *Eſſex* and *Elizabeth*, or the Unhappy Favourite.
37. Vertue Betray'd, or *Anna Bullen*.
38. King *Lear*.
39. *Abdellazor*, or the *Moor*'s Revenge.
40. Town Fop, or Sir *Tim. Tawdry*.
41. *Rare-en-tout*, a *French* Comedy.
42. *Moor* of *Venice*.
43. Countrey Wife.
44. City Politicks.
45. Duke of *Guiſe*.
46. *Philaſter*, or Love lies a Bleeding.
48. Grateful Servant.
49. Atheiſt, or the ſecond Part of the Souldiers Fortune.
50. *Conſtantine*.
51. *Julius Cæſar*.
52. Amorous Prince.
53. *Dutch* Lovers.
54. Woman Bully.
55. Reformation.
56. *Hero* and *Leander*.
57. Fatal Jealouſie.
58. Iſland Queen, or *Mary* Queen of *Scotland*.
59. Empreſs of *Morocco*.
60. Common-wealth of Women.
61. The Noble Stranger.
62. Amends for Ladies.
63. Secret Love, or the Maiden Queen.
64. The Tragedy of *Albertus*.
65. Royal King.
66. Humerous Courtier.
67. The *Hollander*.
68. Merchant of *Venice*.
69. Falſe Count.
70. Rover, Second Part.
71. Counterfeits.
72. *Troylus* and *Creſſida*.
73. *Amboyna*.
74. *Lucius Junius Brutus*.
75. *Brutus* of *Alba*.
76. Evening's Love.
77. *Byron*'s Conſpiracy, Part I.
78. *Byron*'s Conſpiracy, Part II.
79. Loyal Brother.
80. *Rollo* Duke of *Normandy*.
81. Maids Tragedy.

Sr Martin Marr-all:

OR, THE

Feign'd Innocence.

A

COMEDY.

As it is Acted

By Their Majesties Servants.

By Mr DRYDEN.

LONDON,

Printed for *Henry Herringman*, and are to be sold by *Francis Saunders*, at the *Blue Anchor* in the Lower Walk of the *New-Exchange*, 1691.

THE
SPANISH FRIAR:
OR, THE
DOUBLE DISCOVERY.
A
FARCE.

By JOHN DRYDEN.

LONDON,

Printed for Henry Herringman, and are to be sold by

Thomas Dring, at the Blue Anchor in the Lowre

Walk of the New-Exchange. 1681.

Prologue.

FOols, which each Man meets in his Diſh each Day,
Are yet the great Regalio's of a Play;
In which to Poets you but juſt appear,
To prize that higheſt which coſt them ſo dear:
Fops in the Town more eaſily will paſs:
One Story makes a ſtatutable Aſs;
But ſuch in Plays muſt be much thicker ſown,
Like Yelks of Eggs, a dozen beat to one.
Obſerving Poets all their Walks invade,
As Men watch Woodcocks gliding through a Glade:
And when they have enough for Comedy,
They ſtow their ſeveral Bodies in a Pye:
The Poet's but the Cook to faſhion it,
For, Gallants, you your ſelves have found the Wit.
To bid you welcome would your Bounty wrong,
None welcome thoſe who bring their Cheer along.

THE NAMES OF THE PERSONS.

Lord *Dartmouth*,	In Love with Mrs. *Chriſtian*.
Mr. *Moody*,	The Swaſh-Buckler.
Sir *Martin Marr-all*,	A Fool.
Warner,	His Man.
Sir *John Swallow*,	A Kentiſh Knight.
Lady *Dupe*,	The Old Lady.
Mrs. *Chriſtian*,	Her young Niece.
Mrs. *Milliſent*,	The Swaſh-Buckler's Daughter.
Roſe,	Her Maid.
Mrs. *Preparation*,	Woman to the Old Lady.

Other Servants, Men and Women.
A Carrier.
Bayliffs.

The SCENE *Covent-Garden*.

Sir

Sir *MARTIN MARR-ALL*:

OR, THE

Feign'd Innocence.

ACT I.

Enter Warner *ſolus.*

Warn. WHere the Devil is this Maſter of mine? He is ever out of the way when he ſhould do himſelf good. This 'tis to ſerve a Coxcomb, one that has no more Brains than juſt thoſe I carry for him. Well! of all Fops commend me to him for the greateſt; he's ſo opinion'd of his own Abilities, that he is ever deſigning ſomewhat, and yet he ſows his Stratagems ſo ſhallow, that every Daw can pick 'em up: from a plotting Fool the Lord deliver me. Here he comes, O! it ſeems his Couſin's with him, then it is not ſo bad as I imagin'd.

Enter Sir Martin Marr-all, *Lady* Dupe.

La. *Dupe.* I think 'twas well contriv'd for your Acceſs, to lodge her in the ſame Houſe with you.

Sir *Mart.* 'Tis pretty well, I muſt confeſs.

Warn. Had he plotted it himſelf, it had been admirable. [*Aſide.*

La. *Dupe.* For when her Father *Moody* writ to me to take him Lodgings, I ſo order'd it, the Choice ſeem'd his, not mine.

Sir *Mart.* I have hit of a thing my ſelf ſometimes, when wiſer Heads have miſs'd it——— But that might be meer Luck.

La. *Dupe.* Fortune does more than Wiſdom.

Sir *Mart.* Nay, for that you ſhall excuſe me;
I will not value any Man's Fortune at a Ruſh;

Except

Except he have Wit and Parts to bear him out.
But when do you expect 'em?

La. *Dupe*. This Tide will bring them from *Graveſend*.
You had beſt let your Man go as from me,
And wait them at the ſtairs in *Durham*-Yard.

Sir *Mart*. Lord, Couſin, what a-do is here with your Counſel!
As though I could not have thought of that my ſelf.
I could find in my heart not to ſend him now——ſtay a little,
——— I could ſoon find out ſome other way.

Warn. A minute's ſtay may loſe your Buſineſs.

Sir *Mart*. Well, go then, —— but you muſt grant, if he had ſtay'd
I could have found a better way, —— you grant it?

La. *Dupe*. For once I will not ſtand with you—— [*Ex*. Warner.
'Tis a ſweet Gentlewoman, this Mrs. *Milliſent*, if you can get her.

Sir *Mart*. Let me alone for plotting.

La. *Dupe*. But, by your favour, Sir, 'tis not ſo eaſie,
Her Father has already promis'd her;
And the young Gentleman comes up with 'em:
I partly know the Man—— but the old Squire is humourſome;
He's ſtout, and plain in Speech, and in Behaviour:
He loves none of the fine Town-tricks of Breeding,
But ſtands up for the old *Elizabeth* way in all things.
This we muſt work upon.

Sir *Mart*. Sure! you think you have to deal with a Fool, Couſin?
[*Enter Mrs*. Chriſtian.

La. *Dupe*. O my dear Niece, I have ſome buſineſs with you.
[*Whiſpers*.

Sir *Mart*. Well, Madam, I'll take one turn here i'th' *Piazza's*;
A thouſand things are hammering in this Head;
'Tis a fruitful Noddle, though I ſay it. [*Ex. Sir* Martin.

La. *Dupe*. Go thy ways, for a moſt conceited Fool——
But to our Buſineſs, Couſin: you are young, but I am old, and have had all the Love-experience, that a diſcreet Lady ought to have; and therefore let me inſtruct you about the Love this rich Lord makes to you.

Chr. You know, Madam, he's marry'd, ſo that we cannot work upon that Ground of Matrimony.

La. *Dupe*. But there are Advantages enough for you, if you will be wiſe, and follow my Advice.

Chr. Madam, my Friends left me to your Care, therefore I will wholly follow your Counſel with Secrecy and Obedience.

La. *Dupe*. Sweet-heart, it ſhall be the better for you another day: well then, this Lord, that pretends to you, is crafty and falſe, as moſt Men

Men are, especially in Love;—— therefore we must be subtle to meet with all his Plots, and have Countermines against his Works to blow him up.

Chr. As how, Madam?

La. *Dupe.* Why, Girl, he'll make fierce Love to you, but you must not suffer him to ruffle you, or steal a Kiss: but you must weep and sigh, and say you'll tell me on't, and that you will not be us'd so; and play the Innocent just like a Child, and seem ignorant of all.

Chr. I warrant you I'll be very ignorant, Madam.

La. *Dupe.* And be sure, when he has vows'd you, not to appear at Supper that Night, that you may fright him.

Chr. No, Madam.

La. *Dupe.* That he may think you have told me.

Chr. I, Madam.

La. *Dupe.* And keep your Chamber, and say your Head akes.

Chr. O most extreamly, Madam.

La. *Dup.* And lock the door, and admit of no Night-Visits: at Supper I'll ask, Where's my Cousin; and being told you are not well, I'll start from the Table to visit you, desiring his Lordship not to incommode himself; for I will presently wait on him agen.

Chr. But how, when you are return'd, Madam?

La. *Dupe.* Then somewhat discompos'd, I'll say, I doubt the Measles or Small-pox will seize on you, and then the Girl is spoil'd; saying, poor thing, her Portion is her Beauty and her Vertue; and often send to see how you do, by whispers in my Servants Ears, and have those whispers of your health return'd to mine: if his Lordship thereupon asks how you do, I will pretend it was some other thing.

Chr. Right, Madam, for that will bring him further in suspence.

La. *Dupe.* A hopeful Girl! then will I eat nothing that night, feigning my Grief for you; but keep his Lordship Company at Meal, and seem to strive to put my Passion off, yet shew it still by small mistakes.

Chr. And broken Sentences.

La. *Dupe.* A dainty Girl! and after Supper visit you again, with promise to return straight to his Lordship: but after I am gone, send an Excuse, that I have given you a Cordial, and mean to watch that Night in Person with you.

Chr. His Lordship then will find the Prologue of his trouble, doubting I have told you of his ruffling.

La. *Dupe.* And more than that, fearing his Father should know of it, and his Wife, who is a Termagant Lady: but when he finds the Coast is clear, and his late ruffling known to none but you, he will be drunk with Joy.

Chr. Finding my simple Innocence, which will inflame him more.

La.

La. *Dupe.* Then what the Lyon's Skin has fail'd him in, the Foxes Subtilty muſt next ſupply, and that is juſt, Sweet-heart, as I would have it; for crafty Folks Treaties are their Advantage: eſpecially when his Paſſion muſt be ſatisfied at any Rate, and you keep ſhop to ſet the Price of Love: ſo now you ſee the Market is your own.

Chr. Truly, Madam, this is very rational; and by the bleſſing of Heav'n upon my poor Endeavours, I do not doubt to play my part.

La. *Dupe.* My Bleſſing and my Prayers go along with thee.

Enter Sir John Swallow, *Mrs.* Milliſent, *and* Roſe *her Maid.*

Chr. I believe, Madam, here is the young Heireſs you expect, and with her he who is to marry her.

La. *Dupe.* How e'er I am Sir *Martin*'s Friend, I muſt not ſeem his Enemy.

Sir *John.* Madam, this fair young Lady begs the Honour to be known to you.

Mill. My Father made me hope it, Madam.

La. *Dupe.* Sweet Lady, I believe you have brought all the Freſhneſs of the Country up to Town with you. [*They ſalute.*

Mill. I came up, Madam, as we Country-Gentlewomen uſe, at an *Eaſter*-Term, to the deſtruction of Tarts and Cheeſecakes, to ſee a new Play, buy a new Gown, take a Turn in the Park, and ſo down agen to ſleep with my Forefathers.

Sir *John.* Rather, Madam, you are come up to the breaking of many a poor Heart, that like mine will languiſh for you.

Chr. I doubt, Madam, you are indiſpos'd with your Voyage; will you pleaſe to ſee the Lodgings your Father has provided for you?

Mill. To wait upon you, Madam.

La. *Dupe.* This is the door —— there is a Gentleman will wait you immediately in your Lodging, if he might preſume on your Commands. [*Whiſpers.*

Mill. You mean Sir *Martin Marr-all*: I am glad he has entruſted his Paſſion with ſo diſcreet a Perſon. [*Whiſpers.*

La. *Dupe.* Sir *John*, let me intreat you to ſtay here, that my Father may have Intelligence where to find us.

Sir *John.* I ſhall obey you, Madam. [*Exeunt Women.*

Enter Sir Martin.

Sir *John.* Sir *Martin Marr-all!* moſt happily encounter'd! how long have you been come to Town?

Sir *Mart.* Some three days ſince, or thereabouts: but I thank God I am very weary on't already.

Sir *John.* Why, what's the matter, Man?

Sir *Mart.* My villainous old Luck ſtill follows me in Gaming, I ne-

ver

ver throw the Dice out of my hand, but my Gold goes after 'em: if I go to Picquet, though it be but with a Novice in't, he will picque and repicque, and Capot me twenty times together: and, which most mads me, I lose all my Sets, when I want but one of up.

Sir *John*. The pleasure of Play is lost, when one loses at that unreasonable rate.

Sir *Mart*. But I have sworn not to touch either Cards or Dice this half year.

Sir *John*. The Oaths of losing Gamesters are most minded; they forswear play sa an angry Servant doth his Mistress, because he loves her but too well.

Sir *Mart*. But I am now taken up with Thoughts of another nature: I am in Love, Sir.

Sir *John*. That's the worst Game you could have play'd at, scarce one Woman in an hundred will play with you upon the Square: you venture at more uncertainty than at a Lottery: for you set your heart to a whole Sex of Blanks. But is your Mistress Widow, Wife, or Maid?

Sir *Mart*. I can assure you, Sir, mine is a Maid;
The Heiress of a wealthy Family,
Fair to a Miracle.

Sir *John*. Does she accept your Service?

Sir *Mart*. I am the only Person in her Favour. [*Enter* Warner.

Sir *John*. Is she of Town or Country?

Warn aside.] How's this?

Sir *Mart*. She is of *Kent*, near *Canterbury*.

Warn. What does he mean? this is his Rival——— [*Aside*.

Sir *John*. Near *Canterbury*, say you? I have a small Estate lies thereabouts, and more Concernments than one besides.

Sir *Mart*. I'll tell you then; Being at *Canterbury*,
It was my Fortune, once in the Cathedral Church———

Warn. What do you mean, Sir, to intrust this Man with your Affair thus? ———

Sir *Mart*. Trust him? why he's a Friend of mine.

Warn. No matter for that; hark you, a word, Sir———

Sir *Mart*. Prithee leave fooling: —— and, as I was saying—— I was in the Church when I first saw this Fair one.

Sir *John*. Her Name, Sir, I beseech.

Warn. For Heaven's sake, Sir, have a care!

Sir *Mart*. Thou art such a Coxcomb—— Her Name's *Millisent*.

Warn. Now, the Pox take you, Sir, what do you mean?

Sir *John*. *Millisent*, say you? that's the Name of my Mistress.

Sir *Mart*. Lord! what Luck is that now! well, Sir, it happen'd,

one of her Gloves fell down, I ſtoop'd to take it up, and in the ſtooping made her a Complement——

Warn. The Devil cannot hold him, now will this thick ſkull'd Maſter of mine tell the whole Story to his Rival——

Sir *Mart.* You'll ſay, 'twas ſtrange, Sir; but at the firſt Glance we caſt on one another, both our Hearts leap'd within us, our Souls met at our Eyes, and, with a tickling kind of pain, ſlid to each others breaſt, and in one moment, ſettled as cloſe and warm, as if they long had been acquainted with their Lodging. I follow'd her ſomewhat at a diſtance, becauſe her Father was with her.

Warn. Yet hold, Sir——

Sir *Mart.* Sawcy Raſcal, avoid my ſight; Muſt you tutor me? So, Sir, not to trouble you, I enquir'd out her Father's Houſe, without whoſe knowledge I did court the Daughter, and both then and often ſince, coming to *Canterbury*, I receiv'd many proofs of her Kindneſs to me.

Warn. You had beſt tell him too, that I am acquainted with her Maid, and manage your Love under-hand with her.

Sir *Mart.* Well remember'd i' faith; I thank thee for that, I had forgot it, I proteſt! my *Valet de Chambre*, whom you ſee here with me, grows me acquainted with her Woman——

Warn. O the Devil——

Sir *Mart.* In fine, Sir, this Maid being much in her Miſtreſs's Favour ſo well ſollicited my Cauſe, that, in fine, I gain'd from fair Miſtreſs *Milliſent* an Aſſurance of her Kindneſs, and an Ingagement to marry none but me.

Warn. 'Tis very well! you've made a fair diſcovery!——

Sir *John.* A moſt pleaſant Relation I aſſure you: you are a happy Man, Sir! but what Occaſion brought you now to *London*?

Sir *Mart.* That was in expectation to meet my Miſtreſs here; ſhe writ me word from *Canterbury*, ſhe and her Father ſhortly would be here.

Sir *John.* She and her Father, ſaid you, Sir?

Warn. Tell him, Sir, for Heavens ſake, tell him all——

Sir *Mart.* So I will, Sir, without your bidding: her Father and ſhe are come up already, that's the truth on't, and are to lodge, by my Contrivance, in yon' Houſe; the Maſter of which is a cunning Raſcal as any in Town------ him I have made my own, for I lodge there.

Warn. You do ill, Sir, to ſpeak ſo ſcandalouſly of my Landlord.

Sir *Mart.* Peace, or I'll break your Fool's Head, —— So that by his means I ſhall have free Egreſs and Regreſs when I pleaſe, Sir—— without her Father's Knowledge.

Warn. I am out of patience to hear this——

Sir

Sir *John*. Methinks you might do well, Sir, to ſpeak openly to her Father.

Sir *Mart*. Thank you for that i'faith, in ſpeaking to old *Moody*, I may ſoon ſpoil all.

Warn. So, now he has told her Father's Name, 'tis paſt recovery.

Sir *John*. Is her Father's Name *Moody*, ſay you?

Sir *Mart*. Is he of your Acquaintance?

Sir *John*. Yes, Sir, I know him for a Man
Who is too wiſe for you to over-reach;
I am certain he will never marry his Daughter to you.

Sir *Mart*. Why, there's the Jeſt on't;
He ſhall never know it: 'tis but your
Keeping of my Counſel; I'll do as much for you
Mun———

Sir *John*. No, Sir, I'll give you better; trouble not your ſelf about this Lady; her Affections are otherwiſe engag'd to my knowledge—hark in your Ear—her Father hates a Gameſter like a Devil: I'll keep your Counſel for that too.

Sir *Mart*. Nay, but this is not all, dear Sir *John*.

Sir *John*. This is all, I aſſure you: only I will make bold
To ſeek your Miſtreſs out another Lodging—— [*Ex. Sir* John.

Warn. Your Affairs are now put into an excellent poſture,
Thank your incomparable Diſcretion——— this was a Stratagem my ſhallow Wit could ne'er have reach'd, to make a Confident of my Rival.

Sir *Mart*. I hope thou art not in earneſt, Man! is he my Rival?

Warn. 'sLife, he has not found it out all this while!
Well, Sir, for a quick Apprehenſion let you alone.

Sir *Mart*. How the Devil cam'ſt thou to know on't?
And why the Devil didſt thou not tell me on't?

Warn. To the firſt of your Devils, I anſwer; her Maid *Roſe* told me on't: to the ſecond, I wiſh a thouſand Devils take him that would not hear me.

Sir *Mart*. O unparallell'd Misfortune!

Warn. O unparallell'd Ignorance! why he left her Father at the Water-ſide, while he lead the Daughter to her Lodging, whither I directed him; ſo that, if you had not labour'd to the contrary, Fortune had plac'd you in the ſame Houſe with your Miſtreſs, without the leaſt ſuſpicion of your Rival, or of her Father, but 'tis well, you have ſatisfied your talkative Humour; I hope you have ſome new Project of your own to ſet all right again: for my part, I confeſs, all my Deſigns for you, are wholly ruin'd; the very Foundations of 'em are blown up.

Sir *Mart.* Prithee, inſult not over the Deſtiny of a poor undone Lover; I am puniſh'd enough for my Indiſcretion, in my Deſpair, and have nothing to hope for now but Death.

Warn. Death is a Bug-word; things are not brought to that Extremity; I'll caſt about to ſave all yet.

Enter Lady Dupe.

La. *Dupe.* Oh, Sir *Martin*! yonder has been ſuch a ſtir within; Sir *John*, I fear, ſmoaks your deſign, and by all means would have the old Man remove his Lodging; pray God your Man has not play'd falſe.

Warn. Like enough I have: I am Coxcomb ſufficient to do it, my Maſter knows that none but ſuch a great Calf as I could have done it, ſuch an over-grown Aſs, a ſelf-conceited Ideot as I——

Sir *Mart.* Nay, *Warner*——

Warn. Pray, Sir, let me alone: —— what is it to you if I rail upon my ſelf? now could I break my own Loggar-head.

Sir *Mart.* Nay, ſweet *Warner.*

Warner. What a good Maſter have I! and I to ruine him! Oh! Beaſt!——

La. *Dupe.* Not to diſcourage you wholly, Sir *Martin*, this ſtorm is partly over.

Sir *Mart.* As how, dear Couſin?

La. *Dupe.* When I heard Sir *John* complain of the Landlord, I took the firſt hint of it, and join'd with him, ſaying, If ſhe were ſuch an one, I would have nothing to do with him: in ſhort, I ratled him ſo well, that Sir *John* was the firſt who did deſire they might be lodg'd with me, not knowing that I was your Kinſwoman.

Sir *Mart.* Pox on't, now I think on't, I could have found out this my ſelf——

Warn. Are you there agen, Sir? —— now as I have a Soul——

Sir *Mart.* Mum, good *Warner*, I did but forget my ſelf a little, I leave my ſelf wholly to you, and my Couſin: get but my Miſtreſs for me, and claim what-e'er Reward you can deſire.

Warn. Hope of Reward will diligence beget,
Find you the Money, and I'll find the Wit. [*Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT II.

Enter Lady Dupe, *and Mrs.* Chriſtian.

Chr. IT happened, Madam, juſt as you ſaid it would,
But was he ſo concern'd for my feign'd Sickneſs?

La. *Dupe.* So much, that *Moody*, and his Daughter, our new Gueſts, took notice of the Trouble, but the Cauſe was kept too cloſe for Strangers to divine.

Chr. Heav'n grant he be but deep enough in Love, and then ——

La. *Dupe.* And then thou ſhalt diſtil him into Gold, my Girl. Yonder he comes, I'll not be ſeen: —— you know Your Leſſon, Child. [*Exit.*

Chr. I warrant you. [*Enter Lord* Dartmouth.

Lord. Pretty Miſtreſs *Chriſtian*, How glad am I to meet you thus alone!

Chr. O the Father! what will become of me now?

Lord. No harm, I warrant you, but why are you ſo 'fraid?

Chr. A poor weak innocent Creature as I am, Heav'n of his Mercy, how I quake and tremble! I have not yet claw'd off your laſt ill Uſage, and now I feel my old Fit come again, my Ears tingle already, and my Back ſhuts and opens; I, juſt ſo it began before.

Lord. Nay, my ſweet Miſtreſs, be not ſo unjuſt, To ſuſpect any new Attempt: I am too penitent for my laſt Fault, So ſoon to ſin again —— I hope you did not tell it to your Aunt.

Chr. The more Fool I, I did not.

Lord. You never ſhall repent your Goodneſs to me: But may not I preſume there was ſome little Kindneſs in it, which mov'd you to conceal my Crime?

Chr. Methought I would not have my Aunt angry with you, for all this earthly good; But yet I'll never be alone with you again.

Lord. Pretty Innocence! let me ſit nearer to you: You do not underſtand what Love I bear you. I vow it is ſo pure —— My Soul's not ſullyed with one ſpot of Sin:

Were

Were you a Daughter or a Sister to me,
With a more holy Flame I could not burn.

Chr. Nay, now you speak high words —— I cannot understand you.

Lord. The Business of my Life shall be but how to make your Fortune, and my Care and Study to advance and see you settled in the World.

Chr. I humbly thank your Lordship.

Lord. Thus I would sacrifice my Life and Fortunes,
And in return you cruelly destroy me.

Chr. I never meant you any harm, not I.

Lord. Then what does this white Enemy so near me?
[*Touching her Hand glov'd.*
Sure 'tis your Champion, and you arm it thus to bid defiance to me.

Chr. Nay, fie, my Lord, in faith you are to blame.
[*Pulling her Hand away.*

Lord. But I am for fair Wars, an Enemy must first be search'd for privy Armour, ere we do ingage. [*Pulls at her Glove.*

Chr. What does your Lordship mean?

Lord. I fear you bear some Spells and Charms about you,
And, Madam, that's against the Law of Arms.

Chr. My Aunt charg'd me not to pull off my Glove for fear of Sun-burning my Hand.

Lord. She did well to keep it from your Eyes, but I will thus preserve it. [*Hugging her bare Hand.*

Chr. Why do you crush it so? nay, now you hurt me; nay —— if you squeeze it ne'er so hard —— there's nothing to come out on't —— fie —— is this loving one? —— What makes you take your Breath so short?

Lord. The Devil take me if I can answer her a word,
All my Sences are quite employ'd another way.

Chr. Ne'er stir, my Lord, I must cry out ——

Lord. Then I must stop your Mouth —— this Ruby for a Kiss —— that is but one Ruby for another.

Chr. This is worse and worse.

Lady within.] Why, Niece, where are you, Niece?

Lord. Pox of her old mouldy Chops.

Chr. Do you hear, my Aunt calls? I shall be hang'd for staying with you —— let me go, my Lord. [*Gets from him.*

Enter Lady Dupe.

La. *Dupe.* My Lord, Heaven bless me, what makes your Lordship here?

Lord.

Lord. I was just wishing for you, Madam, your Niece and I have been so laughing at the blunt humour of your Country-Gentleman—— I must go pass an hour with him. [*Exit* Lord.

Chr. You made a little too much haste;
I was just exchanging a Kiss for a Ruby.

Lady. No harm done; it will make him come on the faster:
Never full-gorge an Hawk you mean to fly:
The next will be a Neck-lace of Pearl, I warrant you.

Chr. But what must I do next?

La. *Dupe.* Tell him I grew suspicious, and examin'd you
Whether he made not Love, which you deny'd.
Then tell him how my Maids and Daughters watch you;
So that you tremble when you see his Lordship.

Chr. And that your Daughters are so envious, that they would raise a false Report to ruine me.

La. *Dupe.* Therefore you desire his Lordship,
As he loves you, of which you are confident,
Hence-forward to forbear his Visits to you.

Chr. But how if he should take me at my word?

La. *Dupe.* Why, if the worst come to the worst, he leaves you an honest Woman, and there's an end on't: but fear not that, hold out his Messages, and then he'll write, and that's it, my Bird, which you must drive it to: then all his Letters will be such Ecstasies, such Vows and Promises, which you must answer short and simply, yet still ply out of 'em your Advantages.

Chr. But, Madam! he's i'th' house, he will not write.

La. *Dupe.* You Fool—— he'll write from the next Chamber to you. And, rather then fail, send his Page-Post with it upon a Hobby-horse: ———then grant a Meeting, but tell me of it, and I'll prevent him, by my being there; he'll curse me, but I care not.
When you are alone he'll urge his Lust, which answer you with Scorn and Anger———

Chr. As thus, an't please you, Madam?
What? Does he think I will be damn'd for him?
Defame my Family, ruine my Name,
To satisfie his Pleasure?

La. *Dupe.* Then he will be prophane in's Arguments,
Urge Natures Laws to you.

Chr. By'r Lady, and those are shrewd Arguments;
But I am resolv'd I'll stop my Ears.

La. *Dupe.* Then when he sees no other thing will move you,
He'll sign a Portion to you before-hand:
Take hold of that, and then of what you will. [*Exeunt.*

Entr

Enter Sir John, *Mrs.* Millisent, *and* Rose.

Sir *John.* Now, fair Mrs. *Millisent*, you see your Chamber,
Your Father will be busie a few minutes, and in the mean time permits
me the Happiness to wait on you ——

Mill. Methinks you might have chose us better Lodgings,
This House is full; the other, we saw first, was more convenient.

Sir *John.* For you perhaps, but not for me;
You might have met a Lover there, but I a Rival.

Mill. What Rival?

Sir *John.* You know Sir *Martin*, I need not name it to you.

Mill. I know more Men besides him.

Sir *John.* But you love none besides him: Can you deny your Affection to him?

Mill. You have vex'd me so, I will not satisfie you.

Sir *John.* Then, I perceive, I am not likely to be so much oblig'd to you as I was to him.

Mill. This is Romance —— I'll not believe a word on't ——

Sir *John.* That's as you please: however 'tis believ'd,
His Wit will not much credit your Choice.
Madam, do Justice to us both; pay his Ingratitude and Folly with your Scorn; my Service with your Love.
By this time your Father stays for me: I shall be discreet enough to keep this Fault of yours from him.
The Lawyers wait for us to draw your Joynture:
And I would beg your pardon for my Absence,
But that my Crime is punish'd in it self. [*Exit.*

Mill. Could I suspect this usage from a favour'd Servant!

Rose. First hear Sir *Martin* ere you quite condemn him.
Consider, 'tis a Rival who accus'd him.

Mill. Speak not a word in his behalf ——
Methought too, Sir *John* call'd him Fool.

Rose. Indeed he has a rare way of acting a Fool, and does it so naturally, it can be scarce distinguish'd.

Mill. Nay, he has Wit enough, that's certain.

Rose. How blind Love is!

Enter Warner.

Mill. How now, what's his Business?
I wonder, after such a Crime,
If his Master has the Face to send him to me!

Rose. How durst you venture hither?
If either Sir *John* or my old Master see you.

Warn. Pish! they are both gone out.

Rose. They went but to the next street; ten to one but they return and catch you here.

Warn.

Warn. Twenty to one I am gone before, and ſave 'em a labour.
Mill. What ſays that Fellow to you? What buſineſs can he have here?
Warn. Lord, that your Ladiſhip ſhould ask that queſtion,
Knowing whom I ſerve!
Mill. I'll hear nothing from your Maſter.
Warn. Never breathe, but this Anger becomes your Ladiſhip moſt admirably; but though you'll hear nothing from him, I hope I may ſpeak a word or two to you from my ſelf, Madam.
Roſe. 'Twas a ſweet Prank your Maſter play'd us: a Lady's well helpt up that truſts her Honour in ſuch a Perſons hands: to tell all ſo— and to his Rival too.
Excuſe him if thou canſt. [*Aſide.*
Warn. How the Devil ſhould I excuſe him? thou knoweſt he is the greateſt Fop in Nature——— [*Aſide to* Roſe.
Roſe. But my Lady does not know it; if ſhe did———
Mill. I'll have no whiſpering.
Warn. Alas, Madam, I have not the confidence to ſpeak out,
Unleſs you can take Mercy on me.
Mill. For what?
Warn. For telling Sir *John* you lov'd my Maſter, Madam.
But ſure I little thought he was his Rival.
Roſe. The witty Rogue has taken't on himſelf. [*Aſide.*
Mill. Your Maſter then is innocent?
Warn. Why, could your Ladiſhip ſuſpect him guilty?
Pray tell me, do you think him ungrateful,
Or a Fool?
Mill. I think him neither.
Warn. Take it from me, you ſee not the depth of him.
But when he knows what Thoughts you harbour of him,
As I am faithful, and muſt tell him——
I wiſh he does not take ſome Pet, and leave you.
Mill. Thou art not mad, I hope, to tell him on't;
If thou doſt, I'll be ſworn, I'll forſwear it to him.
Warn. Upon condition then you'll pardon me,
I'll ſee what I can do to hold my tongue.
Mill. This Evening, in S. *James*'s Park, I'll meet him. [*Knock within.*
Warn. He ſhall not fail you, Madam.
Roſe. Some body knocks — Oh, Madam, what ſhall we do!
'Tis Sir *John*, I hear his Voice.
Warn. What will become of me?
Mill. Step quickly behind that Door. [*He goes out.*

To them Sir John.

Mill. You've made a quick diſpatch, Sir.

Sir *John.* We have done nothing, Madam, our Man of Law was not within —— but I muſt look ſome Writings.

Mill. Where are they laid?

Sir *John.* In the Portmanteau in the Drawing-Room. { *Is going to the door.*

Mill. Pray ſtay a little, Sir ——

Warn. at the door. He muſt paſs juſt by me; and if he ſees me, I am but a dead Man.

Sir *John.* Why are you thus concern'd? why do you hold me?

Mill. Only a Word or two I have to tell you.
'Tis of Importance to you ——

Sir *John.* Give me leave ——

Mill. I muſt not before I diſcover the Plot to you.

Sir *John.* What Plot?

Mill. Sir *Martin*'s Servant, like a Rogue, comes hither
To tempt me from his Maſter, to have met him.

Warn. at the door. Now would I had a good Bag of Gunpowder at my Breech, to ramm me into ſome hole.

Mill. For my part, I was ſo ſtartled at the Meſſage,
That I ſhall ſcarcely be my ſelf theſe two days.

Sir *John.* Oh, that I had the Raſcal! I would teach him
To come upon ſuch Errands.

Warn. at the door. Oh, for a gentle Compoſition now!
An Arm or Leg I would give willingly.

Sir *John.* What Anſwer did you make the Villain?

Mill. I over-reach'd him clearly, by a Promiſe
Of an Appointment of a Place I nam'd,
Where I ne'er meant to come; but won'd have had
The Pleaſure firſt to tell you how I ſerv'd him.

Sir *John.* And then to chide your mean ſuſpicion of me,
Indeed I wonder'd you ſhould love a Fool.
But where did you appoint to meet him?

Mill. In *Gray*'s-*Inn* Walks.

Warn. at the door. By this Light, ſhe has put the Change upon him!
O ſweet Woman-kind!
How I love thee for that Heavenly Gift of Lying!

Sir *John.* For this Evening I will be his Miſtreſs;
He ſhall meet another *Penelope* than he ſuſpects.

Mill. But ſtay not long away.

Sir *John.* You over-joy me, Madam. [*Exit.*

Warn.

Warn. entring. Is he gone, Madam?

Mill. As far as *Gray's-Inn* Walks: now I have time
To walk the other way, and ſee thy Maſter.

Warn. Rather let him come hither: I have laid
A Plot ſhall ſend his Rival far enough from watching him e're long.

Mill. Art thou in earneſt?

Warn. 'Tis ſo deſign'd, Fate cannot hinder it.
Our Landlord, where we lie, vex'd that his Lodgings ſhould be ſo left by Sir *John*, is reſolv'd to be reveng'd, and I have found the Way.
You'll ſee th' Effect on't preſently.

Roſe. O Heavens! the door opens agen, and Sir *John* is return'd once more.

Enter Sir John.

Sir *John.* Half my buſineſs was forgot; you did not tell me when you were to meet him. Ho! What makes this Raſcal here?

Warn. 'Tis well you're come, Sir, elſe I muſt have left untold a Meſſage I have for you.

Sir *John.* Well, What's your buſineſs, Sirrah?

Warn. We muſt be private firſt; 'Tis only for your Ear.

Roſe. I ſhall admire his Wit, if in this plunge he can get off.

Warn. I came hither, Sir, by my Maſter's Order——

Sir *John.* I'll reward you for it, Sirrah, immediately.

Warn. When you know all, I ſhall deſerve it, Sir;
I came to ſound the Vertue of your Miſtreſs; which I have done ſo cunningly, I have at laſt obtain'd the Promiſe of a Meeting.
But my good Maſter, whom I muſt confeſs more generous than wiſe, knowing you had a Paſſion for her, is reſolv'd to quit:
And, Sir, that you may ſee how much he loves you, ſent me in private to adviſe you ſtill to have an Eye upon her Actions.

Sir *John.* Take this Diamond for thy good News;
And give thy Maſter my Acknowledgments.

Warn. Thus the World goes, my Maſters, he that will cozen you, commonly gets your good will in to the bargain. [*Aſide.*

Sir *John.* Madam, I am now ſatisfied of all ſides; firſt of your Truth, then of Sir *Martin*'s Friendſhip.
In ſhort, I find you two cheated each other,
Both to be true to me.

Mill. Warner is got off, as I would wish, and the Knight overreach'd.

Enter to them the Landlord, *disguis'd like a Carrier.*

Rose. How now! What would this Carrier have?

Warn. This is our Landlord, whom I told you of; but keep your Countenance——— [*Aside to her.*

Landl. I was looking here-away for one Sir *John Swallow*; they told me I might hear News of him in this House.

Sir *John.* Friend, I am the Man: What have you to say to me?

Landl. Nay, 'Faith, Sir, I am not so good a Scholard to say much; But I have a Letter for you in my Pouch:
There's plaguy News in't, I can tell you that.

Sir *John.* From whom is your Letter?

Landl. From your old Uncle *Anthony*.

Sir *John.* Give me your Letter quickly.

Landl. Nay, soft and fair goes far——— Hold you, hold you. It is not in this Pocket.

Sir *John.* Search in the other then; I stand on Thorns.

Landl. I think I feel it now; this shou'd be who?

Sir *John.* Pluck it out then.

Landl. I'll pluck out my Spectacles, and see first. [*Reads.*
To Mr. *Paul Grimbald*——— Apprentice to———
No, that's not for you, Sir—— that's for the Son of the Brother of the Nephew of the Cousin of my Gossip *Dobson*.

Sir *John.* Prithee dispatch; dost thou not know the Contents on't?

Landl. Yes, as well as I do my *Pater Noster*.

Sir *John.* Well, What's the Business on't?

Landl. Nay, no great Business; 'tis but only that your Worship's Father's dead.

Sir *John.* My Loss is beyond expression! how dy'd he?

Landl. He went to bed as well to see to as any Man in *England*, And when he awaken'd the next morning———

Sir *John.* What then?

Landl. He found himself stark dead.

Sir *John.* Well, I must of necessity take orders for my Father's Funeral, and my Estate; Heaven knows with what Regret I leave you, Madam.

Mill. But are you in such haste, Sir? I see you take all Occasions to be from me.

Sir *John.*

Sir *John*. Dear Madam, ſay not ſo, a few days will, I hope, return me to you.

To them Sir Martin.

Noble Sir *Martin*, the welcomeſt Man alive!
Let me embrace my Friend.
Roſe. How untowardly he returns the Salute? *Warner* will be found out. [*Aſide*.
Sir *John*. Well, Friend, you have oblig'd me to you eternally.
Sir *Mart*. How have I oblig'd you, Sir? I would have you to know I ſcorn your words; and I would I were hang'd if it be not the fartheſt of my Thoughts.
Mill. O cunning Youth, he acts the Fool moſt naturally.
Were we alone, how would we laugh together? [*Aſide*.
Sir *John*. This is a double Generoſity,
To do me Favours and conceal 'em from me;
But honeſt *Warner* here has told me all.
Sir *Mart*. What has the Raſcal told you?
Sir *John*. Your Plot to try my Miſtreſs for me —— you underſtand me, concerning your Appointment.
Warn. Sir, I deſire to ſpeak in private with you.
Sir *Mart*. This impertinent Raſcal, when I am moſt buſie, I am ever troubled with him.
Warn. But it concerns you I ſhould ſpeak with you, good Sir.
Sir *Mart*. That's a good one i'faith, thou knoweſt Breeding well, that I ſhould whiſper with a Serving-man before Company.
Warn. Remember, Sir, laſt time it had been better——
Sir *Mart*. Peace, or I'll make you feel my double Fiſts;
If I don't fright him, the ſawcy Rogue will call me Fool before the Company. [*Aſide*.
Mill. That was acted moſt naturally again.
Sir *John to him*. But what needs this diſſembling, ſince you are reſolv'd to quit my Miſtreſs to me?
Sir *Mart*. I quit my Miſtreſs! that's a good one i'faith. [*Aſide*.
Mill. Tell him you have forſaken me.
Sir *Mart*. I underſtand you, Madam, you would ſave
A Quarrel; but i'faith I am not ſo baſe:
I'll ſee him hang'd firſt.
Warn. Madam, my Maſter is convinc'd, in Prudence
He ſhould ſay ſo; but Love o'ermaſters him:
When you are gone perhaps he may.
Mill. I'll go then: Gentlemen, your Servant;
I ſee my Preſence brings conſtraint to the Company. [*Ex*. Mill. Roſ. Sir *John*.

Sir *John*. I'm glad she's gone, now we may talk more freely; For if you have not quitted her, you muſt.

Warn. Pray, Sir, remember your ſelf; did not you ſend me of a meſſage to Sir *John*, that for his Friendſhip you had left Mrs. *Milliſent*?

Sir *Mart*. Why, what an impudent lying Rogue art thou!

Sir *John*. How's this! Has *Warner* cheated me?

Warn. Do not ſuſpect it in the leaſt: You know, Sir, It was not generous before a Lady, To ſay he quitted her.

Sir *John*. O! was that it?

Warn. That was all: ſay, Yes, good Sir *John*—— or I'll ſwinge you. [*Aſide*.

Sir *Mart*. Yes, good Sir *John*.

War. That's well; once in his life he has heard good Counſel. [*Aſide*.

Sir *Mart*. Heigh, Heigh, what makes my Landlord here? he has put on a Fool's Coat, I think, to make us laugh.

Warn. The Devil's in him; he's at it again; his Folly's like a Sore in a ſurfeited Horſe, cure it in one place, and it breaks out in another. [*Aſide*.

Sir *Mart*. Honeſt Landlord, i'faith, and what makes you here?

Sir *John*. Are you acquainted with this honeſt Man?

Landl. Take heed what you ſay, Sir. [*To Sir* Martin *ſoftly*.

Sir *Mart*. Take heed what I ſay, Sir, why? who ſhould I be afraid of? of you? Sir, I ſay, Sir, I know him, Sir; and I have reaſon to know him, Sir, for I am ſure I lodge in his Houſe, Sir—nay, never think to terrifie me, Sir; 'tis my Landlord here in *Charles* Street, Sir.

Landl. Now I expect to be paid for the News I brought him.

Sir *John*. Sirrah! Did not you tell me that my Father——

Landl. Is in very good health, for ought I know, Sir; I beſeech you to trouble your ſelf no farther concerning him.

Sir *John*. Who ſet you on to tell this Lye?

Sir *Mart*. I, Who ſet you on, Sirrah? this was a Rogue that would cozen us both; he thought I did not know him: down on your Maribones, and confeſs the Truth: Have you no Tongue, you Raſcal?

Sir *John*. Sure 'tis ſome ſilenc'd Miniſter: he's grown ſo fat, he cannot ſpeak.

Landl. Why, Sir, if you would know, 'twas for your ſake I did it.

Warn. For my Maſter's ſake! why, you impudent Varlet, do you think to 'ſcape us with a Lye?

Sir *John*. How was it for his ſake?

Warn. 'Twas for his own, Sir; he heard you were th' Occaſion the Lady lodg'd not at his houſe, and ſo he invented this Lye; partly to revenge himſelf of you; and partly, I believe, in hope to get her once again, when you were gone.

Sir *John*.

Sir *John*. Fetch me a Cudgel, prithee.

Landl. O good Sir! if you beat me, I ſhall run into Oil immediately.

Warn. Hang him, Rogue, he's below your Anger: I'll maul him for you — the Rogue's ſo big, I think 'twill ask two days to beat him all over. [*Beats him.*

Landl. O Rogue, O Villain, *Warner*! bid him hold,
And I'll confeſs, Sir,

Warn. Get you gone without replying: muſt ſuch as you be prating? [*Beats him out.*

Dinner Ready. Sir, Dinner waits you on the Table.

Sir *John*. Friend, will you go along, and take part of a bad Repaſt?

Sir *Mart*. Thank you; but I am juſt riſen from Table.

Warn. Now he might ſit with his Miſtreſs, and has not the Wit to find it out. [*Aſide.*

Sir *John*. You ſhall be very welcome.

Sir *Mart*. I have no Stomach, Sir.

Warn. Get you in with a Vengeance: You have a better Stomach than you think you have. [*Puſhes him.*

Sir *Mart*. This hungry *Diego* Rogue would ſhame me;
He thinks a Gentleman can eat like a Servingman.

Sir *John*. If you will not, adieu, dear Sir;
In any thing command me. [*Exit.*

Sir *Mart*. Now we are alone; Han't I carry'd Matters bravely, Sirrah.

Warn. O yes, yes, you deſerve Sugar-Plums; Firſt, For
Your quarrelling with Sir *John*; then for diſcovering your Landlord;
And laſtly, For refuſing to dine with your Miſtreſs:
All this is ſince the laſt Reckoning was wip'd out.

Sir *Mart*. Then why did my Landlord diſguiſe himſelf, to make a Fool of us?

Warn. You have ſo little Brains, that a penn'orth of Butter melted under 'em, would ſet 'em afloat: he put on that Diſguiſe to rid you of your Rival.

Sir *Mart*. Why was not I worthy to keep your Counſel then?

Warn. It had been much at one: You would but have drunk the Secret down, and piſs'd it out to the next company.

Sir *Mart*. Well, I find I am a miſerable Man: I have loſt my Miſtreſs, and may thank my ſelf for't.

Warn. You'll not confeſs you are a Fool, I warrant.

Sir *Mart*. Well, I am a Fool, if that will ſatisfie you:
But what am I the nearer for being one?

Warn. O yes, much the nearer; for now Fortune's bound to provide

vide for you; as Hoſpitals are built for lame People, becauſe they cannot help themſelves.

Well; I have yet a Project in my Pate.

Sir *Mart.* Dear Rogue, what is't?

Warn. Excuſe me for that: but while 'tis ſet a working, You would do well to ſcrue your ſelf into her Father's good Opinion.

Sir *Mart.* If you will not tell me, my Mind gives me I ſhall diſcover it again.

Warn. I'll lay it as far out of your reach as I can poſſible.

——— *For Secrets are edg'd Tools,*
And muſt be kept from Children, and from Fools. [Exeunt.

ACT III.

Enter Roſe *and* Warner *meeting.*

Roſe. YOur Worſhip's moſt happily encounter'd.

Warn. Your Ladiſhip's moſt fortunately met.

Roſe. I was going to your Lodging.

Warn. My Buſineſs was to yours.

Roſe. I have ſomething to ſay to you, that———

Warn. I have that to tell you———

Roſe. Underſtand then———

Warn. If you'll hear me——

Roſe. I believe that——

Warn. I am of Opinion that———

Roſe. Prithee hold thy peace a little, till I have done.

Warn. Cry you mercy, Miſtreſs *Roſe*, I'll not diſpute your ancient Priviledges of Talking.

Roſe. My Miſtreſs, knowing Sir *John* was to be abroad upon buſineſs this Afternoon, has ask'd leave to ſee a Play: and Sir *John* has ſo great a confidence of your Maſter, that he will truſt no body with her but him.

Warn. If my Maſter gets her out, I warrant her, he ſhall ſhew her a better Play than any is at either of the Houſes——here they are: I'll run and prepare him to wait upon her. [*Exit*

Enter

Enter Old Moody, *Mrs.* Millisent, *and Lady* Dupe.

Mill. My Hoods and Scarfs there, quickly.

La. *Dupe.* Send to call a Coach there.

Moody. But what kind of Man is this Sir *Martin*, with whom you are to go?

Lady. A plain downright Country Gentleman, I assure you.

Mood. I like him much the better for't.
For I hate one of those you call a Man o'th' Town,
One of those empty Fellows of meer Outside;
They've nothing of the true old *English* Manliness.

Rose. I confess, Sir, a Woman's in a sad Condition, that has nothing to trust to, but a Perriwig above, and a well trimm'd Shooe below.

To them Sir Martin.

Mill. This, Sir, is Sir *John*'s Friend; he is for your humor, Sir; he is no Man o'th' Town, but bred up in the old *Elizabeth* way of Plainness.

Sir *Mart.* I, Madam, your Ladiship may say your pleasure of me.

To them Warner.

Warn. How the Devil got he here before me! 'Tis very unlucky I could not see him first———

Sir *Mart.* But as for Painting, Musick, Poetry, and the like, I'll say this of my self——

Warn. I'll say that for him, my Master understands none of 'em, I assure you, Sir.

Sir *Mart.* You impudent Rascal, hold your tongue: I must rid my hands of this Fellow; the Rogue is ever discrediting me before Company.

Mood. Never trouble your self about it, Sir, for I like a Man that—

Sir *Mart.* I know you do, Sir, and therefore I hope you'll think never the worse of me for his prating: for, though I do not boast of my own good parts———

Warn. He has none to boast of upon my Faith, Sir.

Sir *Mart.* Give him not the hearing, Sir; for, if I may believe my Friends, they have flatter'd me with an Opinion of more——

Warn. Of more than their Flattery can make good, Sir—'tis true he tells you they have flatter'd him; but, in my Conscience, he is the most downright simple natur'd Creature in the World.

Sir *Mart.* I ſhall conſider you hereafter, Sirrah; but I am ſure, in all Companies I paſs for a *Virtuoſo.*

Mood. Virtuoſo! What's that too? Is not *Vertue* enough, without *O ſo?*

Sir *Mart.* You have Reaſon, Sir!

Mood. There he is again too; the Town-phraſe, a great Compliment I wiſs; You have Reaſon, Sir; that is, You are no Beaſt, Sir.

Warn. A word in private, Sir; You miſtake this old Man; he loves neither Painting, Muſick, nor Poetry; yet recover your ſelf, if you have any Brains. [*Aſide to him.*

Sir *Mart.* Say yoe ſo? I'll bring all about again, I warrant you—— I beg your pardon a thouſand times, Sir; I vow to Gad I am not Maſter of any of thoſe Perfections; for, in fine,
Sir, I am wholly ignorant of Painting, Muſick, and Poetry;
Only ſome rude Eſcapes—— but, in fine, they are ſuch, that,
In fine, Sir——

Warn. This is worſe than all the reſt. [*Aſide.*

Mood. By Coxbones, one word more of all this Gibberiſh, and old Madge ſhall flie about your Ears: What is this *in fine*, he keeps ſuch a coil with too?

Mill. 'Tis a Phraſe *a-la-mode*, Sir, and is us'd in Converſation now, as a Whiff of Tobacco was formerly, in the midſt of a Diſcourſe, for a thinking while.

La. *Dupe.* In plain Engliſh, *in fine* is, in the end, Sir.

Mood. Bur, by Coxbones, there's no end on't methinks: if thou wilt have a fooliſh word to lard thy lean Diſcourſe with, take an *Engliſh* one when thou ſpeakeſt *Engliſh*; as, So Sir, and, Then Sir, and So forth; 'tis a more Manly kind of Nonſence: and a Pox of *in fine*, for I'll hear no more on't.

Warn. He's gravell'd, and I muſt help him out. [*Aſide.*
Madam there's a Coach at door to carry you to the Play.

Sir *Mart.* Which Houſe do you mean to go to?

Mill. The Duke's, I think.

Sir *Mart.* 'Tis a damn'd Play, and has nothing in't.

Mill. Then let us to the King's.

Sir *Mart.* That's e'en as bad.

Warn. This is paſt enduring. [*Aſide.*
There was an ill Play ſet up, Sir, on the Poſts, but I can aſſure you the Bills are altered ſince you ſaw 'em, and now there are two admirable Comedies at both Houſes.

Mood. But my Daughter loves ſerious Plays.

Warn. They are Tragi-Comedies, Sir, for both.

Sir *Mart.* I have heard her ſay ſhe loves none but Tragedies.

Mood.

Mood. Where have you heard her ſay ſo, Sir?

Warn. Sir, you forget your ſelf, you never ſaw her in your life before.

Sir *Mart.* What, not at *Canterbury*, in the Cathedral Church there? This is the impudenteſt Raſcal——

Warn. Mum, Sir, — —

Sir *Mart.* Ah Lord, what have I done! as I hope to be ſav'd, Sir, it was before I was aware; for if ever I ſet eyes on her before this day — I wiſh——

Mood. This Fellow is not ſo much Fool, as he makes one believe he is.

Mill. I thought he would be diſcover'd for a Wit: this 'tis to over-act ones part! [*Aſide.*

Mood. Come away, Daughter, I will not truſt you in his hands; there's more in't than I imagin'd. [*Ex.* Mood. Mill. Lad. Roſe.

Sir *Mart.* Why do you frown upon me ſo, when you know your looks go to the heart of me? what have I done beſides a little *lapſus linguæ*?

War. Why, who ſays you have done any thing? y'are a meer Innocent.

Sir *Mart.* As the Child that's to be born, in my intentions; if I know how I have offended my ſelf any more than in one word——

Warn. But don't follow me however—I have nothing to ſay to you.

Sir *Mart.* I'll follow you to the Worlds end, till you forgive me.

Warn. I am reſolv'd to lead you a Dance then. [*Exit running.*

Sir *Mart.* The Rogue has no mercy in him, but I muſt mollifie him with Money. [*Exit.*

Enter La. *Dupe.* Truly my little Couſin's the apteſt Scholar, and takes out Love's Leſſons ſo exactly, that I joy to ſee it: ſhe has got already the Bond of Two thouſand Pounds ſeal'd for her Portion, which I keep for her; a pretty good beginning: 'tis true, I believe he has enjoy'd her, and ſo let him: *Mark Anthony* wooed not at ſo dear a price.

To her Chriſtian. O Madam! I fear I am breeding!

La. A taking Wench! but 'tis no matter; have you told any body?

Chr. I have been venturing upon your Foundations, a little to diſſemble.

La. That's a good Child, I hope it will thrive with thee, as it has with me: Heaven has a Bleſſing in ſtore upon our Endeavours.

Chr. I feign'd my ſelf ſick, and kept my Bed; my Lord he came to viſit me, and, in the end, I diſclos'd it to him in the ſaddeſt Paſſion.

La. This frighted him, I hope, into a ſtudy how to cloak your diſgrace, leſt it ſhould have vent to his Lady.

Chr. 'Tis true; but all the while I ſubtly drove it, that he ſhould name you to me, as the fitteſt Inſtrument of the Concealment; but how to break it to you, ſtrangely does perplex him: he has been ſeeking you all o'er the Houſe; therefore I'll leave your Ladiſhip, for fear we ſhould be ſeen together. [*Exit.*

Lady. Now I muſt play my part;
Nature, in Women, teaches more than Art.

Enter Lord.

Lord. Madam, I have a Secret to impart.
A ſad one too, and have no Friend to truſt but only you.
Lady. Your Lady or your Children ſick?
Lord. Not that I know.
Lady. You ſeem to be in health.
Lord. In Body, not in Mind.
Lady. Some Scruple of Conſcience, I warrant; my Chaplain ſhall reſolve you.
Lord. Madam, my Soul's tormented.
Lady. O take heed of Deſpair, my Lord!
Lord. Madam, there's no Medicine for this Sickneſs, but only you; your Friendſhip's my ſafe Haven, elſe I am loſt and ſhipwrack'd.
Lady. Pray tell me what it is.
Lord. Could I expreſs it by ſad Sighs and Groans,
Or drown it with my ſelf in Seas of Tears,
I ſhould be happy, would, and would not tell.
Lady. Command whatever I can ſerve you in,
I will be faithfull ſtill to all your ends, provided they be juſt and vertuous.
Lord. That word has ſtopt me.
Lady. Speak out, my Lord, and boldly tell what 'tis.
Lord. Then, in obedience to your Commands, your Couſin is with Child
Lady. Which Couſin?
Lord. Your Couſin *Chriſtian* here i'th' houſe.
Lady. Alas! then ſhe has ſtollen a Marriage, and undone her ſelf: Some young Fellow, on my Conſcience, that's a Beggar;
Youth will not be adviſ'd; well, I'll never meddle more with Girls; One is no more aſſur'd of 'em than Grooms of Mules, they'll ſtrike when leaſt one thinks on't: but, pray your Lordſhip, what is her choice then for an Husband?
Lord. She is not married that I know of, Madam.
Lady. Not married! 'tis impoſſible, the Girl does ſure abuſe you. I know her Education has been ſuch, the Fleſh could not prevail; therefore ſhe does abuſe you, it muſt be ſo.
Lord. Madam, not to abuſe you longer, ſhe is with Child, and I the unfortunate Man, who did this moſt unlucky Act.
Lady. You! I'll never believe.

Lord.

Lord. Madam, 'tis too true; believe it, and be ſerious how to hide her ſhame; I beg it here upon my Knees.

Lady. Oh, Oh, Oh—— [*She faints away.*

Lord. Who's there? Who's there? Help, Help, Help.

Enter two Women, Roſe, Penelope.

1 *Woman.* O merciful God, my Lady's gone!

2 *Wom.* Whither?

1 *Wom.* To Heaven, God knows, to Heaven.

Roſe. Rub her, rub her; fetch warm Cloaths.

2 *Wom.* I ſay, run to the Cabinet of Quinteſſence; *Gilbert*'s Water, *Gilbert*'s Water.

1 *Wom.* Now all the good Folks of Heaven look down upon her.

Mill. Set her in the Chair.

Roſ. Open her Mouth with a Dagger or a Key; pour, pour; Where's the Spoon?

2 *Wom.* She ſtirs, ſhe revives, merciful to us all; what a thing was this! ſpeak, Lady, ſpeak.

Lady. So, ſo, ſo.

Mill. Alas, my Lord, How came this Fit?

Lord. With Sorrow, Madam:

Lady. Now I am better: *Beſs*, you have not ſeen me thus.

1 *Wom.* Heav'n forfend, that I ſhould live to ſee you ſo agen.

Lady. Go, go, I'm pretty well; withdraw into the next Room, but be near, I pray, for fear of the worſt. [*They go out.*

——My Lord, ſit down near me, I pray, I'll ſtrive to ſpeak a few words to you, and then to Bed— nearer, my Voice is faint——

My Lord, Heaven knows how I have ever lov'd you; and, Is this my Reward? Had you none to abuſe but me in that unfortunate fond Girl, that you know was dearer to me than my Life? This was not Love to her, but an inveterate Malice to poor me——Oh, Oh. [*Faints again.*

Lord. Help, Help, Help.

All the Women again.

1 *Wom.* This Fit will carry her: Alas, it is a Lechery!

2 *Wom.* The Balſom, the Balſom!

1 *Wom.* No, no, the Chymiſtry, Oil of Roſemary: Hold her up, and give her Air.

Mill. Feel whether ſhe breaths, with your hand before her mouth.

Roſe. No, Madam, 'tis Key-cold.

1 *Wom.* Look up, dear Madam, if you have any hope of Salvation?

2 *Wom.* Hold up your finger, Madam, if you have any hope of Fraternity. O the bleſſed Saints that hear me not, take her Mortality to them.

Lady.

Lady. Enough, ſo, 'tis well—— withdraw, and let me reſt awhile; only my dear Lord remain.

1 *Wom.* Pray your Lordſhip keep her from ſwebbing. [*Ex. Wom.*

Lord. Here humbly, once again, I beg your pardon, and your help.

La. Heav'n forgive you, and I do: ſtand up, my Lord, and ſit cloſe by me: O this naughty Girl! but did your Lordſhip win her ſoon?

Lord. No, Madam, but with much difficulty.

La. I'm glad on't; it ſhew'd the Girl had ſome Religion in her, all my Precepts were not in vain: but you Men are ſtrange Tempters, good my Lord, where was this wicked Act then firſt committed?

Lord. In an Out-Room upon a Trunk.

La. Poor heart, what ſhift Love makes! Oh, ſhe does Love you dearly, though to her Ruin! and then what place, my Lord?

Lord. An old waſte Room, with a decay'd Bed in't.

La. Out upon that dark Room for Deeds of Darkneſs! and that rotten Bed! I wonder it did hold your Lordſhip's Vigour: but you dealt gently with the Girl. Well, you ſhall ſee I love you: for I will manage this buſineſs to both your advantages, by the aſſiſtance of Heaven I will; good my Lord, help, lead me out. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Warner, *and* Roſe.

Roſe. A miſchief upon all Fools! do you think your Maſter has not done wiſely? firſt to miſtake our Old Man's humour, then to diſpraiſe the Plays; and laſtly, to diſcover his Acquaintance with my Miſtreſs: my old Maſter has taken ſuch a Jealouſie of him, that he will never admit him into his ſight again.

Warn. Thou mak'ſt thy ſelf a greater Fool than he, by being angry at what he cannot help—— I have been angry with him too, but theſe Friends have taken up the Quarrel —— [*Shews Gold.* Look you, he has ſent theſe Mediators to mitigate your Wrath: here are 20 of 'em have made a long Voyage from *Guiney*, to kiſs your hands: and, when the Match is made, there are an 100 more in readineſs to be your humble Servants.

Roſe. Rather than fall out with you, I'll take 'em; but, I confeſs, it troubles me to ſee ſo loyal a Lover have the heart of an Emperour, and yet ſcarce the Brains of a Cobler.

Warn. Well, what Device can we two beget betwixt us, to ſeparate Sir *John Swallow* and thy Miſtreſs?

Roſe. I cannot on the ſudden tell; but I hate him worſe than foul Weather without a Coach.

Warn. Then I'll ſee if my Project will be luckier than thine. Where are the Papers concerning the Jointure I have heard you ſpeak of?

Roſe.

Roſe. They lie within, in Three great Bags, ſome 20 Reams of Paper in each Bundle, with ſix Lines in a Sheet: but there is a little Paper where all the Buſineſs lies.

Warn. Where is it? Canſt thou help me to it?

Roſe. By good Chance he gave it to my Cuſtody, before he ſet out for *London*. You came in good time, here it is, I was carrying it to him; juſt now he ſent for it.

Warn. So, this I will ſecure in my Pocket: when thou art ask'd for it, make two or three bad Faces, and ſay, 'twas left behind: by this means he muſt of neceſſity leave the Town, to ſee for it in *Kent*.

Enter Sir John, *Sir* Martin, *Mrs.* Milliſent.

Sir *John.* 'Tis no matter, though the old Man be ſuſpicious, I knew the Story all before-hand; and ſince then you have fully ſatisfied me of your true Friendſhip to me—— Where are the Writings? [*To* Roſe.

Roſe. Sir, I beg your pardon, I thought I had put them up amongſt my Lady's things, and, it ſeems, in my haſte, I quite forgot 'em, and left 'em at *Canterbury*.

Sir *John.* This is horribly unlucky! Where do you think you left 'em!

Roſe. Upon the great Box in my Lady's Chamber; they are ſafe enough I'm ſure.

Sir *John.* It muſt be ſo—— I muſt take Poſt immediately:
Madam, for ſome few days I muſt be abſent;
And to confirm you, Friend, how much I truſt you,
I leave the deareſt Pledge I have on Earth,
My Miſtreſs to your Care.

Mill. If you lov'd me, you would not take all Occaſions to leave me thus!

Warn. Aſide.] Do, go to *Kent*, and when you come again,
Here they are ready for you. [*Shews the Paper.*

Sir *Mart.* What's that you have in your hand there, Sirrah?

Warn. Aſide.] Pox, what ill Luck was this! What ſhall I ſay?

Sir *Mart.* Sometimes you've Tongue enough, what, are you ſilent?

Warn. 'Tis an Account, Sir, of what Money you have loſt ſince you came to Town.

Sir *Mart.* I'm very glad on't: now I'll make you all ſee the ſeverity of my Fortune—— give me the Paper.

Warn. Heaven! What does he mean to do? It is not fair writ out, Sir.

Sir *John.* Beſides, I am in haſte, another time, Sir——

Sir *Mart.*

Sir *Mart.* Pray, oblige me, Sir——'tis but one minute: all people love to be pity'd in their Misfortunes, and so do I: will you produce it, Sirrah?

Warn. Dear Master!

Sir *Mart.* Dear Rascal! Am I Master or you? You Rogue!

Warn. Hold yet, Sir, and let me read it: —You cannot read my hand.

Sir *Mart.* This is ever his way, to be disparaging me---but I'll let you see, Sirrah, that I can read your hand better than you your self can.

Warn. You'll repent it, there's a Trick in't, Sir——

Sir *Mart.* Is there so, Sirrah? But I'll bring you out of all your Tricks with a Vengeance to you—— [*Reads.*

How now! What's this? A true particular of the Estate of Sir *John Swallow*, Knight; lying and scituate in, *&c.*

Sir *John.* This is the very Paper I had lost: [*Takes the Paper.*

I'm very glad on't, it has sav'd me a most unwelcome Journey——

But I will not thank you for the Courtesie, which now I find you never did intend me—— this is Confederacy, I smoke it now——

Come, Madam, let me wait on you to your Father.

Mill. Well, of a witty Man, this was the foolishest part that ever I beheld. [*Ex. Sir* John, Millisent, *and* Rose.

Sir *Mart.* I am a Fool, I must confess it, and I am the most miserable one without thy Help—— but yet it was such a Mistrke, as any Man might have made.

Warn. No doubt on't.

Sir *Mart.* Prithee chide me! This Indifference of thine wounds me to the Heart.

Warn. I care not.

Sir *Mart.* Wilt thou not help me for this once?

Warn. Sir, I kiss your hands, I have other Business.

Sir *Mart.* Dear *Warner!*

Warn. I am inflexible.

Sir *Mart.* Then I am resolv'd I'll kill my self.

Warn. You are Master of your own Body.

Sir *Mart.* Will you let me damn my Soul?

Warn. At your Pleasure, as the Devil and you can agree about it.

Sir *Mart.* D'ye see, the Point's ready? Will you do nothing to save my Life?

Warn. Not in the least.

Sir *Mart.* Farewell, hard-hearted *Warner.*

Warn. Adieu, soft-headed Sir *Martin.*

Sir *Mart.* Is it possible?

Warn. Why don't you dispatch, Sir? Why all these Preambles?

Sir *Mart.* I'll see thee hang'd first: I know thou would'st have me kill'd, to get my Cloaths.

Warn.

Warn. I knew it was but a Copy of your Countenance; People in this Age are not so apt to kill themselves.

Sir *Mart.* Here are yet Ten Pieces in my Pocket, take 'em, and let's be Friends.

Warn. You know the Easiness of my Nature, and that makes you work upon it so. Well, Sir—— for this once I cast an Eye of Pity on you——— but I must have Ten more in hand, before I can stir a foot.

Sir *Mart.* As I am a true Gamester, I have lost all but these, ——But if thou'lt lend me them, I'll give 'em thee agen.

Warn. I'll rather trust you till to morrow; Once more look up, I bid you hope the best.

Why should your Folly make your Love miscarry,
Since Men first play the Fools, and then they marry? [*Ex.*

ACT IV.

Enter Sir Martin *and* Warner.

Sir *Mart.* BUT are they to be married this day, in private, say you?

Warn. 'Tis so concluded, Sir, I dare assure you.

Sir *Mart.* But why so soon, and in private?

Warn. So soon, to prevent the Designs upon her; and in private, to save the Effusion of Christian Money.

Sir *Mart.* It strikes to my Heart already; in fine, I am a dead Man, ———*Warner.*

Warn. Well, go your ways, I'll try what may be done. Look, if he will stir now? Your Rival and the Old Man will see us together, we are just below the Window.

Sir *Mart.* Thou canst not do't.

Warn. On the Peril of my Twenty Pieces be it.

Sir *Mart.* But I have found a way to help thee out; trust to my Wit but once.

Warn. Name your Wit, or think you have the least Grain of Wit once more, and I'll lay it down for ever.

Sir *Mart.* You are a fawcy, Masterly Companion, and so I leave you. [*Ex.*

Warn. Help, Help, good People! Murther, Murther!

Enter Sir John, *and* Moody.

Sir *John* and *Moody*. How now, what's the matter?

Warn. I am abus'd, I am beaten, I am lam'd for ever.

Moody. Who has us'd thee so?

Warn. The Rogue, my Master.

Sir *John*. What was the Offence?

Warn. A Trifle, just nothing.

Sir *John*. That's very strange.

Warn. It was for telling him he loſt too much at Play; I meant him nothing but well, Heaven knows, and he, in a curſed damn'd humour, would needs revenge his loſſes upon me: He kick'd me, took away my Money, and turn'd me off; but if I take it at his hands ——

Moody. By Cox-nowns, it was an ill-natur'd part, nay, I thought no better could come on't, when I heard him at his Vow to Gads, and in fines.

Warn. But if I live, I'll cry quittance with him: he had engag'd me to get Mrs. *Milliſent* your Daughter for him; but if I do not all that ever I can to make her hate him, a great Booby, an over-grown Oaf, a conceited *Bartlemew* ——

Sir *John*. Prithee leave off thy Choler, and hear me a little: I have had a great mind to thee a long time, if thou think'ſt my Service better than his, from this minute I entertain thee.

Warn. With all my heart, Sir; and ſo much the rather, that I may ſpite him with it — This was the moſt propitious Fate ——

Moody. Propitious! and Fate! what a damn'd Scander-bag Rogue art thou to talk at this rate! hark you, Sirrah, one word more of this Gibberiſh, and I'll ſet you packing from your new Service; I'll have neither Propitious nor Fate come within my doors.

Sir *John*. Nay, pray, Father.

Warn. Good old Sir, be pacified; I was pouring out a little of the dregs that I had left in me of my former Service, and now they are gone, my Stomach's clear of 'em.

Sir *John*. This Fellow is come in a happy hour; for now, Sir, you and I may go to prepare the Licence; and in the mean time he may have an eye upon your Daughter.

Warn. If you pleaſe, I'll wait upon her till ſhe's ready, and then bring her to what Church you ſhall appoint.

Moody. But, Friend, you'll find ſhe'll hang an Arſe, and be very loth to come along with you, and therefore I had beſt ſtay behind, and bring her my ſelf.

Warn. I warrant you I have a trick for that, Sir, ſhe knows nothing

of my being turn'd away: So I'll come to her as from Sir *Martin*, and under pretence of carrying her to him, conduct her to you.

Sir John. My better Angel——

Moody. Byth' Mess 'twas well thought on; well, Son, go you before, I'll speak but one word for a Dish or two at Dinner, and follow you to the Licence-Office. Sirrah —— stay you here —— till my return.

[*Ex. Sir* John *and* Mood.

Warn. solus. Was there ever such a lucky Rogue as I! I had always a good Opinion of my Wit, but could never think I had so much as now I find. I have now gain'd an opportunity to carry away Mistress *Millisent* for my Master; to get his Mistress, by means of his Rival, to receive all his Happiness, where he could expect nothing but Misery: after this Exploit, I will have *Lilly* draw me in the habit of a Hero, with a Laurel on my Temples, and an Inscription below it, *This is* Warner, *the Flower of Serving-men.*

Enter Messenger.

Mess. Pray do me the Favour to help me to the speech of Mr. *Moody.*

Warn. What's your Business?

Mess. I have a Letter to deliver to him.

Warn. Here he comes, you may deliver it your self to him.

[*Re-enter* Moody.

Mess. Sir, a Gentleman met me at the Corner of the next Street, and bid me give this into your own hands.

Moody. Stay, Friend, till I have read it.

Mess. He told me, Sir, it requir'd no Answer. [*Ex.* Mess.

Mood. reads. *Sir, permit me, though a stranger, to give you counsel; some young Gallants have had intelligence, that this day you intend privately to marry your Daughter, the rich Heiress; and, in fine, above Twenty of 'em have dispersed themselves to watch her going out: therefore put it off, if you will avoid mischief, and be advised by*

Your unknown Servant.

Mood. By the Mackings, I thought there was no good in't, when I saw *in fine* there; there are some Papishes, I'll warrant, that lie in wait for my Daughter, or else they are no English-men, but some of your French Outalian Rogues; I owe him thanks however, this unknown Friend of mine, that told me on't.

Warner, no Wedding to day, *Warner.*

Warn. Why, what's the matter, Sir?

Moody. I say no more, but some wiser than some, I'll keep my Daughter at home this afternoon, and a fig for all these Outalians. [*Ex.* Mood.

Warn. So, here's another Trick of Fortune, as unexpected for bad, as the other was for good. Nothing vexes me, but that I had made my Game Cock-ſure, and then to be Back-gammon'd: it muſt needs be the Devil that writ this Letter; he ow'd my Maſter a ſpight, and has paid him to the purpoſe: and here he comes as merry too, he little thinks what Misfortune has befall'n him, [*Enter Sir Mart. laughing,* and for my part I am aſham'd to tell him.

Sir *Mart.* *Warner*, ſuch a Jeſt, *Warner*, [*Laughs again.*

Warn. What a Murrain is the matter, Sir? Where lies this Jeſt that tickles you?

Sir *Mar.* Let me laugh out my Laugh, and I'll tell thee. [*Laughs again.*

Warn. I wiſh you may have cauſe for all this Mirth.

Sir *Mart.* Hereafter, *Warner*, be it known unto thee, I will endure no more to be thy May-game: Thou ſhalt no more dare to tell me, I ſpoil thy Projects, and diſcover thy Deſigns; for I have play'd ſuch a Prize, without thy help, of my own Mother-Wit, (*'tis true*, I am haſty ſometimes, and ſo do harm; but when I have a mind to ſhew my ſelf, there's no Man in *England*, though I ſay't, comes near me, as to point of Imagination) I'll make thee acknowledge I have laid a Plot that has a Soul in't.

Warn. Pray, Sir, keep me no longer in Ignorance of this rare Invention.

Sir *Mart.* Know then, *Warner*, that when I left thee, I was poſſeſt with a terrible fear, that my Miſtreſs ſhould be married: Well, thought I to my ſelf, and, muſt'ring up all the Forces of my Wit, I did produce ſuch a Stratagem.

Warn. But what was it?

Sir *Mart.* I feign'd a Letter, as from an unknown Friend, to *Moody*, wherein I gave him to underſtand, that if his Daughter went out this Afternoon, ſhe would infallibly be ſnapt, by ſome young Fellows, that lay in wait for her.

Warn. Very good.

Sir *Mart.* That which follows, is yet better; for he I ſent aſſures me, that in that very nick of Time my Letter came, her Father was juſt ſending her abroad with a very fooliſh Raſcally Fellow that was with him.

Warn. And did you perform all this a' God's name? could you do this wonderful Mirac e, without your Soul to the Devil for his help?

Sir *Mart.* I tell thee, Man, I did it, and it was done by the help of no Devil, but this Familiar of my one Brain; how long would it have been, e'er thou could'ſt have thought of ſuch a Project? *Martin* ſaid to his Man, *Who's the Fool now?*

Warn.

War. Who's the Fool? Why, who us'd to be the Fool? he that ever was, ſince I knew him, and will ever be ſo!

Sir *Mart.* What a Pox? I think thou art grown envious; not one word in my Commendations?

Warn. Faith, Sir, my Skill is too little to praiſe you, as you deſerve; but if you would have it according to my poor Ability, You're one that had a Knock in your Cradle, a conceited Lack-wit, a Deſigning Aſs, a Hair-brain'd Fop, a confounded Buſie-brain, with an eternal Wind-mill in it; this, in ſhort, Sir, is the Contents of your Panegyrick.

Sir *Mart.* But what the Devil have I done, to ſet you thus againſt me?

Warn. Only this, Sir, I was the fooliſh Raſcally Fellow that was with *Moody*, and your Worſhip was he to whom I was to bring his Daughter.

Sir *Mart.* But how could I know this? I am no Witch.

Warn. No, I'll be ſworn for you, you are no Conjurer. Will you go, Sir?

Sir *Mart.* Will you hear my Juſtifications?

Warn. Shall I ſee the back of you? Speak not a word in your Defence. [*Shoves him.*

Sir *Mart.* This is the ſtrangeſt Luck now—— [*Exit.*

Warn. I'm reſolv'd this Devil of his ſhall never weary me, I will overcome him; I will invent ſomething that ſhall ſtand good, in ſpight of his Folly. Let me ſee——

Enter Lord.

Lord. Here he is—I muſt venture on him, for the Tyranny of this old Lady is unſupportable, ſince I have made her my Confident, there paſſes not an hour, but ſhe paſſes a pull at my Purſe-ſtrings; I ſhall be ruin'd if I do not quit my ſelf of her ſuddenly: I find now, by ſad experience, that a Miſtreſs is much more chargeable than a Wife, and after a little time too, grows full as dull and inſignificant. Mr. *Warner!* have you a Mind to do your ſelf a Courteſie, and me another?

Warn. I think, my Lord, the Queſtion need not be much diſputed, for I have always had a great Service for your Lordſhip, and ſome little Kindneſs for my ſelf.

Lord. What if you ſhould propoſe Mrs. *Chriſtian* as a Wife to your Maſter? You know he's never like to compoſs t'other.

Warn I cannot tell that, my Lord——

Lord. 500*l.* are yours at the Day of Marriage.

Warn. 500*l.* 'tis true, the Temptation is very ſweet, and powerful; the Devil, I confeſs, has done his part, and many a good Murther and Treaſon have been committed at a cheaper rate; but yet——

Lord. What yet——

Warn.

Warn. To confeſs the truth, I am reſolv'd to beſtow my Maſter upon that other Lady (as difficult as your Lordſhip thinks it) for the Honour of my Wit is engag'd in it: Will it not be the ſame to your Lordſhip, were ſhe married to any other?

Lord. The very ſame.

Warn. Come, my Lord, not to diſſemble with you any longer, I know where it is that your ſhooe wrings you: I have obſerv'd ſomething in the houſe, betwixt ſome Parties that ſhall be nameleſs: and know that you have been taking up Linen at a much dearer rate, than you might have had it at any Draper's in Town.

Lord. I ſee I have not danc'd in a Net before you.

Warn. As for that old Lady, whom Hell confound, ſhe is the greateſt Jilt in Nature, Cheat is her Study, all her Joy to cozen, ſhe loves nothing but her ſelf, and draws all Lines to that corrupted Centre.

Lord. I have found her out, though late; firſt, I'll undertake I ne'er enjoy'd her Niece under the rate of 500*l.* a time; never was Woman's Fleſh held up ſo high: every night I find out for a new Maidenhead, and ſhe has ſold it me as often as ever Mother *Temple*, *Bennet*, or *Gifford*, have put off boil'd Capons for Quails and Partridges.

Warn. This is nothing to what Bills you'll have, when ſhe's brought to Bed, after her hard bargain, as they call it; then cramm'd Capons, Pea-hens, Chickens in the greaſe, Pottages, and Frigacies, Wine from *Shatling*, and *La-frond*'s, with New-River, clearer by Six-pence the Pound, than ever God Almighty made it; then Midwife—— Dry-Nurſe—— Wet-Nurſe —— and all the reſt of their Accomplices, with Cradle, Baby-clouts, and Bearing-cloaths— Poſſets, Caudles, Broth, Jellies and Gravies! and behind all theſe, Clyſters, Suppoſiters, and a barbarous 'Pothecary's Bill, more inhumane than a Taylor's.

Lord. I ſweat to think on't.

Warn. Well, my Lord! chear up! I have found a way to rid you of it all, within a ſhort time you ſhall know more; yonder appears a young Lady, whom I muſt needs ſpeak with, pleaſe you go in and prepare the old Lady, and your Miſtreſs.

Lord. Good Luck, and 500*l.* attend thee. [*Exit.*

Enter Milliſent *and* Roſe *above.*

Mill. I am reſolv'd I'll never marry him!

Roſe. So far you are right, Madam.

Mill. But how to hinder it, I cannot poſſibly tell! For my Father preſſes me to it, and will take no denial: Wou'd I knew ſome way——

Warn. Madam, I'll teach you the very neareſt, for I have juſt now found it out.

Roſe. Are you there, Mr. *Littleplot*? *Warn.*

Warn. Studying to deserve thee, *Rose*, by my diligence for thy Lady; I stand here, methinks, just like a Wooden *Mercury*, to point her out the way to Matrimony.

Rose. Or, Serving-man-like, ready to carry up the hot Meat for your Master, and then to fall upon the cold your self.

Warn. I know not what you call the cold, but I believe I shall find warm Work on't: in the first place, then I must acquaint you, that I have seemingly put off my Master, and enter'd my self into Sir *John*'s Service.

Mill. Most excellent!

Warn. And thereupon, but base—— [*Enter* Mood.

Mill. Something he would tell us, but see what Luck's here!

Mood. How now, Sirrah? are you so great there already?

Mill. I find my Father's jealous of him still!

Warn. Sir, I was only teaching my young Lady a new Song, and if you please you shall hear it.

SINGS.

Make ready, fair Lady, to Night,
And stand at the Door below,
For I will be there
To receive you with Care,
And be your True Love you shall go.

Moody. Ods bobs, this is very pretty.

Mill. I, so is the Lady's Answer too, if I could but hit on't.

SINGS.

And when the Stars twinkle so bright,
Then down to the Door will I creep,
To my Love will I fly,
E'er the jealous can spy,
And leave my old Daddy asleep.

Moody. Bodikins, I like not that so well, to cozen her old Father; it may be my own Case another time.

Rose. Oh, Madam! Yonder's your Persecutor return'd.

Enter Sir John.

Mill. I'll into my Chamber, to avoid the sight of him, as long as I can;

can; Lord! that my old doting Father ſhould throw me away upon ſuch an Ignoramus, and deny me to ſuch a Wit as Sir *Martin*.

[*Ex.* Mill. *and* Roſe *from above.*

Moody. O Son! here has been the moſt villainous Tragedy againſt you.

Sir *John.* What Tragedy? has there been any blood ſhed ſince I went?

Mood. No blood ſhed, but, as I told you, a moſt damnable Tragedy.

Warn. A Tragedy! I'll be hang'd if he does not mean a Stratagem.

Moody. Jack Sawce! if I ſay it is a Tragedy, it ſhall be a Tragedy, in ſpight of you; teach your Grandam how to piſs — what — I hope I am old enough how to ſpout Engliſh with you, Sir?

Sir *John.* But what was the reaſon you came not after me?

Mood. 'Twas well I did not, I'll promiſe you, there were thoſe would have made bold with Mrs. Bride; an' if ſhe had ſtirr'd out of doors, there were Whipſters abroad, i'faith, Padders of Maidenheads, that would have truſs'd her up, and pick'd the Lock of her Affections, e'er a Man could have ſaid, what's this? But, by good luck, I had warning of it by a Friend's Letter.

Sir *John.* The Remedy for all ſuch Dangers is eaſie; you may ſend for a Parſon, and have the Buſineſs diſpatch'd at home.

Mood. A Match, i'faith, do you provide a *Domine*, and I'll go tell her our Reſolutions, and hearten her up againſt the day of Battel. [*Ex.*

Sir *John.* Now I think on't, this Letter muſt needs come from Sir *Martin*; a Plot of his, upon my Life, to hinder our Marriage.

Warn. I ſee, Sir, you'll ſtill miſtake him for a Wit; but I am much deceiv'd, if that Letter came not from another hand.

Sir *John.* From whom, I prithee?

Warn. Nay, for that you ſhall excuſe me, Sir; I do not love to make a breach betwixt Perſons that are to be ſo near related.

Sir *John.* Thou ſeem'ſt to imply, that my Miſtreſs was in the Plot.

Warn. Can you make a doubt on't? Do you not know ſhe ever lov'd him? and can you hope ſhe has ſo ſoon forſaken him? You may make your ſelf miſerable if you pleaſe, by ſuch a Marriage.

Sir *John.* When ſhe is once mine, her Vertue will ſecure me.

Warn. Her Vertue!

Sir *John.* What, do you make a Mock on't?

Warn. Not I, I aſſure you, Sir, I think it no ſuch jeſting Matter.

Sir *John.* Why, is ſhe not honeſt?

Warn. Yes, in my Conſcience is ſhe, for Sir *Martin*'s Tongue's no ſlander.

Sir *John.* But does he ſay to the contrary?

Warn. If one would believe him, which, for my part, I do not, he has, in a manner, confeſs'd ſo to me.

Sir *John.*

Sir *John.* Hell and Damnation!

Warn. Courage, Sir, never vex your ſelf, I'll warrant you 'tis all a Lye.

Sir *John.* But how ſhall I be 'ſur'd 'tis ſo?

Warn. When you are married, you'll ſoon make tryal, whether ſhe be a Maid or no?

Sir *John.* I do not love to make that Experiment at my own coſt.

Warn. Then you muſt never marry.

Sir *John.* I, but they have ſo many Tricks to cheat a man, which are entail'd from Mother to Daughter, through all Generations, there's no keeping a Lock for that Door for which every one has a Key.

Warn. As for example, their drawing up their breaths with oh! You hurt me, can you be ſo cruel? Then the next day ſhe ſteals a Viſit to her Lover, that did you the Courteſie before-hand, and in private tells him how ſhe cozen'd you; Twenty to one but ſhe takes out another Leſſon with him to practiſe the next Night.

Sir *John.* All this while miſerable, I muſt be their May-game.

Warn. 'Tis well if you eſcape ſo; for commonly he ſtrikes in with you, and becomes your Friend.

Sir *John.* Deliver me from ſuch a Friend that ſtays behind with my Wife, when I gird on my Sword to go abroad.

Warn. I, there's your Man, Sir; Beſides, he will be ſure to watch your Haunts, and tell her of them, that if occaſion be, ſhe may have where-withal to recriminate; at leaſt ſhe will ſeem to be jealous of you, and who would ſuſpect a jealous Wife?

Sir *John.* All manner of ways I am moſt miſerable.

Warn. But if ſhe be not a Maid when you marry her, ſhe may make a good Wife afterwards; 'tis but imagining you have taken ſuch a Man's Widow.

Sir *John.* If there were all; but the Man will come and claim her again.

Warn. Examples have been frequent of thoſe that have been wanton, and yet afterwards take up.

Sir *John.* I, the ſame thing they took up before.

Warner. The truth is, an honeſt ſimple Girl that's ignorant of all things, maketh the beſt Matrimony; there is ſuch a pleaſure in inſtructing her, the beſt is, there's not one Dunce in all the Sex; ſuch a one with a good Fortune———

Sir *John.* I, but where is ſhe, *Warner?*

Warn. Near enough, but that you are too far engag'd.

Sir *John.* Engag'd to one that hath given me the Earneſt of Cuckoldom before hand?

Warn. What think you then of Mrs. *Chriſtian* here in the houſe? There's 5000 *l.* and a better Peny.

Sir *John.* I, but is ſhe Fool enough?

Warn. She's none of the Wiſe Virgins, I can aſſure you.

Sir *John.* Dear *Warner*, ſtep into the next Room, and inveagle her out this way, that I may ſpeak to her.

Warn. Remember, above all things, you keep this Wooing ſecret; if he takes the leaſt Wind, old *Moody* will be ſure to hinder it.

Sir *John.* Doſt thou think I ſhall get her Aunts Conſent?

Warn. Leave that to me. [*Ex.* Warn.

Sir *John.* How happy a Man ſhall I be, if I can but compaſs this! and what a Precipice have I avoided! then the Revenge too is ſweet, to ſteal a Wife under her Father's Noſe, and leave 'um in the lurch who has abus'd me: Well, ſuch a Servant, as this *Warner*, is a Jewel.

Enter Warner, *and* Mrs. Chriſtian *to him.*

Warn. There ſhe is, Sir, now I'll go to prepare her Aunt.

Sir *John.* Sweet Miſtreſs, I am come to wait upon you.

Chr. Truly, you are too good to wait on me.

Sir *John.* And in the condition of a Suitor.

Chr. As how, forſooth?

Sir *John.* To be ſo happy as to marry you.

Chr. O Lord, I would not marry for any thing!

Sir *John.* Why? 'tis the honeſt end of Woman-kind.

Chr. Twenty Years hence, forſooth: I would not lie in Bed with a Man for a World, their Beards it will ſo prickle one.

Sir *John.* Pah,——What an innocent Girl it is, and very Child! I like a Colt that never yet was back'd, for ſo I ſhall make her what I liſt, and mould her as I will; Lord! her Innocency makes me laugh; my Cheeks all wet.——Sweet Lady—— [*Aſide.*

Chr. I'm but a Gentlewoman, forſooth.

Sir *John.* Well then, ſweet Miſtreſs, if I get your Friends conſent, ſhall I have yours?

Chr. My old Lady may do what ſhe will, forſooth, but by my truly, I hope ſhe will have more care of me, than to marry me yet; Lord bleſs me, What ſhould I do with a Husband?

Sir *John.* Well, ſweet Heart, then inſtead of Wooing you, I muſt Wooe my old Lady.

Chr. Indeed, Gentleman, my old Lady is married already: Cry you mercy, forſooth, I think you are a Knight.

Sir *John.* Happy in that Title only to make you Lady.

Chr. Believe me, Mr. Knight, I would not be a Lady, it makes Folks proud, and ſo humorous, and ſo ill Huſwifes, forſooth.

Sir

Sir *John*. Pah, —— ſhe's a Baby, the ſimpleſt thing that ever yet I knew, the happieſt Man I ſhall be in the World; for ſhould I have my Wiſh, it ſhould be to keep School, and teach the bigger Girls, and here in one my Wiſh it is abſolv'd.

Enter Lady Dupe.

La. Dupe. By your leave, Sir: I hope this noble Knight will make you happy, and you make him.

Chr. What ſhall I make him? [*ſighing.*

La. Dupe. Marry, you ſhall make him happy in a good Wife.

Chr. I will not Marry, Madam.

La. Dupe. You Fool!

Sir *John*. Pray, Madam, let me ſpeak with you; on my Soul 'tis the pretti'ſt, innocent'ſt Thing in the World.

La. Dupe. Indeed, Sir, ſhe knows little beſides her Work, and her Prayers; but I'll talk with the Fool.

Sir *John*. Deal gently with her, dear Madam.

La. Dupe. Come, *Chriſtian*, Will not you marry this noble Knight?

Chr. Yes, Yes, Yes.—————— [*ſobbingly.*

La. Dupe. Sir, it ſhall be to Night.

Sir John. This Innocence is a Dowry beyond all price.

[*Ex.* Old Lady, *and* Mrs. Chriſtian.

Enter Sir Martin, *and* Sir John, *muſing.*

Sir Mart. You are very melancholy, methinks, Sir.

Sir John. You are miſtaken, Sir.

Sir Mart. You may diſſemble as you pleaſe, but Mrs. *Milliſent* lies at the bottom of your heart.

Sir John. My heart, I aſſure you, has no room for ſo poor a Trifle.

Sir Mart. Sure you think to wheadle me, would you have me imagine you do not love her?

Sir John. Love her! Why ſhould you think me ſuch a Sot? Love a Proſtitute, and infamous Perſon!

Sir Mart. Fair and ſoft, good Sir *John*.

Sir John. You ſee I am no very obſtinate Rival, I leave the Field free to you: Go on, Sir, and purſue your good Fortune, and be as happy as ſuch a common Creature can make thee.

Sir Mart. This is Hebrew-Greek to me; But I muſt tell you, Sir, I will not ſuffer my Divinity to be prophan'd by ſuch a Tongue as yours.

Sir John. Believe it, whate'er I ſay, I can quote my Author for.

Sir Mart. Then, Sir, Whoever told it you, ly'd in his Throat, d'you

ſee, and deeper than that d'ye ſee, in his Stomach, and his Guts d'ye ſee: tell me ſhe's a common perſon! he's a Son of a Whore that ſaid it, and make him eat his words, though he ſpoke 'em in a Privy-houſe.

Sir *John.* What if *Warner* told me ſo? I hope you'll grant him to be a competent Judge in ſuch a buſineſs.

Sir *Mart.* Did that precious Raſcal ſay it?--Now I think on't, I'll not believe you: in fine, Sir, I'll hold you an even Wager he denies it.

Sir *John.* I'll lay you Ten to One, he juſtifies it to your Face.

Sir *Mart.* I'll make him give up the Ghoſt under my Fiſt, if he does not deny it.

Sir *John.* I'll cut off his Ears upon the Spot, if he does not ſtand to't.

Enter Warner.

Sir *Mart.* Here he comes in Pudding-time to reſolve the Queſtion: Come hither, you lying Varlet, hold up your hand at the Bar of Juſtice, and anſwer me to what I ſhall demand.

Warn. What a Goodier is the matter, Sir?

Sir *Mart.* Thou Spawn of the old Serpent, fruitful in nothing but in Lyes!

Warn. A very fair beginning this.

Sir *Mart.* Did'ſt thou dare to caſt thy Venom upon ſuch a Saint as Mrs. *Milliſent*, to traduce her Vertue, and ſay it was adulterate?

Warn. Not guilty, my Lord.

Sir *Mart.* I told you ſo.

Sir *John.* How, Mr. Raſcal! Have you forgot what you ſaid but now concerning Sir *Martin* and Mrs. *Milliſent*? I'll ſtop the Lye down your Throat, if you dare deny't.

Sir *Mart.* Say you ſo! Are you there agen i' faith?

Warn. Pray pacifie your ſelf, Sir, 'twas a Plot of my own deviſing.

Sir *Mart.* Leave off your winking and your pinking, with a Horſe-Pox t'ye, I'll underſtand none of it; tell me in plain *Engliſh* the truth of the buſineſs; for an'you were my own Brother, you ſhould pay for it: belye my Miſtreſs! What a Pox d'ye think I have no ſenſe of Honour?

Warn. What the Devil's the matter w'ye? Either be at quiet, or I'll reſolve to take my Heels, and be gone.

Sir *Mart.* Stop, Thief there! What did you think to 'ſcape the hand of Juſtice? [*Lays hold on him.*

The beſt on't is, Sirrah, your Heels are not altogether ſo nimble as your Tongue. [*Beats him.*

Warn. Help! Murther! Murther!

Sir *Mart.* Confeſs, you Rogue, then.

Warn. Hold your Hands, I think the Devil's in you,—I tell you, 'tis a Device of mine.

Sir

Sir *Mart.* And have you no body to deviſe it on but my Miſtreſs, the very Map of Innocence?

Sir *John.* Moderate your Anger, good Sir *Martin.*

Sir *Mart.* By your Patience, Sir, I'll Chaſtiſe him abundantly.

Sir *John.* That's a little too much, Sir, by your Favour, to beat him in my preſence.

Sir *Mart.* That's a good one i' faith, your preſence ſhall hinder me from beating my own Servant?

Warn. O Traytor to all Senſe and Reaſon! he's going to diſcover that too.

Sir *Mart.* An' I had a mind to beat him to Mummy, he's my own, I hope.

Sir *John.* At preſent, I muſt tell you, he's mine, Sir.

Sir *Mart.* Hey-day! here's fine juggling!

Warn. Stop yet, Sir, you are juſt upon the brink of a Precipice.

Sir *Mart.* What is't thou meaneſt now? —ah Lord! my mind miſgives me, I have done ſome Fault, but would I were hang'd if I can find it out. [*Aſide.*

Warn. There's no making him underſtand me.

Sir *Mart.* Pox on't, come what will, I'll not be fac'd down with a Lye; I ſay he is my Man.

Sir *John.* Pray remember your ſelf better; did not you turn him away for ſome Fault lately, and laid a Livery of black and blue on his Back before he went?

Sir *Mart.* The Devil of any Fault, or any black and blue that I remember: either the Raſcal put ſome Trick upon you, or you would upon me.

Sir *John.* O, oh, then it ſeems the cudgelling and turning away, were pure Invention; I am glad I underſtand it.

Sir *Mart.* *In fine*, it's all ſo damn'd a Lye.——————

Warn. Alas! he has forgot it, Sir, good Wits, you know, have bad Memories.

Sir *John.* No, no, Sir, that ſhall not ſerve your turn, you may return when you pleaſe to your old Maſter, I give you a fair Diſcharge, and a glad Man I am to be ſo rid of you: were you thereabouts i' faith? What a Snake I had entertain'd into my Boſom? Fare you well, Sir, and lay your next Plot better between you, I adviſe you. [*Ex.* Sir *John.*

Warn. Lord, Sir, how you ſtand! as you were nip'd i'th' head; have you done any new piece of Folly, that makes you look ſo like an Aſs?

Sir *Mart.* Here's three Pieces of Gold yet, if I had the heart to offer it thee.

[*Holds the Gold afar off trembling.*

Warn.

Warn. Noble Sir, what have I done to deſerve ſo great a Liberality? I confeſs if you had beaten me for my own Fault, if you had utterly deſtroy'd all my Projects, then it might ha'bin expected that 10 or 20 Pieces ſhould have been offer'd by way of Recompence or Satisfaction.

Sir *Mart.* Nay, an'you be ſo full o'your Flowts, your Friend and Servant; who the Devil could tell the meaning of your Signs and Tokens, an'you go to that?

Warn. You are no Aſs then?

Sir *Mart.* Well, Sir, to do you Service, d'ye ſee, I am an Aſs in a fair way; Will that ſatisfie you?

Warn. For this once, produce thoſe three Pieces, I am contented to receive that inconſiderable Tribute; or make 'em ſix, and I'll take the Fault upon my ſelf.

Sir *Mart.* Are we Friends then? If we are, let me adviſe you.——

Warn. Yet adviſing——

Sir *Mart.* For no harm, good *Warner:* But pray next time make me of your Council, let me enter into the Buſineſs, inſtruct me in every Point, and then if I diſcover all, I am reſolv'd to give over Affairs, and retire from the World.

Warn. Agreed, it ſhall be ſo; but let us now take breath awhile, Then on agen.

For though we had the worſt, thoſe heats were paſt,
We'll whip and ſpur, and fetch him up at laſt. [Ex.

ACT V.

Enter Lord. *Lady* Dupe. *Mrs.* Chriſtian. Roſe *and* Warner.

Lord. YOur Promiſe is admirably made good to me, that Sir *John Swallow* ſhould be this Night married to Mrs. *Chriſtian*; inſtead of that, he is more deeply engag'd than ever with old *Moody*.

Warn. I cannot help theſe Ebbs and Flows of Fortune.

La. Dupe. I am ſure my Niece ſuffers moſt in't, he's come off to her with a cold Complement of a Miſtake in his Miſtreſſes Vertue, which he has now found out, by your Maſter's Folly, to be a Plot of yours to ſeparate them.

Chr. To be forſaken when a Woman has given her Conſent!

Lord. 'Tis the ſame Scorn, as to have a Town render'd up, and afterwards ſlighted.

Roſe. You are a ſweet Youth, Sir, to uſe my Lady ſo, when ſhe depended

depended on you; Is this the Faith of a *Valet de Chambre*? I would be asham'd to be such a dishonour to my Profession; it will reflect upon us in time, we shall be ruin'd by your good Example.

Warn. As how, my dear Lady Embassadress?

Rose. Why, they say the Women govern their Ladies, and you govern us: So if you play fast and loose, not a Gallant will bribe us for our good wills; the gentle *Guinnea* will now go to the Ordinary, which us'd as duly to steal into our hands at the Stair-foot, as into Mr. Doctor's at parting.

Lord. Night's come, and I expect your Promise.

La. Dupe. Fail with me if you think good, Sir.

Chr. I give no more time.

Rose. And if my Mistress go to Bed a Maid to Night. ——

Warn. Hey-dey! You are dealing with me, as they do with the Bankers, call in all your Debts together; there's no possibility of payment at this rate, but I'll coin for you all as fast as I can, I assure you.

La. Dupe. But you must not think to pay us with false Money, as you have done hitherto.

Rose. Leave off your Mountebank Tricks with us, and fall to your Business in good earnest.

Warn. Faith, and I will, *Rose*; for to confess the truth, I am a kind of a Mountebank, I have but one Cure for all your Diseases; that is, That my Master may marry Mrs. *Millisent*, for then Sir *John Swallow* will of himself return to Mrs. *Christian*.

Lord. He says true, and therefore we must all be helping to that Design.

Warn. I'll put you upon something, give me but a thinking-time. In the first place, get a Warrant and Bailiffs to Arrest Sir *John Swallow*, upon a Promise of Marriage to Mrs. *Christian*.

Lord. Very good.

La. Dupe. We'll all swear it.

Warn. I never doubted your Ladiship in the least, Madam —— for the rest we will consider hereafter.

Lord. Leave this to us. [*Ex.* Lord, *Lady* Dupe, Mill. Chr.

Warn. *Rose*, Where's thy Lady?

Mill. What have you to say to her?

Warn. Only to tell you, Madam, I am going forward in the great work of Projection.

Mill. I know not whether you will deserve my thanks when the Work's done.

Warn. Madam, I hope you are not become indifferent to my Master.

Mill. If he should prove a Fool after all your crying up his Wit, I shall be a miserable VVoman.

Warn.

Warn. A Fool! that were a good Jeſt i' faith: But how comes your Ladiſhip to ſuſpect it?

Roſe. I have heard, Madam, your greateſt Wits have ever a touch of Madneſs and Extravagance in them, ſo perhaps has he.

Warn. There's nothing more diſtant than Wit and Folly, yet like Eaſt and Weſt, they may meet in a Point, and produce Actions that are but a hairs-breadth from one another.

Roſe. I'll undertake he has Wit enough to make one laugh at him a whole Day together; he's a moſt Comical perſon.

Mill. For all this, I will not ſwear he is no Fool; he has ſtill diſcovered all your Plots.

Warn. O Madam, that's the common Fate of your Machivilians, they draw their Deſigns ſo ſubtle, that their very fineneſs breaks them.

Mill. However I'm reſolv'd to be on the ſure ſide, I will have certain Proof of his Wit before I marry him.

Warn. Madam, I'll give you one, he wears his Cloaths like a great Sloven, and that's a ſure ſign of Wit, he neglects his outward parts; beſides, he ſpeaks *French*, ſings, Dances, plays upon the Lute.

Mill. Does he do all this, ſay you?

Warn. Moſt divinely, Madam.

Mill. I ask no more; then let him give me a Serenade immediately: but let him ſtand in the View; I'll not be cheated.

Warn. He ſhall do't, Madam: But how, the Devil knows——for he ſings like a Scritch-Owl, and never touch'd the Lute. [*Aſide.*

Mill. You'll ſee't perform'd?

Warn. Now I think on't, Madam, this will but retard our Enterprize.

Mill. Either let him do't, or ſee me no more.

Warn. Well, it ſhall be done, Madam; but where's your Father? Will not he over-hear it?

Mill. As good hap is, he's below Stairs, talking with a Seaman, that has brought him News from the *Eaſt-Indies*.

Warn. What Concernment can he have there?

Mill. He had a Baſtard-Son there, whom he loved extreamly: but not having any News from him theſe many Years, concluded him dead; this Son he expects within theſe three Days.

Warn. When did he ſee him laſt?

Mill. Not ſince he was ſeven Years old.

Warn. A ſudden Thought comes into my head, to make him appear before his time; let my Maſter paſs for him, and by that means he may come into the Houſe unſuſpected by your Father, or his Rival.

Mill. According as he performs his Serenade, I'll talk with you——make haſte——I muſt retire a little. [*Ex.* Mill. *from above.*

Roſe. I'll inſtruct him moſt rarely, he ſhall never be found out; but in the mean time, what wilt thou do with a Serenade? *Warn.*

Warn. Faith, I am a little non-pluſs'd on the ſudden, but a warm conſolation from thy lips, *Roſe*, would ſet my Wits a working agen.

Roſe. Adieu, *Warner.* [*Ex.* Roſe.

Warn. Inhumane *Roſe*, adieu.
Blockhead *Warner*, into what a *Præmunire* haſt thou brought thy ſelf! this 'tis to be ſo forward to promiſe for another— but to be Godfather to a Fool, to promiſe and vow he ſhould do any thing like a Chriſtian—

Enter Sir Martin.

Sir *Mart.* Why, how now, Bully, in a brown Study? for my good, I warrant it; there's Five Shillings for thee, what, we muſt encourage good Wits ſometimes.

Warn. Hang your white Pelf: ſure, Sir, by your largeſs you miſtake me for *Martin Parker*, the Ballad-Maker, your covetouſneſs has offended my Muſe, and quite dull'd her.

Sir *Mart.* How angry the poor Devil is! *in fine*, thou art as cholerick as a Cook by a fire-ſide.

Warn. I am over-heated, like a Gun, with continual diſcharging my Wit: 'ſlife, Sir, I have rarified my brains for you, till they are evaporated; but come, Sir, do ſomething for your ſelf like a Man, I have engag'd you ſhall give to your Miſtreſs a Serenade, in your proper Perſon: I'll borrow a Lute for you.

Sir *Mart.* I'll warrant thee I'll do't, Man.

Warn. You never learn'd; I don't think you know one ſtop.

Sir *Mart.* 'Tis no matter for that, Sir; I'll play as faſt as I can, and never ſtop at all.

Warn. Go to, you are an invincible Fool, I ſee! get up into your window, and ſet two Candles by you, take my Landlord's Lute in your hand, and fumble on't, and make Grimaces with your mouth, as if you ſung; in the mean time, I'll play in the next Room in the dark, and conſequently your Miſtreſs, who will come to her Balcony over againſt you, will think it to be you; and at the end of every Tune, I'll ring the Bell that hangs between your Chamber and mine, that you may know when to have done.

Sir *Mart.* Why, this is fair Play now, to tell a Man before-hand what he muſt do; Gramercy, i'faith, Boy, now if I fail thee —

Warn. About your buſineſs then, your Miſtreſs and her Maid appear already: I'll give you the ſign with the Bell, when I am prepar'd, for my Lute is at hand in the Barber's ſhop. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Milliſent *and* Roſe, *with a Candle by 'em above.*

Roſe. We ſhall have rare Muſick.

Mill. I wiſh it prove ſo; for I ſuſpect the Knight can neither play nor ſing.

Roſe. But if he does, you're bound to pay the Muſick, Madam.

Mill. I'll not believe it, except both my Ears and Eyes are witneſſes.

Roſe. But 'tis night, Madam, and you cannot ſee 'em; yet he may play admirably in the dark.

Mill. Where's my Father?

Roſe. You need not fear him, he's ſtill employ'd with that ſame Seaman, and I have ſet Mrs. *Chriſtian* to watch their diſcourſe, that betwixt her and me *Warner* may have wherewithal to inſtruct his Maſter.

Mill. But yet there's fear my Father will find out the Plot.

Roſe. Not in the leaſt, for my old Lady has provided two rare Diſguiſes for the Maſter and the Man.

Mill. Peace, I hear them beginning to tune the Lute.

Roſe. And ſee, Madam, where your true Knight, Sir *Martin*, is plac'd yonder, like *Apollo*, with his Lute in his Hand, and his Rays about his Head.

Sir Martin *appears at the adverſe Window, a Tune play'd; when it is done,* Warner *rings, and Sir* Martin *holds.*

Did he not play moſt excellently, Madam?

Mill. He play'd well; and yet methinks he held his Lute but untowardly.

Roſe. Dear Madam, peace; now for the Song.

The SONG.

BLind Love, to this hour,
Had never like me, a Slave under his power.
Then bleſt be the Dart
That he threw at my Heart,
For nothing can prove
A Joy ſo great as to be wounded with Love.

My Days and my Nights
Are fill'd to the purpoſe with Sorrows and Frights;
From my Heart ſtill I ſigh,
And my Eyes are ne'er dry,
So that, Cupid be prais'd,
I am to the Top of Love's Happineſs rais'd.

My

My Soul's all on fire,
So that I have the Pleasure to dote and desire,
Such a pretty soft Pain,
That it tickles each Vein,
'Tis the Dream of a Smart,
Which makes me breathe short when it beats at my Heart.

Sometimes in a Pet,
When I am despis'd, I my Freedom would get;
But streight a sweet Smile,
Does my Anger beguile,
And my Heart does recall,
Then the more I do struggle, the lower I fall.

Heaven does not impart
Such a Grace, as to love, unto e'ry one's Heart;
For many may wish
To be wounded, and miss:
Then blest be Love's Fire,
And more blest her Eyes that first taught me Desire.

[*The Song being done,* Warner *rings agen; but Sir* Martin *continues fumbling, and gazing on his Mistress.*

Mill. A pretty humour'd Song —— but stay, methinks he plays and sings still, and yet we cannot hear him —— Play louder, Sir *Martin*, that we may have the Fruits on't.

Warn. peeping.] Death! this abominable Fool will spoil all agen. Dam him, he stands making his Grimaces yonder, and he looks so earnestly upon his Mistress, that he hears me not. [*Rings agen.*

Mill. Ah, ah! have I found you out, Sir? now, as I live and breathe, this is pleasant, *Rose*—his Man play'd and sung for him, and he, it seems, did not know when he should give over. [Mill. *and* Rose *laugh.*

Warn. They have found him out, and laugh yonder, as if they would split their sides. Why, Mr. Fool, Oaf, Coxcomb, will you hear none of your Names?

Mill. Sir *Martin*, Sir *Martin*, take your Man's Counsel, and keep time with your Musick.

Sir Mart. peeping.] Hah! what do you say, Madam? How does your Ladiship like my Musick?

Mill. O most heavenly! just like the Harmony of the Spheres, that is to be admired, and never heard.

Warn. You have ruin'd all, by your not leaving off in time.

Sir *Mart.* What the Devil wou'd you have a Man do, when my hand is in! well, o'my Conſcience, I think there is a Fate upon me.

[*Noiſe within.*

Mill. Look, *Roſe*, what's the matter?

Roſe. 'Tis Sir *John Swallow*, purſu'd by the Bayliffs, Madam, according to our Plot; it ſeems they have dogg'd him thus late to his lodging.

Mill. That's well! for though I begin not to love this Fool; yet I am glad I ſhall be rid on him. [*Ex.* Mill. Roſe.

Enter Sir John, *purſu'd by three Bayliffs over the Stage.*

Sir *Mart.* Now I'll redeem all again, my Miſtreſs ſhall ſee my Valor, I'm reſolv'd on't; Villains, Rogues, Poultroons! what, three upon one? *in fine*, I'll be with you immediately. [*Ex.*

Warn. Why, Sir, are you ſtark mad? have you no grain of ſence left? he's gone! now is he as earneſt in the Quarrel, as Cokes among the Puppets; 'tis to no purpoſe what ever I do for him. [*Ex.* Warn.

Re-enter Sir John *and Sir* Martin *(having driven away the Bayliffs) Sir* Martin *flouriſheth his Sword.*

Sir *Mart. Victoria! Victoria!* what heart, Sir *John*, you have received no harm, I hope?

Sir *John.* Not the leaſt, I thank you, Sir, for your timely Aſſiſtance, which I will requite with any thing but the reſigning of my Miſtreſs—— Dear Sir *Martin*, a good night.

Sir *Mart.* Pray let me wait upon you in, Sir *John.*

Sir *John.* I can find my way to Mrs. *Milliſent* without you, Sir, I thank you.

Sir *Mart.* But pray, what were you to be arreſted for?

Sir *John.* I know no more than you; ſome little Debts, perhaps, I left unpaid by my negligence: once more good night, Sir. [*Ex.*

Sir *Mart.* He's an ungrateful Fellow; and ſo, *in fine*, I ſhall tell him, when I ſee him next—— Monſieur—— [*Enter* Warner. *Warner*, a propos! I hope you'll applaud me now, I have defeated the Enemy, and that in ſight of my Miſtreſs; Boy, I have charm'd her, i'faith, with my Valor.

Warn. I, juſt as much as you did e'en now with your Muſick; go, you are ſo beaſtly a Fool, that a chiding is thrown away upon you.

Sir *Mart.* Fool, in your face, Sir? call a Man of Honor Fool, when I have juſt atchiev'd ſuch an Enterprize—— Gad, now my blood's up, I am a dangerous Perſon, I can tell you that, *Warner.*

Warn. Poor Animal, I pity thee.

Sir *Mart.*

Sir *Mart.* I grant I am no Muſician, but you muſt allow me for a Sword-man, I have beat 'em bravely; and *in fine*, I am come off unhurt, ſave only a little ſcratch i'th' head.

Warn. That's impoſſible, thou haſt a Scull ſo thick, no Sword can pierce it: but much good may't d'ye, Sir, with the fruits of your Valour: You reſcu'd your Rival when he was to be Arreſted, on purpoſe to take him off from your Miſtreſs.

Sir *Mart.* Why, this is ever the Fate of Ingenious men; nothing thrives they take in hand. [*Enter* Roſe.

Roſe. Sir *Martin*, You have done your buſineſs with my Lady, ſhe'll never look upon you more; ſhe ſays, ſhe's ſo well ſatisfied of your Wit and Courage, that ſhe will not put you to any further tryal.

Sir *Mart.* *Warner*, is there no hopes, *Warner?*

Warn. None that I know.

Sir *Mart.* Let's have but one civil Plot more before we part.

Warn. 'Tis to no purpoſe.

Roſe. Yet if he had ſome golden Friends that would engage for him the next time——

Sir *Mart.* Here's a *Jacobus* and a *Carolus* will enter into Bonds for me.

Roſe. I'll take their Royal words for once. [*She fetches a diſguiſes.*

Warn. The meaning of this, dear *Roſe?*

Roſe. 'Tis in purſuance of thy own Invention, *Warner*; a Child which thy Wit hath begot upon me: but let us loſe no time, help! help! dreſs thy Maſter, that he may be *Anthony*, old *Moody*'s Baſtard, and thou his, come from the *Eaſt-Indies*.

Sir *Mart.* Hey-tarock-it——now we ſhall have *Roſe*'s Device too, I long to be at it, pray let's hear more on't.

Roſe. Old *Moody*, you muſt know, in his younger Years, when he was a *Cambridge* Scholar, made bold with a Townſ-man's Daughter there, by whom he had a Baſtard, whoſe name was *Anthony*, whom you, Sir *Martin*, are to repreſent.

Sir *Mart.* I warrant you, let me alone for *Tony*: but pray go on, *Roſe.*

Roſe. This Child, in his Father's time, he durſt not own, but bred him privately in the Iſle of *Ely*, till he was ſeven Years old, and from thence ſent him with one *Bonaventure*, a Merchant, for the *Eaſt-Indies*.

Warn. But will not this over-burden your memory, Sir?

Sir *Mart.* There's no anſwering thee any thing, thou think'ſt I am good for nothing.

Roſe. *Bonaventure* dy'd at *Surat*, within two Years, and this *Anthony* has liv'd up and down in the *Mogul*'s Country, unheard of by his Father till this night, and is expected within theſe three days: now if you can paſs for him, you may have admittance into the Houſe, and make an end of all the buſineſs before the other *Anthony* arrives.

Warn.

Warn. But hold, *Roſe*, there's one conſiderable Point omitted; what was his Mother's Name?

Roſe. That indeed I had forgot; her Name was *Dorothy*, Daughter to one *Draw-water*, a Vintner at the *Roſe*.

Warn. Come, Sir, are you perfect in your Leſſon? *Anthony Moody*, born in *Cambridge*, bred in the Iſle of *Ely*, ſent into the *Mogul*'s Country at ſeven Years old, with one *Bonaventure* a Merchant, who died within two Years; your Mother's Name *Dorothy Draw-water*, the Vintner's Daughter at the *Roſe*.

Sir *Mart.* I have it all *ad unguem* —— what doſt think I'm a Sot? but ſtay a little; how have I liv'd all this while in that ſame Country?

Warn. What Country? —— Pox, he has forgot already ——

Roſe. The *Mogul*'s Country.

Sir *Mart.* I, I, the *Mogul*'s Country! what the Devil, any Man may miſtake a little, but now I have it perfect: but what have I been doing all this while in the *Mogul*'s Country? he's a Heathen Rogue, I am afraid I ſhall never hit upon his Name.

Warn. Why, you have been paſſing your time there, no matter how.

Roſe. Well, if this paſſes upon the Old Man, I'll bring your buſineſs about agen with my Miſtreſs, never fear it; ſtay you here at the door, I'll go tell the Old Man of your Arrival.

Warn. Well, Sir, now play your part exactly, and I'll forgive all your former Errours ——

Sir *Mart.* Hang 'em, they were only ſlips of Youth —— how peremptory and domineering this Rogue is! now he ſees I have need of his ſervice: would I were out of his power agen, I would make him lie at my Feet like any Spaniel.

Enter Moody, *Sir* John, Lord, *Lady* Dupe, Milliſent, Chriſtian, Roſe.

Mood. Is he here already, ſay'ſt thou? which is he?

Roſe. That Sun-burn'd Gentleman.

Mood. My dear Boy *Anthony*, do I ſee thee agen before I die? Welcom, welcom.

Sir *Mart.* My dear Father, I know it is you by inſtinct, for methinks I am as like you as if I were ſpit out of your mouth.

Roſe. Keep it up, I beſeech your Lordſhip. [*Aſide to the* Lord.

Lord. He's wond'rous like indeed.

La. *Dupe.* The very Image of him.

Mood. *Anthony* you muſt ſalute all this Company: this is my Lord *Dartmouth*, this is my Lady *Dupe*, this her Niece Mrs. *Chriſtian*.

[*He ſalutes them.*

Sir *Mart.* And that's my Siſter, methinks I have a good reſemblance of her too: honeſt Siſter, I muſt needs kiſs you, Siſter. *Warn.*

Warn. This Fool will discover himself, I foresee it already, by his Carriage to her.

Mood. And now, *Anthony*, pray tell's a little of your Travels.

Sir *Mart.* Time enough for that, forsooth Father, but I have such a natural Affection for my Sister, that methinks I could live and die with her: give me thy hand, sweet Sister.

Sir *John.* She's beholding to you, Sir.

Sir *Mart.* What if she be, Sir? What's that to you, Sir?

Sir *John.* I hope, Sir, I have not offended you.

Sir *Mart.* It may be you have, and it may be you have not, Sir; you see I have no mind to satisfie you, Sir: what a Devil! a Man cannot talk a little to his own Flesh and Blood, but you must be interposing, with a murrain to you.

Mood. Enough of this, good *Anthony*; this Gentleman is to marry your Sister.

Sir *Mart.* He marry my Sister? ods foot, Sir, there are some Bastards, that shall be nameless, that are as well worthy to marry her, as any man, and have as good Blood in their Veins.

Sir *John.* I do not question it in the least, Sir.

Sir *Mart.* 'Tis not your best course, Sir; you marry my Sister? what have you seen of the World, Sir? I have seen your Hurricano's, and your Calentures, and your Eclipticks, and your Tropick Lines, Sir, an' you go to that, Sir.

Warn. You must excuse my Master, the Sea's a little working in his Brain, Sir.

Sir *Mart.* And your *Prester Johns* o'th' *East-Indies*, and your Great Turk of *Rome* and *Persia*.

Mood. Lord, what a thing it is to be Learned, and a Traveller! Bodikins, it makes me weep for joy; but, *Anthony*, you must not bear your self too much upon your Learning, Child.

Mill. Pray, Brother, be civil to this Gentleman, for my sake.

Sir *Mart.* For your sake, Sister *Millisent*, much may be done, and here I kiss your hand on't.

Warn. Yet again, stupidity?

Mill. Nay, pray, Brother, hands off, now you are too rude——

Sir *Mart.* Dear Sister, as I am a true *East-India* Gentleman——

Mood. But pray, Son *Anthony*, let's talk of other Matters, and tell me truly, had you not quite forgot me? and yet I made woundy much of you when you were young.

Sir *Mart.* I remember you as well as if I saw you but yesterday: a fine grey-headed—grey-bearded old Gentleman, as ever I saw in all my Life.

Warn aside.] Grey-bearded old Gentleman! when he was a Scholar at *Cambridge*.

Mood.

Mood. But do you remember where you were bred up?

Sir *Mart.* O yes, Sir, moſt perfectly; in the Iſle—— ſtay—— let me ſee; oh—— now I have it—— in the Iſle of *Silly*.

Mood. In the Iſle of *Ely*, ſure you mean?

Warn. Without doubt he did, Sir; but this damn'd Iſle of *Silly* runs in's head ever ſince his Sea Voyage.

Mood. And your Mother's name was—— come, pray, let me examine you—— for that I'm ſure you cannot forget.

Sir *Mart. Warner!* What was it, *Warner?*

Warn. Poor Mrs. *Dorothy Draw-water*, if ſhe were now alive, what a joyful day would this be to her?

Mood. Who the Devil bid you ſpeak, Sirrah?

Sir *Mart.* Her name, Sir, was Mrs. *Dorothy Draw-water.*

Sir *John.* I'll be hang'd if this be not ſome Cheat.

Mill. He makes ſo many ſtumbles, he muſt needs fall at laſt.

Mood. But you remember, I hope, where you were born?

Warn. Well, they may talk what they will of *Oxford* for an Univerſity, but *Cambridge* for my Money.

Mood. Hold your tongue, you Scanderbag Rogue you, this is the ſecond time you have been talking when you ſhould not.

Sir *Mart.* I was born at *Cambridge*, I remember it as perfectly as if it were but yeſterday.

War. How I ſweat for him! he's remembring ever ſince he was born.

Mood. And who did you go over with to the *Eaſt-Indies?*

Sir *Mart. Warner!*

Warn. 'Twas a happy thing, Sir, you lighted upon ſo honeſt a Merchant, as Mr. *Bonaventure*, to take care of him.

Mood. Sawcy Raſcal! This is paſt all ſufferance.

Roſe. We are undone, *Warner*, if this Diſcourſe go on any further.

Lord. Pray, Sir, take pity o'th' poor Gentleman, he has more need of a good Supper, than to be ask'd ſo many Queſtions.

Sir *John.* Theſe are Rogues, Sir, I plainly perceive it; pray let me ask him one Queſtion—— which way did you come home, Sir?

Sir *Mart.* We came home by Land, Sir.

Warn. That is, from *India* to *Perſia*, from *Perſia* to *Turky*, from *Turky* to *Germany*, from *Germany* to *France*.

Sir *John.* And from thence over the narrow Seas on horſe-back.

Mood. 'Tis ſo, I diſcern it now; but ſome ſhall ſmoke for't. Stay a little, *Anthony*, I'll be with you preſently. [*Ex.* Mood.

Warn. That wicked old Man is gone for no good, I am afraid, would I were fairly quit of him. [*Aſide.*

Mill. aſide.] Tell me no more of Sir *Martin*, *Roſe*; he wants natural ſenſe, to talk after this rate; but for this *Warner*, I am ſtrangely taken with him, how handſomely he brought him off! *Enter*

Enter Moody, *with two Cudgels.*

Mood. Among half a score tough Cudgels, I had in my Chamber, I have made choice of these two, as best able to hold out.

Mill. Alas! poor *Warner* must be beaten now for all his Wit, would I could bear it for him. [*Aside.*

Warn. But to what end is all this preparation, Sir?

Mood. In the first place, for your Worship, and in the next, for this *East-India* Apostle, that will needs be my Son *Anthony*.

Warn. Why, d'ye think he is not?

Moody. No, thou wicked Accomplice in his Designs, I know he is not——,

Warn. Who, I his Accomplice? I beseech you, Sir, what is it to me, if he should prove a Counterfeit? I assure you he has cozen'd me in the first place.

Sir *John.* That's likely, i'faith! cozen his own Servant?

Warn. As I hope for Mercy, Sir, I am an utter Stranger to him, he took me up but yesterday, and told me the Story word for word, as he told it you.

Sir *Mart.* What will become of us two now? I trust to the Rogue's Wit to bring me off. [*Aside.*

Mood. If thou would'st have me believe thee, take one these two Cudgels, and help me to lay it on soundly.

Warn. With all my Heart.

Mood. Out, you Cheat, you Hypocrite, you Impostor! do you come hither to cozen an honest Man? [*Beats him.*

Sir *Mart.* Hold, hold, Sir.

Warn. Do you come hither with a Lye to get a Father, Mr. *Anthony* of *East-India*?

Sir *Mart.* Hold, you inhumane Butcher.

Warn. I'll teach you to counterfeit again, Sir.

Sir *Mart.* The Rogue will murder me. [*Ex.* Sir Mart.

Mood. A fair riddance of 'em both; let's in and laugh at 'em. [*Ex.*

Re-enter Sir Martin *and* Warner.

Sir *Mart.* Was there ever such an Affront put upon a Man, to be beaten by his Servants?

Warn. After my hearty Salutations upon your back-side, Sir, may a Man have leave to ask you, What News from the *Mogul's* Country?

Sir *Mart.* I wonder where thou hadſt the Impudence to move ſuch a Queſtion to me, knowing how thou haſt us'd me.

Warn. Now, Sir, you may ſee what comes of your Indiſcretion and Stupidity: I always gave you warning of it, but for this time I am content to paſs it by without more words; partly, becauſe I have already corrected you, though not ſo much as you deſerve.

Sir *Mart.* Doſt thou think to carry it off at this rate, after ſuch an Injury?

Warn. You may thank your ſelf for't; nay, 'twas very well I found out that way, otherwiſe I had been ſuſpected as your Accomplice.

Sir *Mart.* But you laid it on with ſuch a vengeance, as if you were beating of a Stock-fiſh.

Warn. To confeſs the truth on't, you had anger'd me, and I was willing to evaporate my Choler; if you will paſs it by ſo, I may chance to help you to your Miſtreſs: no more words of this buſineſs, I adviſe you, but go home and greaſe your Back.

Sir *Mart.* *In fine*, I muſt ſuffer it at his hands; for if my Shoulders had not paid for this Fault, my Purſe muſt have ſweat Blood for't: the The Rogue has got ſuch a hank upon me——

Warn. So, ſo; here's another of our Veſſels come in, after the Storm that parted us: what comfort, *Roſe*, no Harbor near? [*Enter* Roſe.

Roſe. My Lady, as you may well imagine, is moſt extreamly incens'd againſt Sir *Martin*, but ſhe applauds your Ingenuity to the Skies. I'll ſay no more, but thereby hangs a Tale.

Sir *Mart.* I am conſidering with my ſelf about a Plot, to bring all about agen.

Roſe. Yet again plotting! if you have ſuch a mind to't, I know no way ſo proper for you, as to turn Poet to *Pugenello*. [*Muſick plays.*

Warn. Hark! Is not that Muſick in your Houſe?

Roſe. Yes, Sir *John* has given my Miſtreſs the Fiddles, and our Old Man is as jocund yonder, and does ſo hug himſelf, to think how he has been reveng'd upon you.

Warn. Why, he does not know 'twas we, I hope?

Roſe. 'Tis all one for that.

Sir *Mart.* I have ſuch a Plot; I care not, I will ſpeak an' I were to be hang'd for't—— ſhall I ſpeak, dear *Warner*? let me now; it does ſo wamble within me, juſt like a Clyſter, i'faith law; and I can keep it no longer for my Heart.

Warn. Well, I am indulgent to you; out with it boldly, in the name of Non-ſenſe.

Sir *Mart.* We two will put on Viſards, and with the help of my Landlord, who ſhall be of the Party, go a Mumming there, and by ſome device of Dancing, get my Miſtreſs away unſuſpected by 'em all.

Roſe.

Roſe. What if this ſhould hit now, when all your Projects have fail'd, *Warner?*

Warn. Would I were hang'd if it be not ſomewhat probable: nay, now I conſider better on't —— exceeding probable: it muſt take; 'tis not in Nature to be avoided.

Sir *Mart.* O muſt it ſo, Sir! and who may you thank for't?

Warn. Now am I ſo mad he ſhould be the Authour of this Device. How the Devil, Sir, came you to ſtumble on't?

Sir *Mart.* Why ſhould not my Brains be as fruitful as yours, or any Man's?

Warn. This is ſo good, it ſhall not be your Plot, Sir; either diſ-own it, or I will proceed no further.

Sir *Mart.* I would not loſe the credit of my Plot, to gain my Miſtreſs: the Plot's a good one, and I'll juſtify it upon any ground of *England*; an'you will not work upon't, it ſhall be done without you.

Roſe. I think the Knight has reaſon.

Warn. Well, I'll order it however to the beſt Advantage: hark you, *Roſe.* [*Whiſpers.*

Sir *Mart.* If it miſcarry by your ordering, take notice, 'tis your fault, 'tis well invented, I'll take my Oath on't.

Roſe. I muſt in to 'em, for fear I ſhould be ſuſpected; but I'll acquaint my Lord, my Old Lady, and all the reſt who ought to know it, with your Deſign.

Warn. We'll be with you in a twinkling: You and I, *Roſe*, are to follow our Leaders, and be pair'd to night ——

Roſe. To have, and to hold, are dreadful words, *Warner*; but for your ſake I'll venture on 'em. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Lord, *Lady* Dupe, *and* Chriſtian.

La. *Dupe.* Nay, good my Lord, be patient.

Lord. Does he think to give Fiddles and Treatments in a Houſe where he has wrong'd a Lady? I'll never ſuffer it.

La. *Dupe.* But upon what ground will you raiſe your Quarrel?

Lord. A very juſt one, as I am her Kinſman.

La. *Dupe.* He does not know yet why he was to be Arreſted; try that way agen.

Lord. I'll hear of nothing but Revenge. [*Enter* Roſe.

Roſe. Yes, pray hear me one word, my Lord; Sir *Martin* himſelf has made a Plot.

Chr. That's like to be a good one.

Roſe. A Fool's Plot may be as lucky as a Fool's Handſell; 'tis a very likely one, and requires nothing for your part, but to get a Parſon in the next Room, we'll find work for him.

La. *Dupe.* That ſhall be done immediately; *Chriſtian*, make haſte, and ſend for Mr. *Ball*, the Nonconformiſt, tell him here are two or three Angels to be earned.

Chr. And 2 or 3 Poſſets to be eaten: may I not put in that, Madam?

La. *Dupe.* Surely you may. [*Ex.* Chriſtian.

Roſe. Then for the reſt —— 'tis only this —— Oh! they are here? pray take it in a whiſper: my Lady knows of it already.

Enter Moody, *Sir* John, Milliſent.

Mill. Strike up agen, Fiddle, I'll have a French Dance.

Sir *John.* Let's have the Brawls.

Mood. No, good Sir *John*, no quarrelling among Friends.

La. *Dupe.* Your Company is like to be increas'd, Sir; ſome Neighbors that heard your Fiddles, are come a Mumming to you.

Mood. Let 'em come in, and we'll be Jovy; an'I had but my Hobby-horſe at home——

Sir *John.* What, are they Men or Women?

La. *Dupe.* I believe ſome Prentices broke looſe.

Mill. Roſe! Go and fetch me down two *Indian* Gowns and Vizard Masks—— You and I will diſguiſe too, and be as good a Mummery to them, as they to us. [*Ex.* Roſe.

Mood. That will be moſt rare.

Enter Sir Martin, Warner, Landlord *diſguis'd like a Tony.*

Mood. O, here they come! Gentlemen Maskers, you are welcom—— [Warner *ſigns to the Muſick for a Dance.*

He ſigns for a Dance I believe; you are welcoms, Mr. Muſick, ſtrike up, I'll make one as old as I am. [*Dance.*

Sir *John.* And I'll not be out.

Lord. Gentlemen Maskers, you have had the Frolick, the next turn is mine; bring two Flute-glaſſes, and ſome Stools, ho, we'll have the Ladies Health.

Sir *John.* But why Stools, my Lord?

Lord. That you ſhall ſee; the humor is, that two Men at a time are hoiſted up; when they are above, they name their Ladies, and the reſt of the company dance about them while they drink: this they call the Frolick of the Altitudes.

Mood. Some Highlander's Invention, I'll warrant it.

Lord. Gentlemen Maskers, you ſhall begin. { *They hoiſt Sir* Mart. Warn.

Sir *John.* Name the Ladies.

Lord. They point to Mrs. *Milliſent*, and Mrs. *Chriſtian*. A Lon's *Mood.* Touche! Touche!

Mood. A rare toping Health this: come, Sir *John*, now you and I will be in our Altitudes.

[*While they drink the Company dances and ſings: they are taken down.*

Sir *John.* What new Device is this too?

Mood. I know not what to make on't.

{ *When they are up, the Company dances about 'em: then dance off.*

{ Tony *dances a Jig.*

Sir *John* to *Tony.* Pray, Mr. Fool, where's the reſt o' your Company? I would fain ſee 'em again.

Landl. Come down and tell 'em ſo, *Cudden.*

Sir *John.* I'll be hang'd if there be not ſome Plot in't, and this Fool is ſet here to ſpin out the time.

Mood. Like enough! undone! undone! My Daughter's gone; let me down, Sirrah.

Landl. Yes, *Cudden.*

Sir *John.* My Miſtreſs is gone, let me down firſt. { *He offers to pull*

Landl. This is the quickeſt way, *Cudden.* { *down the ſtools.*

Sir *John.* Hold! hold! or thou wilt break my neck.

Landl. And you will not come down, you may ſtay there, *Cudden.*

[*Exit* Landlord, *dancing.*

Mood. O Scanderbag Villains!

Sir *John.* Is there no getting down?

Mood. All this was long of you, Sir *Jack.*

Sir *John.* 'Twas long of your ſelf to invite them hither.

Mood. O you young Coxcomb, to be drawn in thus!

Sir *John.* You old Sot, you, to be caught ſo ſillily!

Mood. Come but an inch nearer, and I'll ſo claw thee.

Sir *John.* I hope it ſhall reach to thee.

Mood. And 'twere not for thy Wooden Breaſt-work there.

Sir *John.* I hope to puſh thee down from *Babylon.*

Enter Lord, *Lady* Dupe, *Sir* Martin, Warner, Roſe, Miſſiſent *veil'd*, Landlord.

Lord. How, Gentlemen! what, quarrelling among your ſelves!

Mood. Coxnowns! help me down, and let me have fair play; he ſhall never marry my Daughter.

Sir *Martin* leading *Roſe.* No, I'll be ſworn, that he ſhall not, therefore never repine, Sir, for Marriages, you know, are made in Heaven: *in fine*, Sir, we are join'd together in ſpight of Fortune.

Roſe pulling off her mask. That we are indeed, Sir *Martin*, and there are Witneſſes; therefore, *in fine*, never repine, Sir, for Marriages, you know, are made in Heaven.

Omnes. Roſe!

Warn.

Warn. What, is *Roſe* ſplit in two? ſure I ha' got one *Roſe*!

Mill. I, the beſt *Roſe* you ever got in all your life. [*Pulls of her mask.*

Warn. This amazeth me ſo much, I know not what to ſay or think.

Mood. My Daughter married to *Warner*!

Sir *Mart.* Well, I thought it impoſſible any Man in *England* ſhould have over-reach'd me; ſure, *Warner*, there was ſome Miſtake in this: prithee, *Billy*, let's go to the Parſon to ſet all right again, that every Man may have his own before the matter go too far.

Warn. Well, Sir, for my part I will have nothing farther to do with theſe Women, for I find they will be too hard for us, but e'en ſit down by the loſs, and content my ſelf with my hard Fortune: But, Madam, do you ever think I will forgive you this, to cheat me into an Eſtate of 2000*l.* a Year?

Sir *Mart.* And I were as thee, I would not be ſo ſerv'd, *Warner*!

Mill. I have ſerv'd him but right, for the cheat he put upon me, when he perſwaded me you were a Wit — now there's a Trick for your Trick, Sir.

Warn. Nay, I confeſs you have out-witted me.

Sir *John.* Let me down, and I'll forgive all freely. { *They let him down.*

Mood. What am I kept here for?

Warn. I might in Policy keep you there, till your Daughter and I had been in private, for a little Conſummation: But, for once, Sir, I'll truſt your good Nature. [*Takes him down too.*

Mood. And thou wert a Gentleman, it would not grieve me!

Mill. That I was aſſur'd of before I married him, by my Lord here.

Lord. I cannot refuſe to own him for my Kinſman, though his Father's Sufferings, in the late Times, hath ruin'd his Fortunes.

Mood. But yet he has been a Serving-man.

Warn. You are miſtaken, Sir, I have been a Maſter, and beſides there's an Eſtate of 800*l.* a Year, only it is mortgaged for 6000*l.*

Mood. Well, we'll bring it off, and for my part I am glad my Daughter has miſs'd *in fine*, there.

Sir *John.* I will not be the only Man that muſt ſleep without a Bedfellow to night, if this Lady will once again receive me.

La. *Dupe.* She's yours, Sir.

Lord. And the ſame Parſon that did the former execution, is ſtill in the next Chamber; what with Cawdles, Wine, and Quidding, which he has taken in abundance, I think he will be able to whendle two more of you into Matrimony.

Mill. Poor Sir *Martin* looks melancholy! I am half afraid he is in Love.

Warn. Not with the Lady that took him for a Wit, I hope.

Roſe.

Roſe. At leaſt, Sir *Martin* can do more than you, Mr. *Warner*, for he can make me a Lady, which you cannot my Miſtreſs.

Sir *Mart.* I have loſt nothing but my Man, and, *in fine*, I ſhall get another.

Mill. You'll do very well, Sir *Martin*, for you'll never be your own Man, I aſſure you.

Warn. For my part, I had lov'd you before, if I had follow'd my Inclination.

Mill. But now I am afraid, you begin of the lateſt, except your Love can grow up like a Muſhrome, at a Night's Warning.

Warn. For that matter never trouble your ſelf; I can love as faſt as any Man, when I am nigh Poſſeſſion; my Love falls heavy, and never moves quick till it comes near the Centre; he's an ill Falconer, that will unhood before the Quarry be in ſight.

Love's an high-mettall'd Hawk, that beats the Air,
But ſoon grows weary when the Game's not near.

Epilogue.

Epilogue.

AS Country Vicars, when the Sermon's done,
Run hudling to the Benediction;
Well knowing, though the better Sort may ſtay,
The Vulgar Rout will run unbleſt away:
So we, when once our Play is done, make haſte
With a ſhort Epilogue to cloſe your taſte.
In thus withdrawing we ſeem mannerly,
But when the Curtain's down, we peep and ſee
A Jury of the Wits, who ſtill ſtay late,
And in their Clubb decree the poor Play's Fate;
Their Verdict back is to the Boxes brought;
Thence all the Town pronounces it their thought.
Thus, Gallants, we, like Lilly, *can foreſee,*
But if you ask us what our Doom will be,
We, by to morrow, will our Fortune caſt,
As he tells all things when the Year is paſt.

FINIS.

THE TEMPEST,

OR, THE

Enchanted Iſland.

A

COMEDY.

As it is now Acted

By His

MAJESTIES SERVANTS.

LONDON,

Printed by *Tho. Warren*, for *Henry Herringman*, and Sold by *R. Bentley*, *J. Tonſon*, *F. Saunders*, and *T. Bennet*,

M DC XCV.

COWED

PREFACE

TO THE

Enchanted Iſland.

THE writing of Prefaces to Plays, was probably invented by ſome very ambitious Poet, who never thought he had done enough: Perhaps by ſome Ape of the French Eloquence, which uſes to make a buſineſs of a Letter of Gallantry, an examen of a Farce; and, in ſhort, a great pomp and oſtentation of words on every triſle. This is certainly the Talent of that Nation, and ought not to be invaded by any other. They do that out of gaiety, which would be an impoſition upon us.

We may ſatisfie our ſelves with ſurmounting them in the Scene, and ſafely leave them thoſe trappings of writing, and flouriſhes of the Pen, with which they adorn the borders of their Plays, and which are indeed no more than good Landskips to a very indifferent Picture. I muſt proceed no farther in this Argument, leſt I run my ſelf beyond my excuſe for writing this. Give me leave therefore to tell you, Reader, that I do it not to ſet a value on any thing I have written in this Play, but out of gratitude to the memory of Sir William Davenant, *who did me the honour to join me with him in the alteration of it.*

It was originally Shakeſpear's: *a Poet for whom he had particularly a high veneration, and whom he firſt taught me to admire. The Play it ſelf had formerly been acted with ſucceſs in the* Black-Fryers: *and our Excellent* Fletcher *had ſo great a value for it, that he thought fit to make uſe of the ſame Deſign, not much varied, a ſecond time. Thoſe who have ſeen his* Sea-Voyage, *may eaſily diſcern that it was a Copy of* Shakeſpear's Tempeſt: *the Storm, the Deſart Iſland, and the Woman who had never ſeen a Man, are all ſufficient Teſtimonies of it. But* Fletcher *was not the only Poet who made uſe of* Shakeſpear's *Plot: Sir* John Suckling, *a profeſs'd admirer of our Author, has follow'd his footſteps in his* Goblins; *his* Regmella *being an open imitation of* Shakeſpear's Miranda; *and his Spirits, though counterfeit, yet are copied from* Ariel. *But Sir* William Davenant, *as he was a Man of quick and piercing imagination, ſoon found that ſomewhat might be added to the deſign of* Shakeſpear, *of which neither* Fletcher *nor*

The PREFACE.

Sŭckling *had ever thought : and therefore to put the laſt hand to it, he deſign'd the Counter part to* Shakeſpear's *Plot, namely, that of a Man who had never ſeen a Woman ; that by this means thoſe two Characters of Innocence and Love might the more illuſtrate and commend each other. This excellent Contrivance he was pleas'd to communicate to me, and to deſire my aſſiſtance in it. I confeſs, that from the very firſt moment it ſo pleas'd me, that I never writ any thing with more delight. I muſt likewiſe do him that juſtice to acknowledge, that my writing received daily his amendments, and that is the reaſon why it is not ſo faulty, as the reſt which I have done, without the help or correction of ſo judicious a Friend. The Comical part of the Saylors were alſo of his invention and for the moſt part his writing, as you will eaſily diſcover by the Style. In the time I writ with him, I had the opportunity to obſerve ſomewhat more nearly of him than I had formerly done, when I had only a bare acquaintance with him : I found him then of ſo quick a fancy, that nothing was propos'd to him on which he could not ſuddenly produce a thought extreamly pleaſant and ſurpriſing : and thoſe firſt thoughts of his, contrary to the old Latine Proverb, were not always the leaſt happy. And as his fancy was quick ſo likewiſe were the products of it remote and new. He borrowed not of any other ; and his imaginations were ſuch as could not eaſily enter into any other Man. His Corrections were ſober and judicious : and he corrected his own writings much more ſeverely than thoſe of another Man, beſtowing twice the time and labour in poliſhing, which he us'd in invention. It had perhaps been eaſie enough for me to have arrogated more to my ſelf than was my due, in the writing of this Play, and to have paſs'd by his name with ſilence in the Publication of it, with the ſame ingratitude which others have us'd to him, whoſe Writings he hath not only corrected, as he hath done this, but has had a greater inſpection over them, and ſometimes added whole Scenes together, which may as eaſily be diſtinguiſh'd from the reſt, as true Gold from counterfeit by the weight. But beſides the unworthineſs of the Action which deterred me from it (there being nothing ſo baſe as to rob the dead of his reputation) I am ſatisfi'd I could never have receiv'd ſo much honour, in being thought the Author of any Poem, how excellent ſoever, as I ſhall from the joining my imperfections with the Merit and Name of* Shakeſpear *and Sir* William Davenant.

Decemb. 1.
1669.

John Dryden.

PROLOGUE to the *TEMPEST*, Or, the *Enchanted Iſland.*

AS when a Tree's cut down, the ſecret Root
Lives under ground, and thence new branches ſhoot:
So, from old Shakeſpear's *honour'd duſt, this day*
Springs up and buds a new reviving Play.
Shakeſpear, *who (taught by none) did firſt impart*
To Fletcher *Wit, to labouring* Johnſon *Art.*
He, Monarch-like, gave thoſe his Subjects Law,
And is that Nature which they paint and draw.
Fletcher *reach'd that which on his heights did grow,*
Whilſt Johnſon *crept and gather'd all below.*
This did his Love, and this his Mirth digeſt:
One imitates him moſt, the other beſt.
If they have ſince out-writ all other Men,
'Tis with the drops which fell from Shakeſpear's *Pen.*
The Storm which vaniſh'd on the neighb'ring ſhore,
Was taught by Shakeſpear's *Tempeſt firſt to roar.*
That Innocence and Beauty which did ſmile
In Fletcher, *grew on this* Enchanted Iſle.
But Shakeſpear's *Magick could not copy'd be,*
Within that Circle none durſt walk but he.
I muſt confeſs 'twas bold, nor would you now
That liberty to vulgar Wits allow,
Which work by Magick ſupernatural things:
But Shakeſpear's *Powe'r is Sacred as a King's.*
Thoſe Legends from old Prieſthood were receiv'd,
And he them writ, as People then beliv'd.
But, if for Shakeſpear *we your grace implore,*
We for our Theatre ſhall want it more:
Who by our dearth of Youths are forc'd t' employ
One of our Women to preſent a Boy.
And that's a transformation, you will ſay,
Exceeding all the Magick in the Play.
Let none expect in the laſt Act to find,
Her Sex transform'd from Man to Woman-kind.
What e'r ſhe was before the Play began,
All you ſhall ſee of her is perfect Man.
Or if your fancy will be farther led
To find her Woman, it muſt be a-bed.

Dramatis

Dramatis Perſonæ:

ALonzo Duke of *Savoy*, and Uſurper of the Dukedom of *Mantua*.
Ferdinand his Son.
Proſpero right Duke of *Millain*.
Antonio his Brother, Uſurper of the Dukedom.
Gonzalo, a Nobleman of *Savoy*.
Hippolito, one that never ſaw Woman, right Heir of the Dukedom of *Mantua*.
Stephano Maſter of the Ship.
Muſtacho his Mate.
Trincalo Boatſwain.
Ventoſo a Mariner.
Several Mariners.
A Cabbin-Boy.
Miranda and *Dorinda* } (Daughters to *Proſpero*) that never ſaw Man.
Ariel an aiery Spirit, attendant on *Proſpero*.
Several Spirits, Guards to *Proſpero*.
Calibon and *Sycorax* his Siſter } Two Monſters of the Iſle.

THE

THE Enchanted Iſland.

The Front of the Stage is open'd; and the Band of 24 Violins, with the Harpſicals and Theorbo's which accompany the Voices, are plac'd between the Pit and the Stage. While the Overture is playing, the Curtain riſes, and diſcovers a new Frontiſpiece, join'd to the great Pilaſters, on each ſide of the Stage. This Frontiſpiece is a noble Arch, ſupported by large wreathed Columns of the Corinthian *Order; the wreathings of the Columns are beautifi'd with Roſes wound round them, and ſeveral* Cupids *flying about them. On the Cornice, juſt over the Capitals, ſits on either ſide a Figure, with a Trumpet in one hand, and a Palm in the other, repreſenting* Fame. *A little farther on the ſame Cornice, on each ſide of a Compaſs-pediment, lie a Lion and a Unicorn, the Supporters of the Royal Arms of* England. *In the middle of the Arch are ſeveral Angels, holding the King's Arms, as if they were placing them in the midſt of that Compaſs-pediment. Behind this is the Scene, which repreſents a thick Cloudy Sky, a very Rocky Coaſt, and a Tempeſtuous Sea in perpetual Agitation. This Tempeſt (ſuppos'd to be rais'd by Magick) has many dreadful Objects in it, as ſeveral Spirits in horrid ſhapes flying down amongſt the Sailers, then riſing and croſſing in the Air. And when the Ship is ſinking, the whole Houſe is darken'd, and a ſhower of Fire falls upon 'em. This is accompanied with Lightning, and ſeveral Claps of Thunder, to the end of the Storm.*

ACT I.

Enter Muſtacho *and* Ventoſo.

Vent. WHat a Sea comes in?

Muſt. A hoaming Sea! we ſhall have foul weather.

Enter Trincalo.

Trinc. The Scud comes againſt the Wind, 'twill blow hard.

Enter Stephano.

Steph. Boſen!

Trinc. Here, Maſter, what ſay you?

Steph. Ill weather! let's off to Sea.

Muſt. Let's have Sea room enough, and then let it blow the Devil's Head off.

Steph. Boy! Boy! [*Enter Cabin Boy.*

Boy. Yaw, yaw, here, Maſter.

Steph.

Steph. Give the Pilot a dram of the Bottle. [*Exeunt* Sephano *and Boy.*

Enter Mariners, and paſs over the Stage

Trinc. Bring the Cable to the Capſtorm.

Enter Alonzo, Antonio, Gonzalo.

Alon. Good Boſen have a care; where's the Maſter? Play the Men.

Trinc. Pray keep below

Anto. Where's the Maſter, Boſen?

Trinc. Do not you hear him? you hinder us: keep your Cabins, you help the ſtorm.

Gonz. Nay, good Friend be patient.

Trinc. I, when the Sea is: hence; what care theſe Roarers for the name of Duke? to Cabin; ſilence; trouble us not.

Gonz. Good Friend, remember whom thou haſt aboard.

Trinc. None that I love more than my ſelf: you are a Counſeller, if you can adviſe theſe Elements to ſilence, uſe your wiſdom: if you cannot, make your ſelf ready in the Cabin for the ill hour. Cheerly good hearts! out of our ways, Sirs. [*Exeunt* Trincalo *and Mariners.*

Gonz. I have great Comfort from this Fellow; methinks his complexion is perfect Gallows; ſtand faſt, good fate, to his hanging; Make the Rope of his Deſtiny our Cable, for our own does little advantage us; if he be not born to be hang'd, we ſhall be drown'd. [*Exit.*

Enter Trincalo *and* Stephano.

Trinc. Up aloft, Lads. Come reef both Topſails.

Steph. Make haſte, let's weigh, let's weigh, and off to Sea. [*Ex.* Steph.

Enter two Mariners, and paſs over the Stage.

Trinc. Hands down! man your Main-Capſtorm.

Enter Muſtacho *and* Ventoſo *at the other door.*

Muſt. Up aloft! and man your Beere-Capſtorm.

Vent. My Lads, my Hearts of gold, get in your Capſtorm-Bar: Hoa up, hoa up, *&c.* [*Exeunt* Muſtacho *and* Ventoſo.

Enter Stephano

Steph. Hold on well! hold on well! nip well there;
Quarter-Maſter, get's more Nippers. [*Ex* Steph.

Enter two Mariners, and paſs over again

Trinc. Turn out, turn out, all hands to Capſtorm.
You dogs, is this a time to ſleep? lubbard.
Heave together, Lads. [Trincalo *whiſtles.*

[*Exeunt* Muſtacho *and* Ventoſo.

Muſt. within. Our Vial's broke.

Vent. within. 'Tis but our Vial-block has given way. Come heave, Lads! we are fix't again. Heave together, Bullyes.

Enter Stephano.

Steph. Cut down the Hammocks! cut down the Hammocks!
Come, my Lads: Come, *Bullyes*, chear up! heave luſtily.
The Anchor's a peek.

Trinc. Is the Anchor a Peek?

Steph. Is a weigh! Is a weigh!

Trinc.

Trinc. Up aloft my Lads, upon the fore-caſtle! Cut the Anchor, cut him.

All within. Haul Catt, Haul Catt, &c. Haul Catt, haul: Haul Catt, haul. Below.

Steph. Aft, aft, and looſe the Miſen!

Trinc. Get the Miſen-tack aboard. Haul aft Miſen-ſheet;

Enter Muſtacho.

Muſt. Looſe the Main-top-ſail!

Steph. Let him alone, there's too much Wind.

Trinc. Looſe Fore-ſail! Haul aft both ſheets! trim her right afore the Wind. Aft! aft! Lads, and hale up the Miſen.

Muſt. A Mackrel-gale, Maſter.

Steph. within. Port hard, port! the Wind veeres forward, bring the Tack aboard Port is. Star-board, ſtar-board, a little ſteady; now ſteady, keep her thus, no nearer you cannot come, till the Sails are looſe.

Enter Ventoſo.

Vent. Some hands down: the Guns are looſe. [*Ex.* Muſt.

Trinc. Try the Pump, try the Pump. [*Ex.* Vent.

Enter Muſtacho *at the other door.*

Muſt. O Maſter! ſix foot water in Hold.

Steph. Clap the Helm hard a weather! Flat, flat, flat, in the Fore-ſheet there.

Trinc. Over haul your fore-boling.

Steph. Brace in the Lar-board. [*Exit.*

Trinc. A Curſe upon this houling. [*A great Cry within.* They are louder than the Weather. [*Enter* Antonio *and* Gonzalo. Yet again, what do you here? ſhall we give o'r, and drown? ha' you a mind to ſink?

Gonz. A Pox o' your Throat, you bawling, blaſphemous, uncharitable Dog.

Trinc. Work you then and be Pox't.

Anto. Hang, Cur, hang, you Whorſon inſolent Noiſe-maker, we are leſs afraid to be drown'd than thou art.

Trinc. Eaſe the Fore-brace a little. [*Exit.*

Gonz. I'll warrant him for drowning, though the ſhip were no ſtronger than a Nut-ſhell, and as leaky as an unſtanch'd Wench.

Enter Alonzo *and* Ferdinand.

Ferd. For my ſelf I care not, but your loſs brings a Thouſand Deaths to me.

Alonz. O name not me, I am grown Old, my Son; I am tedious to the World, and that, by uſe, is ſo to me: But, *Ferdinand*, I grieve my Subjects loſs in thee: Alas, I ſuffer juſtly for my Crimes, but why thou ſhouldſt — O Heaven! [*A Cry within.* Heark, Farewel, my Son, a long farewel!

Enter Trincalo, Muſtacho, *and* Ventoſo.

Trinc. What muſt our Mouths be cold then?

Vent. All's loſt. To prayers, to prayers.

Gonz. The Duke and Prince are gone within to prayers. Let's aſſiſt them.

Muſt. Nay, we may e'en pray too; our caſe is now alike.

Ant. Mercy upon us, we ſplit.

Gonz. Let's all ſink with the Duke and the Young Prince. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Stephano, *and* Trincalo.

Trinc. The Ship is ſinking. [*A new Cry within.*

Steph. Run her aſhore!

Trinc. Luff! luff! or we are all loſt! there's a Rock upon the Star-board-Bow.

Steph. She ſtrikes, ſhe ſtrikes! All ſhift for them themſelves. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

In the midſt of the Shower of Fire the Scene changes. The Cloudy Sky, Rocks, and Sea vaniſh; and when the Lights return diſcover that Beautiful part of the Iſland, which was the Habitation of Proſpero; *'Tis compos'd of three Walks of Cypreſs-trees, each Side-walk leads to a Cave, in one of which* Proſpero *keeps his Daughters, in the other* Hippolito: *The Middle-Walk is of a great depth, and leads to an open part of the Iſland.*

Enter Proſpero *and* Miranda.

Proſp. *Miranda*, where's your Siſter?

Miran. I left her looking from the pointed Rock, at the Walk's end, on the huge Beat of Waters.

Proſp. It is a dreadful Object.

Mir. If by your Art, my deareſt Father, you have put them in this roar, allay 'em quicking.

Proſp. I have ſo ordered, that not one Creature in the Ship is loſt:
I have done nothing but in care of thee,
My Daughter, and thy pretty Siſter:
You both are ignorant of what you are.
Not knowing whence I am, nor that I'm more
Then *Proſpero*, Maſter of a narrow Cell,
And thy unhappy Father.

Mir. I ne'r endeavour'd to know more than you were pleas' to tell me,

Proſp. I ſhould inform thee farther.

Mir. You often, Sir, began to tell me what I am,
but then you ſtopt.

Proſp. The Hour's now come; Obey and be attentive. Canſt thou remember a time before we came into this Cell? I don't think thou canſt, for then thou wert not full three years old.

Mir. Certainly I can, Sir.

Proſp. Tell me the Image then of any thing which thou doſt keep in thy remembrance ſtill.

Mir. Sir, had I not four or five Women once that tended me?

Proſp. Thou hadſt, and more, *Miranda:* what ſeeſt thou elſe in the dark back-ward, and abyſs of Time?
If thou remember'ſt ought e'r thou cam'ſt here, then how thou cam'ſt thou may'ſt remember too.

Mir.

Mir. Sir, that I do not.

Proſp. Fifteen years ſince, *Miranda*, thy Father was the Duke of *Milan*, and a Prince of power.

Mir. Sir, are not you my Father?

Proſp. Thy Mother was all Vertue, and ſhe ſaid, thou waſt my Daughter, and thy Siſter too.

Mir. O Heavens! what foul Play had we, that we hither came, or was't a Bleſſing that we did?

Proſp. Both, both my Girl.

Mir. But, Sir, I pray proceed.

Mir. My Brother, and thy Uncle, Call'd *Antonio*, to whom I truſted then the manage of my State, while I was wrap'd with ſecret Studies: That falſe Uncle, having attain'd the craft of granting ſuits, and of denying them; whom to advance, or lop, for over-topping, ſoon was grown the Ivy which did hide my Princely Trunk, and ſuck'd my verdure out: thou attend'ſt not.

Mir. O good, Sir, I do.

Proſp. I thus neglecting worldly ends, and bent to cloſeneſs, and the bettering of my mind, wak'd in my falſe Brother an evil Nature: He did believe he was indeed the Duke, becauſe he then did execute the outward Face of Soveraignty. Doſt thou ſtill mark me?

Mir. Your Story would cure Deafneſs.

Proſp. This falſe Duke needs would be abſolute in *Milan*, and Confederates with *Savoy*'s Duke, to give him Tribute, and to do him Homage.

Mir. Falſe Man!

Proſp. This of *Savoy*, being an Enemy to me inveterate, ſtrait grants my Brother's Suit, and on a Night, Mated to his Deſign, *Antonio* opened the Gates of *Milan*, and i' th' dead of darkneſs, hurri'd me thence, with thy young Siſter, and thy crying ſelf.

Mir. But wherefore did they not that hour deſtroy us?

Proſp. They durſt not, Girl, in *Milan*, for the Love my people bore me; in ſhort, they hurri'd us away to *Savoy*, and thence aboard a Bark at *Niſſa*'s Port: bore us ſome Leagues to Sea, where they prepar'd a rotten carcaſs of a Boat, not rigg'd, no Tackle, Sail, nor Maſt; the very Rats inſtinctively had quit it.

Mir. Alack! what trouble was I then to you?

Proſp. Thou and thy Siſter were two Cherubins, which did preſerve me: you both did ſmile, infus'd with Fortitude from Heaven.

Mir. How came we aſhore?

Proſp. By Providence Divine. Some food we had and ſome freſh Water, which a Nobleman of *Savoy*, called *Gonzalo*, appointed Maſter of that black deſign, gave us; with rich Garments and all neceſſaries, which ſince have ſteaded much: and of his Gentleneſs (knowing I lov'd my Books) he furniſh'd me from my own Library, with Volumes which I prize above my Dukedom.

Mir. Would I might ſee that Man.

Proſp. Here, in this Iſland we arriv'd, and here have I your Tutor been. But by my Skill I find, that my Mid-Heaven doth depend on a moſt happy Star, whoſe Influence if I not court, but omit, my Fortunes will ever after

droop: here ceaſe more Queſtions, thou art inclin'd to ſleep: 'tis a good dullneſs, and give it way; I know thou canſt not chuſe. [*She falls aſleep.*
Come away, my Spirit: I am ready now, approach,
my *Ariel*, Come. *Enter* Ariel.

Ariel. All hail, great Maſter, grave Sir, hail, I come to anſwer thy beſt pleaſure, be it to fly, to ſwim, to ſhoot into the Fire, to ride on the curl'd Clouds; to thy ſtrong bidding task *Ariel* and all his Qualities.

Proſp. Haſt thou, Spirit, perform'd to point the Tempeſt that I bad thee?

Ariel. To every Article. I boarded the Duke's Ship, now on the Beak, now in the Waſte, the Deck, in every Cabin; I flam'd amazement and ſometimes I ſeem'd to burn in many places on the Top-maſt the Yards, and Boreſprit; I did flame diſtinctly. Nay once I rain'd a ſhower of Fire upon them.

Proſp. My brave Spirit!
Who was ſo firm, ſo conſtant, that this coil did not infect his Reaſon?

Ariel. Not a Soul but felt a Feaver of the Mind, and play'd ſome tricks of Deſperation; all, but Mariners, plung'd in the foaming Brine, and quit the Veſſel; the Duke's Son *Ferdinand*, with Hair upſtaring (more like Reeds than Hair) was the firſt man that leap'd, cry'd, Hell is empty, and all the Devils are here.

Proſp. Why that's my Spirit;
But was not this nigh Shore?

Ariel. Cloſe by, my Maſter.

Proſp. But, *Ariel*, are they ſafe?

Ariel. Not a Hair periſh'd.
In Troops I have diſpers'd them round this Iſle.
The Duke's Son I have landed by himſelf, whom I have left warming the Air with ſighs, in an odd Angle of the Iſle, and ſitting, his Arms he folded in this ſad Knot.

Proſp. Say how thou haſt diſpos'd the Mariners of the Duke's Ship, and all the the reſt of the Fleet?

Ariel. Safely in harbour
Is the Duke's Ship, in the deep Nook, where once thou called'ſt
Me up at Mid-night to fetch Dew from the
Still vext *Bermoothes*, there ſhe's hid,
The Mariners all under Hatches ſtow'd,
Whom with a Charm, join'd to their ſuffer'd Labour,
I have left aſleep; and for the reſt o'th' Fleet,
(Which I diſperſt) they all have met again,
And are upon the *Mediterranean* Float.
Bound ſadly home for *Italy*;
Suppoſing that they ſaw the Duke's Ship wrack'd,
And his great Perſon periſh.

Proſp. *Ariel*, thy Charge
Exactly is perform'd; but there's more Work:
What is the time o' th' day?

Ariel. Paſt the Mid-ſeaſon.

Proſp. At leaſt two Glaſſes: the time 'tween ſix and now muſt by us both beſpent moſt preciouſly. *Ariel.*

Ariel. Is there more Toyl? ſince thou doſt give me Pains, let me remember thee what thou haſt promis'd, which is not yet perform'd me.

Proſp. How now, *Moodie*?
What is't thou can'ſt demand?

Ariel. My Liberty.

Proſp. Before thy time be out? no more.

Ariel. I prethee!
Remember I have done thee faithful Service,
Told thee no Lies, made thee no Miſtakings,
Serv'd without Grudge, or Grumbling,
Thou didſt promiſe to bate me a full Year.

Proſp. Doſt thou forget
From what a Torment I did free thee?

Ariel. No.

Proſp. Thou doſt, and think'ſt it much to tread the Ooze of the ſalt Deep, to run againſt the ſharp Wind of the North, to do my Bus'neſs in the Veins of the Earth, when it is bak'd with Froſt.

Ariel. I do not, Sir.

Proſp. Thou ly'ſt, Malignant thing! haſt thou forgot the foul Witch *Sycorax*, who with Age and Envy was grown into a Hoop? haſt thou forgot her?

Ariel. No, Sir.

Proſp. Thou haſt, where was ſhe born? ſpeak, tell me.

Ariel. Sir, in *Argier*.

Proſp. Oh, was ſhe ſo!
I muſt once every Month recount what thou haſt been, which thou forget'ſt. This damn'd Witch *Sycorax*, for Miſchiefs manifold, and Sorceries too terrible to enter humane hearing, from *Argier* thou know'ſt was baniſh'd: but for one thing ſhe did, they would not take her Life: is not this true?

Ariel. I, Sir.

Proſp. This blue-ey'd Hag was hither brought with Child,
And here was left by th' Sailers, thou, my Slave,
As thou report'ſt thy ſelf, waſt then her Servant,
And 'cauſe thou waſt a Spirit too delicate
To act her Earthy and and abhor'd Commands;
Refuſing her grand Heſts, ſhe did confine thee,
By help of her more potent Miniſters;
(In her unmitigable rage) into a cloven Pine,
Within whoſe rift impriſon'd thou didſt painfully
Remain a dozen Years; within which ſpace ſhe dy'd,
And left thee there; where thou didſt vent
Thy Groans, as faſt as Mill-Wheels ſtrike.
Then was this Iſle (ſave for two Brats,
Which ſhe did litter here, the brutiſh *Caliban*,
And his Twin-Siſter, two freckled hag-born Whelps)
Not honour'd with a humane Shape.

Ariel. Yes! *Caliban* her Son, and *Sycorax* his Siſter.

Proſp. Dull thing, I ſay ſo; he, that *Caliban*, and ſhe that *Sycorax*, whom

I now keep in Service. Thou beſt know'ſt what torment I did find thee in; thy Groans did make Wolves houl, and penetrate the breaſts of ever angry Bears, it was a Torment to lay upon the damn'd, which *Sycorax* could ne'r again undo: It was my Art, when I arriv'd, and heard thee, that made the Pine to gape and let thee out

Ariel. I thank thee, Maſter.

Proſp. If thou more murmureſt, I will rend an Oak,
And Peg thee in his knotty Entrails, till thou
Haſt houl'd away twelve Winters more.

Ariel. Pardon, Maſter.
I will be correſpondent to command, and be
A gentle Spirit.

Proſp. Do ſo, and after two day's I'll diſcharge thee.

Ariel. Thanks, my great Maſter. But I have yet one requeſt.

Proſp. What's that, my Spirit?

Ariel. I know that this day's buſineſs is important, requiring too much Toyl for one alone. I have a gentle Spirit for my Love, who twice ſeven Years has waited for my Freedom: Let it appear, it will aſſiſt me much, and we with mutual Joy ſhall entertain each other. This I beſeech you grant me.

Proſp. You ſhall have your deſire.

Ariel. That's my noble Maſter. *Milcha!* [Milcha *flies down to his Aſſiſtance.*

Milc. I am here my Love.

Ariel. Thou art free! welcome, my Dear! what ſhall we do? ſay, ſay, what ſhall we do?

Proſp. Be ſubject to no ſight but mine, inviſible to every Eye-ball elſe. Hence with Diligence, anon thou ſhalt know more. [*They both fly up, and croſs in the Air.* Thou haſt ſlept well my Child. [*To* Miranda.

Mir. The Sadneſs of your Story put heavineſs in me.

Proſp. Shake it off; come on, I'll now call *Caliban*, my Slave, who never yields us a kind Anſwer.

Mir. 'Tis a Creature, Sir, I do not love to look on.

Proſp. But as 'tis we cannot miſs him; he does make our Fire, fetch in our Wood, and ſerve in Offices that profit us: what hoa! Slave! *Caliban!* thou Earth thou, ſpeak.

Calib. within. There's Wood enough within.

Proſp. Thou Poiſonous Slave, got by the Devil himſelf upon thy wicked Dam, come forth. [*Enter* Caliban.

Calib. As wicked Dew, as e'er my Mother bruſh'd with Raven's Feather from unwholeſome Fens, drop on you both: A South-weſt blow on you, and bliſter you all o'er.

Proſp. For this, be ſure, to night thou ſhalt have Cramps, Side-ſtitches, that ſhall pen they Breath up; Urchins ſhall prick thee till thou bleed'ſt, thou ſhalt be pinch'd as thick as Honey-Combs each Pinch more ſtinging than the Bees which made 'em.

Calib. I muſt eat my Dinner: this Iſland's mine by *Sycorax* my Mother, which thou took'ſt from me. When thou cam'ſt firſt, thou ſtroak'ſt me, and made'ſt much of me, would'ſt give me Water with Berries in't, and taught'ſt me

me how to name the Bigger Light, and how the Leſs, that burn by Day and Night; and then I lov'd thee, and ſhewed thee all the qualities of the Iſle, the Freſh-ſprings, Brine-pits, Barren Places and Fertile. Curs'd be I that I did ſo: All the Charms of *Sycorax*, Toads, Beetles, Bats, light on thee, for I am all the Subjects that thou haſt. I firſt was mine own Lord; and here thou ſtay'ſt me in this hard Rock, whiles thou does keep from me the reſt o' th'Iſland.

Proſp. Thou moſt lying Slave, whom Stripes may move, not Kindneſs: I have us'd thee (Filth that thou art) with humane Care, and lodg'd thee in mine own Cell, till thou didſt ſeek to violate the Honour of my Children.

Calib. Oh ho, Oh ho, would't had been done: thou didſt prevent me, I had peopled elſe this Iſle with *Calibans*.

Proſp. Abhor'd Slave!
Who ne'er would any print of goodneſs take, being capable of all Ill: I pity'd thee, took pains to make thee ſpeak, taught thee each hour one or other thing when thou didſt not (Savage) know they own meaning, but wouldſt gabble, like a thing moſt Brutiſh I endow'd thy Purpoſes with Words, which made them known: But thy wild Race (though thou didſt learn) had that in't, which good Natures could not abide to be with: therefore was thou deſervedly pent up into this Rock.

Calib. You taught me Language, and my Profit by it is, that I know to curſe: the red botch rid you for learning me your Language.

Proſp. Hag-ſeed hence!
Fetch us in fewel, and be quick
To anſwer other buſineſs: ſhrug'ſt thou (Malice)
If thou neglecteſt, or doſt unwillingly what I command,
I'll wrack thee with old Cramps, fill all thy bones with Aches,
Make the roar, that Beaſts ſhall tremble at thy Dinn.

Calib. No, prethee!
I muſt obey. His Art is of ſuch power
It would controul my Dam's God, *Setebos*,
And make a Vaſſal of him.

Proſp. So, Slave hence. [*Exeunt* Proſp *and* Calib. *ſeverally.*

Enter Dorinda.

Dor. Oh, Siſter! what have I beheld?

Mir. What is it moves you ſo?

Dor. From yonder Rock,
As I my Eyes caſt down upon the Seas,
The whiſtling Winds blew rudely on my Face,
And the Waves roar'd; at firſt I thought the War
Had been between themſelves, but ſtrait I ſpy'd
A huge great Creature.

Mir. O you mean the Ship.

Dor. Is't not a Creature then? it ſeem'd alive.

Mir. But what of it?

Dor. This floating Ram did bear his Horns above,
All ty'd with Ribbands, ruffling in the Wind;
Sometimes he nodded down his Head a while,

And

And then the Waves did heave him to the Moon;
He clambring to the Top of all the Billows,
And then again he curtſi'd down ſo low,
I could not ſee him; till at laſt, all ſide-long,
With a great Crack his Belly burſt in pieces.
Mir. There all had periſh't,
Had not my Father's Magick Art reliev'd them.
But, Siſter, I have ſtranger News to tell you;
In this great Creature there were other Creatures,
And ſhortly we may chance to ſee that thing,
Which you have heard my Father call, a Man.
Dor. But what is that? for yet he never told me.
Mir. I know no more than you: but I have heard
My Father ſay, we Women were made for him.
Dor. What, that he ſhould eat us, Siſter?
Mir. No ſure, you ſee my Father is a Man,
And yet he does us good. I would he were not old.
Dor. Methinks, indeed, it would be finer,
If we two had two young Fathers.
Mir. No, Siſter, no, if they were young,
My Father ſaid, that we muſt call them Brothers.
Dor. But, pray, how does it come, that we two are not Brothers then, and have not Beards like him?
Mir. Now I confeſs you poſe me.
Dor. How did he come to be our Father too?
Mir. I think he found us when we both were little,
And grew within the Ground.
Dor. Why could he not find more of us? Pray, Siſter, let you and I look up and down one day, to find ſome little ones for us to play with.
Mir. Agreed; but now we muſt go in. This is the hour
Wherein my Father's Charm will work,
Which ſeizes all who are in open air:
Th' effect of his great Art I long to ſee,
Which will perform as much as Magick can.
Dor. And I, methinks more long to ſee a Man. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

The Scene Changes to the wilder part of the Iſland, 'tis compoſ'd of diver ſorts of Trees, and barren Places, with a proſpect of the Sea at a great diſtance.

Enter Stephano, Muſtacho, Ventoſo.

Vent. THE Runlet of Brandy was a loving Runlet, and floated after us out of pure pity.
Muſt. This kind Bottle, like an old Acquaintance, ſwam after it.
And this Scollop-ſhell is all our Plate now.

Vent.

Vent. 'Tis well we have found ſomething ſince we landed.
I prethee fill a ſoop, and let it go round.
Where haſt thou laid the Runlet?

Muſt. I' th' hollow of an old Tree.

Vent. Fill apace.
We cannot live long in this barren Iſland, and we may
Take a ſoop before Death, as well as others drink
At our Funerals.

Muſt. This is Prize-Brandy, we ſteal Cuſtom, and it coſt nothing, Let's have two rounds more.

Vent. Maſter, what have you ſav'd?

Steph. Juſt nothing but my ſelf.

Vent. This works comfortably on a cold ſtomach.

Steph. Fill's another round.

Vent. Look! *Muſtacho* weeps. Hang loſſes, as long as we have Brandy left. Prithee leave weeping.

Steph. He ſheds his Brandy out of his Eyes: he ſhall drink no more.

Muſt. This will be a doleful day with old *Beſs*. She gave me a gilt Nutmeg at parting. That's loſt too. But, as you ſay, hang loſſes. Prethee fill again.

Vent. Beſhrew thy heart for putting me in mind of thy Wife.
I had not thought of mine elſe, Nature will ſhew it ſelf,
I muſt melt. I prithee fill again, my Wife's a good old Jade,
And has but one Eye left: but ſhe'll weep out that too,
When ſhe hears that I am dead.

Steph. Would you were both hang'd for putting me in thought of mine.

Vent. But come, Maſter, ſorrow is dry! there's for you agen.

Steph. A Mariner had e'en as good be a Fiſh as a Man, but for the comfort we get aſhore: O for an old dry Wench now I am wet.

Muſt. Poor heart! that would ſoon make you dry agen: but all is barren in this Iſle: Here we may lie at Hull till the Wind blow Nore and by South ere we can cry, A Sail, a Sail, at ſight of a white Apron. And therefore here's another to comfort us.

Vent. This Iſle's our own, that's our comfort, for the Duke, the Prince, and all their train, are periſhed.

Muſt. Our Ship is ſunk, and we can never get home agen: we muſt e'en turn Salvages, and the next that catches his Fellow may eat him.

Vent. No, no, let us have a Government; for if we live well and orderly, Heav'n will drive Shipwracks aſhoar to make us all rich; therefore let us carry good Conſciences, and not eat one another.

Steph. Whoever eats any of my Subjects, I'll break out his teeth with my Scepter: for I was Maſter at Sea, and will be Duke on Land: you *Muſtacho* have been my Mate, and ſhall be my Vice-Roy.

Vent. When you are Duke, you may chuſe your Vice-Roy; but I am a free Subject in a new Plantation, and will have no Duke without my voice. And ſo fill me th' other ſoop.

Steph. Whiſpering. *Ventoſo*, doſt thou hear, I will advance thee, prithee give me thy voice.

Vent. I'll have no whiſpering to corrupt the Election; and to ſhow that I have no private ends, I declare aloud that I will be Vice-Roy, or, I'll keep my voice for my ſelf.

Muſt. *Stephano*, hear me, I will ſpeak for the people, becauſe there are few, or rather none in the Iſle to ſpeak for themſelves. Know then, that to prevent the farther ſhedding of Chriſtian bloud, we are all content *Ventoſo* ſhall be Vice-Roy, upon condition I may be Vice-Roy over him. Speak, good people, are you well agreed? What, no Man anſwer? well, you may take their ſilence for conſent.

Vent. You ſpeak for the People, *Muſtacho*? I'll ſpeak for 'em, and declare generally with one voice, one and all; That there ſhall be no Vice-Roy but the Duke, unleſs I be he.

Muſt. You declare for the people, who never ſaw your Face! Cold Iron ſhall decide it. [*Both draw.*

Steph. Hold, loving Subjects: we will have no Civil War during our Reign: I do hereby appoint you both to be my Vice-Roys over the whole Iſland.

Both. Agreed! agreed!

Enter Trincalo, *with a great Bottle, half drunk.*

Vent. How! *Trincalo* our brave Boſen!

Muſt. He reels: can he be drunk with Sea water?

Trinc. ſings. *I ſhall no more to Sea to Sea,*
Here I ſhall die aſhore.

This is a very ſcurvy tune to ſing at a Man's Funeral.
But here's my comfort. [*Drinks.*

Sings. *The Maſter, the Swabber, the Gunner, and I,*
The Surgeon and his Mate,
Lov'd Mall, Meg, *and* Marrian, *and* Margery,
But none of us car'd for Kate.
For ſhe had a tongue with a tang,
Wou'd cry to a Sailor, Go hang!
She lov'd not the ſavour of Tar nor of Pitch,
Yet a Taylor migh ſcratch her where ere ſhe did itch.

This is a ſcurvy Tune too, but here's my comfort agen. [*Drinks.*

Steph. We have got another Subject now; Welcome, Welcome into our Dominions!

Trinc. What Subject, or what Dominions? here's old Sack, Boy: the King of good-fellows can be no ſubject. I will be old *Simon* the King.

Muſt. Hah, old Boy! how didſt thou ſcape?

Trinc. Upon a Butt of Sack, Boys, which the Sailors Threw over-board: but are you alive, hoa! for I will Tipple with no Ghoſts till I'm dead: thy hand, *Muſtacho*, And thine, *Ventoſo*; the Storm has done its worſt: *Stephano* alive too! give thy Boſen thy hand, Maſter.

Vent. You muſt kiſs it then, for, I muſt tell you, we have choſen him Duke in a full Aſſembly.

Trinc. A Duke! where? what's he Duke of?

Muſt.

Muſt. Of this Iſland, Man. Oh *Trincalo*, we are all made, the Iſland's empty; all's our own, Boy, and we will ſpeak to his Grace for thee, that thou may'ſt be as great as we are.

Trinc. You great? what the Devil are you?

Vent. We two are Vice-Roys over all the Iſland; and when we are weary of Governing, thou ſhall ſucceed us.

Trinc. Do you hear, *Ventoſo*, I will ſucceed you in both your places before you enter into 'em

Steph. Trincalo, ſleep and be ſober; and make no more uproars in my Country.

Trinc. Why, what are you, Sir, what are you?

Steph. What I am, I am by free Election, and you *Trincalo*, are not your ſelf; but we pardon your firſt fault, becauſe it is the firſt day of our Reign.

Trinc. Umph, were matters carried ſo ſwimmingly againſt me, whilſt I was ſwimming, and ſaving my ſelf for the good of the people of this Iſland.

Muſt. Art thou mad, *Trincalo*? wilt thou diſturb a ſetled Government, where thou art a meer ſtranger to the Laws of the Country?

Trinc. I'll have no Laws.

Vent. Then Civil War begins. [Vent. *and* Muſt. *draw.*

Steph. Hold, hold, I'll have no bloudſhed,
My Subjects are but few: let him make a Rebellion
By himſelf; and a Rebel, I Duke *Stephano* declare him:
Vice-Roys, come away.

Trinc. And Duke *Trincalo* declares, that he will make open War where ever he meets thee, or thy Vice-Roys. [*Exeunt* Steph. Muſt. Vent.

Enter Caliban *with wood upon his back.*

Trinc. Hah! who have we here?

Calib. All the infections that the Sun ſucks up from Frogs, Fens, Flats, on *Proſpero* fall and make him by inch-meal a Diſeaſe: his Spirits hear me, and yet I needs muſt curſe, but they'l not pinch, fright me with Urchin ſhows, pitch me i' th' mire, nor lead me in the dark out of my way, unleſs he bid 'em: but for every trifle he ſets them on me; ſometimes like Baboons they mow and chatter at me, and often bite me; like Hedge-hogs then they mount their prickles at me, tumbling before me in my barefoot way. Sometimes I am all wound about with Adders, who with their cloven tongues hiſs me to madneſs. Hah! yonder ſtands one of his ſpirits ſent to torment me.

Trinc. What have we here, a Man, or a Fiſh?
This is ſome Monſter of the Iſle, were I in *England*,
As once I was, and had him painted;
Not a Holy-day Fool there but would give me
Six pence for the ſight of him; well, if I could make
Him tame, he were a preſent for an Emperour.
Come hither pretty Monſter, I'll do thee no harm.
Come hither!

Calib. Torment me not;
I'll bring the Wood home faſter.

Trinc. He talks none of the wiſeſt: but I'll give him
A dram o' th' Bottle, that will clear his underſtanding.

Come on your ways, Maſter Monſter, open your mouth.
How now, you perverſe Moon-calf! what,
I think you cannot tell who is your Friend!
Open your chops, I ſay. [*Pours Wine down his Throat.*

Calib. This is a brave God, and bears Cœleſtial Liquor;
I'll kneel to him.

Trinc. He is a very hopeful Monſter; Monſter, what ſayſt thou, are thou content to turn civil and ſober, as I am? for then thou ſhalt be my Subject.

Calib. I'll ſwear upon that Bottle to be true; for the liquor is not Earthly: did'ſt thou not drop from Heaven?

Trinc. Only out of the Moon, I was the Man in her when time was. By this light, a very ſhallow Monſter.

Calib. I'll ſhew thee every fertile inch i' th' Iſle, and kiſs thy foot: I prithee be my God, and let me drink. [*drinks agen.*

Trinc. Well drawn Monſter, in good faith.

Calib. I'll ſhew thee the beſt Springs, I'll pluck thee Berries,
I'll fiſh for thee, and get thee wood enough:
A curſe upon the Tyrant whom I ſerve, I'll bear him
No more ſticks, but follow thee.

Trinc. The poor Monſter is loving in his drink.

Calib. I prithee let me bring thee were Crabs grow,
And I with my long nails will dig thee Pig-nuts,
Shew thee a Jays-neſt, and inſtruct thee how to ſnare
The Marmazete; I'll bring thee to cluſter'd Filberds;
Wilt thou go with me?

Trinc. This Monſter comes of a good natur'd race;
Is there no more of thy Kin in this Iſland?

Calib. Divine, here is but one beſides my ſelf;
My lovely Siſter, beautiful and bright as the Full Moon.

Trinc. Where is ſhe?

Calib. I left her clambring up a hollow Oak,
And plucking thence the dropping Honey-combs.
Say, my King, ſhall I call her to thee?

Trinc. She ſhall ſwear upon the Bottle too.
If ſhe proves handſome ſhe is mine: Here, Monſter,
Drink agen for thy good news, thou ſhalt ſpeak
A good word for me. [*Gives him the Bottle.*

Calib. Farewel, old Maſter farewel, farewel.
Sing *No more Dams I'll make for fiſh,*
Nor fetch in firing at requiring,
Nor ſcrape Trencher, nor waſh Diſh,
Ban, Ban, Cackaliban
Has a new Maſter, get a new Man.
Heigh-day! Freedom, freedom!

Trinc. Here's two Subjects got already, the Monſter,
And his Siſter: well, Duke *Stephano*, I ſay, and ſay agen;
Wars will enſue, and ſo I drink. [*drinks.*

From

From this Worſhipful Monſter, and Miſtriſs
Monſter his Siſter,
I'll lay claim to this Iſland by alliance:
Monſter, I ſay thy Siſter ſhall be my Spouſe:
Come away, Brother Monſter, I'll lead thee to my Butt.
And drink her health. [*Exeunt.*

Scene Cypreſs Tree and Cave.

Enter Proſpero *alone.*

Proſp. 'Tis not fit to let my Daughters know I kept
The Infant Duke of *Mantua* ſo near them in this Iſle.
Whoſe Father dying, bequeath'd him to my care:
Till my falſe Brother (when he deſign'd t' uſurp
My Dukedom from me) expos'd him to that fate
He meant for me. By calculation of his birth
I ſaw death threat'ning him, if, till ſome time were
Paſt, he ſhould behold the face of any Woman:
And now the danger's nigh: *Hippolito!*

Enter Hippolito.

Hip. Sir, I attend your pleaſure.

Proſp. How I have lov'd thee from thy infancy.
Heav'n knows, and thou thy ſelf canſt bear me witneſs,
Therefore accuſe not me for thy reſtraint.

Hip. Since I knew life, you've kept me in a Rock,
And you this day have hurri'd me from thence,
Only to change my Priſon, not to free me.
I murmur not, but I may wonder at it.

Proſp. O gentle Youth, Fate waits for thee abroad,
A black Star threatens thee, and death unſeen
Stands ready to devour thee.

Hip. You taught me not to fear him in any of his ſhapes:
Let me meet death rather than be a Priſoner.

Proſp. 'Tis pity he ſhould ſeize thy tender youth.

Hip. Sir, I have often heard you ſay, no Creature liv'd
Within this Iſle, but thoſe which Man was Lord of?
Why then ſhould I fear?

Proſp. But here are creatures which I nam'd not to thee,
Who ſhare Man's Sovereignty by Nature's Laws,
And oft depoſe him from it.

Hip. What are thoſe Creatures, Sir?

Proſp. Thoſe dangerous Enemies of Men call'd Women.

Hip. Women! I never heard of them before.
What are Women like?

Proſp. Imagine ſomething between young Men and Angels;
Fatally beauteous, and having killing Eyes,
Their Voices charm beyond the Nightingales,

They

They are all enchantment, thoſe who once behold 'em,
Are made their ſlaves for ever.
Hip. Then I will wink and fight with 'em.
Proſp. 'Tis but in vain,
They'l haunt you in your very ſleep.
Hip. Then I'll revenge it on 'em when I wake.
Proſp. You are without all poſſibility of revenge,
They are ſo beautiful, that you can ne'r attempt,
Nor wiſh to hurt them.
Hip. are they ſo beautiful?
Proſp. Calm ſleep is not ſo ſoft, nor Winter Suns,
Nor Summer ſhades ſo pleaſant.
Hip. Can they be fairer than the Plumes of Swans?
Or more delightful than the Peacocks Feathers?
Or than the gloſs upon the necks of Doves?
Or have more various beauty than the Rainbow?
Theſe I have ſeen, and without danger wondred at.
Proſp. All theſe are far below 'em: Nature made
Nothing but Woman dangerous and fair:
Therefore if you ſhould chance to ſee 'em,
Avoid 'em ſtreight I charge you.
Hip. Well, ſince you ſay they are ſo dangerous,
I'll ſo far ſhun 'em as I may with ſafety of the
Unblemiſh'd honour which you taught me.
But let 'em not provoke me, for I'm ſure I ſhall
Not then forbear them.
Proſp. Go in and read the Book I gave you laſt.
To morrow I may bring you better news.
Hip. I ſhall obey you, Sir. [*Exit* Hippolito.
Proſp. So, ſo; I hope this Leſſen has ſecur'd him,
For I have been conſtrain'd to change his lodging
From yonder Rock where firſt I bred him up,
And here have brought him home to my own Cell,
Becauſe the ſhipwrack happen'd near his Manſion.
I hope he will not ſtir beyond his limits,
For hitherto he hath been all obedience:
The Planets ſeem to ſmile on my deſigns,
And yet there is one ſullen Cloud behind,
I would it were diſperſt. [*Enter* Miranda *and* Dorinda.
How! my Daughters! I thought I had inſtructed
them enough: Children! retire;
Why do you walk this way?
Mir. It is within our bounds, Sir.
Proſp. But both take heed, that path is very dangerous.
Remember what I told you.
Dor. Is the Man that way, Sir?
Proſp. All that you can imagine ill is there,

The

The curled Lion, and the rugged Bear,
Are not ſo dreadful as that Man.
Mir. Oh me, why ſtay we here then?
Dor. I'll keep far enough from his Den, I warrant him.
Mir. But you have told me, Sir, you are a Man;
And yet you are not dreadful.
Proſp. I Child! but I am a tame Man; old Men are tame
By Nature, but all the danger lies in a wild
Young Man.
Dor. Do they run wild about the Woods?
Proſp. No, they are wild within doors, in Chambers,
And in Cloſets.
Dor. But, Father, I would ſtroak 'em, and make 'em gentle,
Then ſure they would not hurt me.
Proſp. You muſt not truſt them, Child: no Woman can come
Near 'em, but ſhe feels a pain, full nine months.
Well, I muſt in; for new affairs requires my
Preſence: be you *Miranda*, your Sifters Guardian. [*Exit* Proſpero.
Dor. Come, Siſter, ſhall we walk the other way?
The Man will catch us elſe: we have but two legs,
And he perhaps has four.
Mir. Well, Siſter, though he have; yet look about you,
And we ſhall ſpy him ere he comes too near us.
Dor. Come back, that way is towards his Den.
Mir. Let me alone; I'll venture firſt, for ſure he can
Devour but one of us at once.
Dor. How dare you venture?
Mir. We'll find him ſitting like a Hare in's Form
And he ſhall not ſee us.
Dor. I but you know my Father charg'd us both.
Mir. But who ſhall tell him on't? we'l keep each
Others Counſel.
Dor. I dare not for the World.
Mir. But how ſhall we hereafter ſhun him, if we do not
Know him firſt?
Dor. Nay, I confeſs I would fain ſee him too. I find it in my
Nature, becauſe my Father has forbidden me.
Mir. I, there's it, Siſter, if he had ſaid nothing, I had been quiet. Go ſoftly, and if you ſee him firſt, be quick, and becken me away.
Dor. Well, if he does catch me, I'll humble my ſelf to him,
And ask him pardon, as I do my Father,
When I have done a fault.
Mir. And if I can but ſcape with Life, I had rather be in pain nine months, as my Father threatn'd than loſe my longing. [*Exeunt.*

The Scene continues. Enter Hippolito.

Hip. Proſpero has often ſaid, that Nature makes
Nothing in vain: why then are Women made?

Are

Are they to ſuck the poiſon of the Earth
As gaudy colour'd Serpents are? I'll ask that
Queſtion, when next I ſee him here.

Enter Miranda *and* Dorinda *peeping*.

Dor. O Siſter, there it is, it walks about like one of us.

Mir. I, juſt ſo, and has Legs as we have too.

Hip. It ſtrangely puzzles me: yet 'tis moſt likely
Women are ſomewhat between Men and Spirits.

Dor. Heark! it talks, ſure this is not it my Father meant,
For this is juſt like one of us: methinks I am not half
So much afraid on't as I was; ſee now it turns this way.

Mir. Heaven! what a goodly thing it is?

Dor. I'll go nearer it.

Mir. O no, 'tis dangerous, Siſter! I'll go to it.
I would not for the World that you ſhould venture.
My Father charg'd me to ſecure you from it.

Dor. I warrant you this is a tame Man, dear Siſter,
He'll not hurt me, I ſee it by his looks.

Mir. Indeed he will! but go back, and he ſhall eat me firſt:
Fie, are you not aſham'd to be ſo much inquiſitive?

Dor. You chide me for't, and wou'd give your ſelf.

Mir. Come back, or I will tell my Father.
Obſerve how he begins to ſtare already.
I'll meet the danger firſt, and then call you.

Dor. Nay, Siſter, you ſhall never vanquiſh me in kindneſs.
I'll venture you no more than you will me.

Proſp. within Miranda, Child, where are you?

Mir. Do you not hear my Father call? go in.

Dor. 'Twas you he nam'd, not me; I will but ſay my Prayers,
And follow you immediatly.

Mir. Well, Siſter, you'l repent it. [*Exit* Miranda.

Dor. Though I die for't, I muſt have the other peep.

Hip. ſeeing her. What thing is that? ſure 'tis ſome Infant of the Sun, dreſs'd in his Fathers gayeſt Beams, and comes to play with Birds: my ſight is dazl'd, and yet I find I'm loth to ſhut my Eyes.
I muſt go nearer it——but ſtay a while;
May it not be that beauteous Murderer, Woman,
Which I was charg'd to ſhun? Speak, what art thou?
Thou ſhining Viſion!

Dor. Alas, I know not; but I'm told I am a Woman;
Do not hurt me, pray, fair thing.

Hip. I'd ſooner tear my Eyes out, than conſent to do you any harm; though I was told a Woman was my Enemy.

Dor. I never knew what 'twas to be an Enemy, nor can I e'r prove ſo to that which looks like you; for though I have been charg'd by him (whom yet I never diſobey'd) to ſhun your preſence, yet I'd rather die than loſe it; therefore I hope you will not have the heart to hurt me: though I fear you are a Man, that

that dangerous thing, of which I have been warn'd. Pray tell me what you are?

Hip. I muſt confeſs, I was inform'd I am a Man,
But if I fright you, I ſhall wiſh I were ſome other Creature,
I was bid to fear you too.

Dor. Ay me! Heav'n grant we be not poiſon to each other!
Alas, can we not meet but we muſt die?

Hip. I hope not ſo! for when two priſonous Creatures,
Both of the ſame kind, meet, yet neither dies,
I've ſeen two Serpents harmleſs to each other,
Though they have twin'd into a mutual knot:
If we have any venome in us, ſure, we cannot be more
Poiſonous, when we meet, than Serpents are.
You have a hand like mine, may I not gently touch it? [*Takes her hand.*

Dor. I've touch'd my Father's and my Siſter's hands,
And felt no pain; but now, alas! there's ſomething,
When I touch yours; which makes me ſigh: juſt ſo
I've ſeen two Turtles mourning when they met;
Yet mine's a pleaſing grief; and ſo me thought was theirs:
For ſtill they mourn'd: and ſtill they ſeem'd to murmur too,
And yet they often met.

Hip. Oh Heavens! I have the ſame ſenſe too: your hand
Methinks goes through me; I feel it at my heart,
And find it pleaſes, though it pains me.

Proſp. Within Dorinda!

Dor. My Father calls again; ah, I muſt leave you.

Hip. Alas, I'm ſubject to the ſame command.

Dor. This is my firſt offence againſt my Father,
Which he, by ſevering us, too cruelly does puniſh.

Hip. And this is my firſt treſpaſs too: but he hath more
Offended truth than we have him:
He ſaid our meeting would deſtructive be,
But I no death but in our parting ſee. [*Exeunt ſeveral ways.*

SCENE III. *A wild Iſland.*

Enter Alonzo, Antonio, Gonzalo.

Gonz. 'Beſeech your Grace be merry: you have cauſe, ſo have we all, of joy, for our ſtrange 'ſcape; then wiſely, good Sir, weigh our ſorrow with our comfort.

Alonz. Prithee peace, you cram theſe words into my Ears, againſt my ſtomach; how can I rejoice, when my dear Son, perhaps this very moment, is made a meal to ſome ſtrange Fiſh.

Anto. Sir, he may live, I ſaw him beat the Billows under him, and ride upon their backs; I do not doubt he came alive to Land.

Alon. No, no, he's gone; and you and I, *Antonio*, were thoſe who caus'd his death.

Anto. How could we help it?

Alonz. Then, then we ſhould have help'd it, when thou betrai'dſt thy Brother *Proſpero*, and *Mantua*'s Infant Sovereign, to my power; and when I,

too ambitious, took by force another's right: Then loſt we *Ferdinand*; Thus forfeited our Navy to this Tempeſt.

Ant. Indeed we firſt broke Truce with Heaven; you to the waves an Infant Prince expos'd, and on the waves have loſt an only Son. I did uſurp my Brother's fertile Lands, and now am caſt upon this Defart-Iſle.

Gonz. Theſe, Sirs, 'tis true were crimes of a black dye; but both of you have made amends to Heav'n by your late Voyage into *Portugal*; where in defence of Chriſtianity, your valour has repuls'd the Moors of *Spain*.

Alon. O name it not, *Gonzalo*;
No act but penitence can expiate guilt!
Muſt we teach Heav'n what price to ſet on Murder? what rate on lawleſs Power and wild Ambition? or dare we traffick with the Powers above, and ſell by weight a good deed for a bad? [*A flouriſh of Muſick.*

Gonz. Muſick! and in the air; ſure we are Shipwrack'd on the Dominions of ſome merry Devil!

Ant. This Iſle's Inchanted ground; for I have heard ſwift Voices flying by my Ear, and groans of lamenting Ghoſts.

Alon. I pull'd a Tree, and blood purſu'd my hand.
Heav'n deliver me from this dire place, and all the after-actions of my life ſhall mark my penitence and my bounty. [*Muſick agen louder.*
Hark, the ſounds approach us! [*The Stage opens in ſeveral places.*

Ant. Lo the Earth opens to devour us quick.
Theſe dreadful horrors, and the guilty ſenſe of my foul Treaſon, have unmann'd me quite.

Alon. We on the brink of ſwift deſtruction ſtand;
No means of our eſcape is left. [*Another flouriſh of Voices under the Stage.*

Ant. Ah! what amazing ſounds are theſe we hear!

Gonz. What horrid Maſque will the dire Friend preſent?

Sung under the Stage.

1. Dev. *Where does the black Fiend Ambition reſide,*
With the miſchievous Devil of Pride?
2. Dev. *In the loweſt and darkeſt Caverns of Hell*
Both Pride and Ambition does dwell.
1. Dev. *Who are the chief Leaders of the damned Hoſt?*
3. Dev. *Proud Monarchs, who tyrannize moſt.*
1. Dev. *Damned Princes there,*
The worſt of torments bear.
2. Dev. *Who in Earth all other in pleaſures excell,*
Muſt feel the worſt torments of Hell. [*They riſe ſinging this Chorus.*

Ant. Oh Heav'ns! what horrid Viſion's this?
How they upbraid us with our crimes!

Alon. What fearful vengeance is in ſtore for us!

1. Dev. *Tyrants by whom their Subjects bled,*
Should in pains all others exceed;
2. Dev. *And barb'rous Monarchs who their Neighbours invade,*
And their Crowns unjuſtly get;
And ſuch who their Brothers to death have betray'd,
In Hell upon burning Thrones ſhall be ſet. 3. Dev.

3. Dev. } ——*In Hell, in Hell with Flames they ſhall reign,*
Chor. } *And for ever, for ever ſhall ſuffer the pain.*

Ant. Oh my Soul ; for ever, for ever ſhall ſuffer the pain.

Alon. Has Heav'n in all 'its infinite ſtock of mercy
No overflowings for us ? poor, miſerable guilty Men !

Gonz. Nothing but horrors do encompaſs us !
For ever, for ever muſt we ſuffer !

Alon. For ever we ſhall periſh ! O diſmal words, for ever !

1. Dev. *Who are the Pillars of the Tyrants Court ?*

2. Dev. *Rapine and Murder his Crown muſt ſupport !*

3. Dev. ——*His cruelty does tread*
On Orphans tender breaſts, and Brothers dead !

2. Dev. *Can Heav'n permit ſuch crimes ſhould be*
Attended with felicity ?

3. Dev. *No, Tyrants their Scepters uneaſily bear,*
In the midſt of their Guards they their Conſciences fear.

2. Dev. } *Care their minds when they wake unquiet will keep,*
Chor. } *And we with dire viſions diſturb all their ſleep.*

Ant. Oh horrid ſight ! how they ſtare upon us !
The Fiends will hurry us to the darkManſion.
Sweet Heav'n, have mercy on us !

1. Dev. *Say, Say, ſhall we bear theſe bold Mortals from hence ?*

2. Dev. *No, no, let us ſhow their degrees of offence.*

3. Dev. *Let's muſter their crimes upon every ſide,*
And firſt let's diſcover their pride.

Enter *Pride.*

Pride. *Lo here is Pride, who firſt led them aſtray,*
And did to Ambition their minds then betray.

Enter *Fraud.*

Fraud. *And Fraud does next appear,*
Their wandring ſteps who led,
When they from vertue fled,
They in my crooked paths their courſe did ſteer.

Enter *Rapine.*

Rapine. *From Fraud to Force they ſoon arrive,*
Where Rapine did their actions drive.

Enter *Murder.*

Murder. *There long they could not ſtay ;*
Down the ſteep Hill they run,
And to perfect the miſchief which they had begun,
To Murder they bent all their way.

Chorus of all. *Around, around we pace,*
About this curſed place ;
While thus we compaſs in
Theſe Mortals and their ſin. [*Devils vaniſh*

Ant. Heav'n has heard me, they are vaniſh'd !

Alon. But they have left me all unmann'd ;
I feel my ſinews ſlacken with the fright ;

And a cold ſweat trills down o'r all my Limbs,
As if I were diſſolving in to water.
Oh *Proſpero*, my crimes 'gainſt thee ſit heavy on my heart!
Ant. And mine 'gainſt him and young *Hippolito*.
Gonz. Heav'n have mercy on the penitent.
Alon. Lead from this curſed ground;
The Seas in all their rage are not ſo dreadful,
This is the Region of deſpair and death.
Ant. Shall we not ſeek ſome Fruit?
Alonz. Beware all fruit, but what the Birds have peck'd.
The ſhadows of the Trees are pois'nous too: a ſecret venom ſlides from every branch! my Conſcience does diſtract me! O my Son! why do I ſpeak of eating or repoſe, before I know thy fortune?

[*As they are going out, a Devil riſes juſt before them, at which they ſtart, and are frighted.*

Alonz. O Heavens! yet more Apparitions!
Devil ſings. *Ariſe, ariſe! ye ſubterranean winds,*
More to diſturb their guilty minds.
And all ye filthy damps and vapours riſe,
Which uſe t' infect the Earth, and trouble all the Skies;
Riſe you, from whom devouring plagues have birth:
You that i' th' vaſt and hollow womb of Earth,
Engender Earthquakes, make whole Countreys ſhake,
And ſtately Cities into Deſarts turn;
And you who feed the flames by which Earths entrails burn.
Ye raging winds, whoſe rapid force can make
All but the fix'd and ſolid Centre ſhake:
Come drive theſe Wretches to that part o' th' Iſle,
Where Nature never yet did ſmile:
Cauſe Fogs and Storms, Whirlwinds and Earthquakes there:
There let 'em howl and languiſh in deſpair.
Riſe and obey the pow'rful Prince o' th' Air.

Two Winds riſe, Ten more enter and dance.
At the end of the Dance, Three winds ſink, the reſt drive *Alon. Ant. Gonz.* off.

ACT II. SCENE I.

SCENE, *A wild Iſland.*

Enter Ferdinand, *and* Ariel *and* Milcha *inviſible.*

Ariel. COme unto theſe yellow ſands,
And then take hands,
Curtſi'd when you have, and kiſs'd
The wild waves whiſt.
Foot it featly here and there,
And ſweet ſprights the burthen bear. *Hark!*

Hark! hark!
Bow waugh, the Watch-dogs bark.
Bow waugh. Hark! hark! I hear
The ſtrain of ſtrutting Chanticleer,
Cry, Cock a doodle do.

Ferd. Where ſhould this Muſick be? i' th' air, or earth? It ſounds no more, and ſure it waits upon ſome God i' th' Iſland: ſitting on a Bank, weeping againſt the Duke; my Father's wrack'd; This Muſick hover'd on the waters, allaying both their fury and my paſſion with charming Airs. Thence I have follow'd it, (or it has drawn me rather) but 'tis gone; No it begins again.

Milcha ſings.

Full fathom five thy Father lies,
Of his bones is Coral made:
Thoſe are Pearls that were his Eyes,
Nothing of him that does fade.
But does ſuffer a Sea-change
Into ſomething rich and ſtrange:
Sea Nymphs hourly ring his knell;
Hark! now I hear 'em, ding dong Bell.

Ferd. This mournful Ditty mentions my drown'd Father.
This is no mortal buſineſs, nor a ſound which the Earth owns——
I hear it now before me; however I will on and follow it.

[*Exit.* Ferd. *following* Ariel.

SCENE II. *The Cypreſs-Trees and Cave.*

Enter Proſpero *and* Miranda.

Proſp. Excuſe it not, *Miranda*, for to you (the elder, and I thought the more diſcreet) I gave the conduct of your Siſters actions.

Mir. Sir, when you call'd me thence, I did not fail to mind her of her duty to depart.

Proſp. How can I think you did remember hers, when you forgot your own? did you not ſee the Man whom I commanded you to ſhun?

Mir. I muſt confeſs I ſaw him at a diſtance.

Proſp. Did not his Eyes infect and poiſon you?
What alteration found you in your ſelf?

Mir. I only wondred at a ſight ſo new.

Proſp. But have you no deſire once more to ſee him?
Come, tell me truly what you think of him?

Mir. As of the gayeſt thing I ever ſaw, ſo fine, that it appear'd more fit to be belov'd than fear'd, and ſeem'd ſo near my kind, that I did think I might have call'd it Siſter.

Proſp. You do not love it?

Mir. How is it likely that I ſhould, except the thing had firſt lov'd me?

Proſp. Cheriſh thoſe thoughts: you have a gen'rous Soul;
And ſince I ſee your mind not apt to take the light
Impreſſions of a ſudden love, I will unfold

A ſecret to your knowledge.
That Creature which you ſaw, is of a kind
Nature made a prop and guide to yours.
Mir. Why did you then propoſe him as an object of terrour to my mind?
You never us'd to teach me any thing but God-like truths, and what you ſaid,
I did believe as ſacred.
Proſp. I fear'd the pleaſing form of this young Man
Might unawares poſſeſs your tender Breaſt,
Which for a nobler Gueſt I had deſign'd;
For ſhortly, my *Miranda*, you ſhall ſee another of this kind,
The full-blown Flower, of which this Youth was but the
Op'ning Bud. Go in, and ſend your Siſter to me.
Mir. Heav'n ſtill perſerve you, Sir.
Proſp. And make thee fortunate. [*Exit* Miranda.

Enter Dorinda.

O, Come hither, you have ſeen a Man to day,
Againſt my ſtrict command.
Dor. Who I? indeed I ſaw him but a little, Sir.
Proſp. Come, come, be clear. Your Siſter told me all.
Dor. Did ſhe? truly ſhe would have ſeen him more than I,
But that I would not let her.
Proſp. Why ſo?
Dor. Becauſe, methought, he would have hurt me leſs
Than he would her. But if I knew you'd not be angry
With me, I could tell you, Sir, that he was much to blame.
Proſp. Hah! was he to blame?
Tell me, with that ſincerity I taught you,
How you became ſo bold to ſee the Man?
Dor. I hope you will forgive me, Sir, becauſe I did not ſee him much till he ſaw me. Sir, he would needs come in my way, and ſtar'd, and ſtar'd upon my Face; and ſo I thought I would be reveng'd of him, and therefore I gaz'd on him as long; but if I e'r come near a Man again———
Proſp. I told you he was dangerous; but you would not be warn'd.
Dor. Pray be not angry, Sir, I tell you, you are miſtaken in him; for he did me no great hurt.
Proſp. But he may do you more harm hereafter.
Dor. No, Sir, I'm as well as e'r I was in all my life,
But that I cannot eat nor drink for thought of him.
That dangerous Man runs ever in my mind.
Proſp. The way to cure you, is no more to ſee him.
Dor. Nay, pray, Sir, ſay not ſo; I promis'd him
To ſee him once agen; and you know, Sir,
You charg'd me I ſhould never break my Promiſe.
Proſp. Wou'd you ſee him who did you ſo much miſchief?
Dor. I warrant you I did him as much harm as he did me;
For when I left him, Sir, he ſigh'd ſo, as it griev'd
My heart to hear him.

Proſp.

Proſp. Thoſe ſighs were pois'nous, they infected you:
You ſay, they griev'd you to the heart.
Dor. 'Tis true; but yet his looks and words were gentle.
Proſp. Theſe are the Day-dreams of a Maid in Love.
But ſtill I fear the worſt.
Dor. O fear not him, Sir.
Proſp. You ſpeak of him with too much Paſſion; tell me
(And on your duty tell me true, *Dorinda*)
What paſt betwixt you and that horrid Creature?
Dor. How, horrid, Sir? if any elſe but you ſhould call it ſo, indeed I ſhould be angry.
Proſp. Go too! you are a fooliſh Girl; but anſwer to what I ask, what thought you when you ſaw it?
Dor. At firſt it ſtar'd upon me, and ſeem'd wild,
And then I trembled; yet it look'd ſo lovely, that when
I would have fled away, my feet ſeem'd faſten'd to the ground,
Then it drew near, and with amazement ask'd
To touch my hand; which, as a ranſome for my life,
I gave: but when he had it, with a furious gripe
He put it to his mouth ſo eagerly, I was afraid he
Would have ſwallow'd it.
Proſp. Well, what was his behaviour afterwards?
Dor. He on a ſudden grew ſo tame and gentle,
That he became more kind to me than you are;
Then, Sir, I grew I know not how, and touching his hand
Agen, my heart did beat ſo ſtrong, as I lack'd breath
To anſwer what he ask'd.
Proſp. You have been too fond, and I ſhould chide you for it.
Dor. Then ſend me to that Creature to be puniſh'd.
Proſp. Poor Child! thy Paſſion, like a lazy Ague,
Has ſeiz'd thy bloud, inſtead of ſtriving, thou humour'ſt
And feed'ſt thy languiſhing diſeaſe: thou fight'ſt
The Battels of thy Enemy, and 'tis one part of what
I threatn'd thee, not to perceive thy danger.
Dor. Danger, Sir?
If he would hurt me, yet he knows not how:
He hath no Claws, nor Teeth, nor Horns to hurt me,
But looks about him like a Callow-bird,
Juſt ſtraggl'd from the Neſt: pray truſt me, Sir,
To go to him agen.
Proſp. Since you will venture,
I charge you bear your ſelf reſerv'dly to him,
Let him not dare to touch your naked hand,
But keep at diſtance from him.
Dor. This is hard.
Proſp. It is the way to make him love you more;
He will deſpiſe you if you grow too kind.

Dor.

Dor. I'll ſtruggle with my heart to follow this,
But if I loſe him by it, will you promiſe
To bring him back agen?
Proſp. Fear not, *Dorinda*;
But uſe him ill, and he'l be yours for ever.
Dor. I hope you have not couzen'd me agen. [*Exit* Dor.
Proſp. Now my deſigns are gathering to a head.
My Spirits are obedient to my charms.
What, *Ariel*! my Servant *Ariel*, where art thou?
Enter Ariel.
Ariel. What wou'd my potent Maſter? Here I am.
Proſp. Thou and thy meaner fellows your laſt ſervice
Did worthily perform, and I muſt uſe you in ſuch another
Work: how goes the day?
Ariel. On the fourth, my Lord; and on the ſixth,
You ſaid our work ſhould ceaſe.
Proſp. And ſo it ſhall;
And thou ſhalt have the open air at freedom.
Ariel. Thanks, my great Lord.
Proſp. But tell me firſt, my Spirit,
How fares the Duke, my Brother, and their Followers?
Ariel. Confin'd together, as you gave me order,
In the Lime-grove, which weather-fends your Cell;
Within that Circuit up and down they wander,
But cannot ſtir one ſtep beyond their compaſs.
Proſp. How do they bear their ſorrows?
Ariel. The two Dukes appear like men diſtracted, their
Attendants brim-full of ſorrow mourning over 'em;
But chiefly, he you term'd the good *Gonzalo*:
His Tears run down his Beard, like Winter-drops
From Eaves of Reeds, your Viſion did ſo work 'em,
That if you now beheld 'em, your affections
Would become tender.
Proſp. Do'ſt thou think ſo, Spirit?
Ariel. Mine would, Sir, were I humane.
Proſp. And mine ſhall:
Haſt thou, who art but air, a touch, a feeling of their
Afflictions, and ſhall not I (a Man like them, one
Who as ſharply reliſh paſſions as they) be kindlier
Mov'd then thou art? though they have pierc'd
Me to the quick with injuries, yet with my nobler
Reaſon 'gainſt my fury I will take part;
The rarer action is in vertue than in vengeance.
Go, my *Ariel*, refreſh with needful food their
Famiſh'd Bodies. With ſhows and cheerful
Muſick comfort 'em.
Ariel. Preſently, Maſter.

Proſp.

Proſp. With a twinkle, *Ariel.* But ſtay, my Spirit;
What is become of my Slave *Caliban*,
And *Sycorax* his Siſter?
Ariel. Potent Sir!
They have caſt off your Service, and revolted
To the wrack'd Mariners, who have already
Parcell'd your Iſland into Governments.
Proſp. No matter, I have now no need of 'em.
But, Spirit, now I ſtay thee on the Wing;
Haſte to perform what I have given in charge:
But ſee they keep within the bounds I ſet 'em.
Ariel. I'll keep 'em in with walls of Adamant,
Inviſible as air to mortal Eyes,
But yet unpaſſable.
Proſp. Make haſte then. [*Exeunt ſeverally.*

SCENE III. *Wild Iſland.*

Enter Alonzo, Antonio, Gonzalo.

Gonz. I am weary, and can go no further, Sir.
Alonz. Old Lord, I cannot blame thee, who am my ſelf ſeiz'd
With a wearineſs, to the dulling of my Spirits: [*They ſit.*
Even here I will put off my hope and keep it no longer
For my Flatterers: he is drown'd whom thus we ſtray to find.
I'm faint with hunger, and muſt deſpair of food. [*Muſick without.*
What! Harmony agen, my good Friends, heark!
Ant. I fear ſome other horrid Apparition.
Give us kind Keepers, Heaven, I beſeech thee!
Gonz. 'Tis cheerful Muſick this, unlike the firſt.

Ariel *and* Milcha *inviſible, ſing.*

Dry thoſe Eyes which are o'rflowing,
All your ſtorms are overblowing:
While you in this Iſle are biding,
You ſhall Feaſt without providing:
Every dainty you can think of,
Ev'ry Wine which you can drink of,
Shall be yours; and want ſhall ſhun you,
Ceres *bleſſing ſo is one you.*

Alonz. This voice ſpeaks comfort to us.
Ant. Wou'd 'twere come; there is no Muſick in a Song
To me, my ſtomach being empty.
Gonz. O for a Heavenly Viſion of Boyl'd,
Bak'd and Roaſted!

[*Dance of fantaſtick Spirits; after the Dance, a Table furniſh'd with Meat and Fruit is brought in by two Spirits.*

Ant. My Lord, the Duke, ſee yonder.
A Table, as I live, ſet out and furniſh'd
With all varieties of Meats and Fruits.

Alonz. 'Tis ſo indeed; but who dares taſte this feaſt
Which Friends provide, perhaps to poiſon us?

Gonz. Why that dare I; if the black Gentleman be ſo ill-natur'd, he may do his pleaſure.

Ant. 'Tis certain we muſt eat or famiſh;
I will encounter it, and feed.

Alonz. If both reſolve, I will adventure too.

Gonz. The Devil may fright me, yet he ſhall not ſtarve me.

[*Two Spirits deſcend and flie away with the Table.*

Alonz. Heav'n! behold, it is as you ſuſpected: 'tis vaniſh'd.
Shall we be always haunted with theſe Fiends?

Ant. Here we ſhall wander till we famiſh.

Gonz. Certainly one of you was ſo wicked as to ſay Grace: This comes on't, when Men will be Godly out of ſeaſon.

Ant. Yonder's another Table, let's try that—— [*Exeunt.*

Enter Trincalo *and* Caliban.

Trinc. Brother Monſter, welcome to my private Palace.
But where's thy Siſter, is ſhe ſo brave a laſs?

Calib. In all this Iſle there are but two more, the Daughters of the Tyrant *Proſpero*; and ſhe is bigger than 'em both. O here ſhe comes; now thou may'ſt judge thy ſelf, my Lord.

Enter Sycorax.

Trinc. She's monſtrous fair indeed. Is this to be my ſpouſe? well, ſhe's Heir of all this Iſle (for I will geld Monſter). The *Trincalo's*, like other wiſe Men, have antiently us'd to marry for Eſtate more than for Beauty.

Syc. I prethee let me have the gay thing about thy neck, and that which dangles at thy wriſt. [Sycorax *points to his Boſens Whiſtle and his Bottle.*

Trinc. My dear Blobber-lips; this, obſerve my Chuck, is a badge of my Sea-office; my fair Fuſs, thou doſt not know it.

Syc. No, my dread Lord.

Trinc. It ſhall be a Whiſtle for our firſt Babe, and when the next Shipwrack puts me again to ſwimming, I'll dive to get a Coral to it.

Syc. I'll be thy pretty Child, and wear it firſt.

Trinc. I prethee, ſweet Baby, do not Play the wanton, and cry for my goods e'r I'm dead. When thou art my Widow, thou ſhalt have the Devil and all.

Syc. May I not have the other fine thing?

Trinc. This is a Sucking-bottle for young *Trincalo.*

Calib. Shall ſhe not taſte of that immortal Liquor?

Trinc. Umph! that's another queſtion: for if ſhe be thus flipant in her Water, what will ſhe be in her Wine?

[*Enter* Ariel *(inviſible) and changes the Bottle which ſtands upon the ground.*

Ariel. There's Water for your Wine. [*Exit* Ariel.

Trinc. Well! ſince it muſt be ſo—— [*Gives her the Bottle.*
How do you like it now, my Queen that muſt be? [*She drinks.*

Syc. Is this your heavenly Liquor?
I'll bring you to a River of the ſame.

Trinc. Wilt thou ſo, Madam Monſter? what a mighty Prince ſhall I be then?

then? I would not change my Dukedom to be great Turk *Trincalo*.

Syc. This is the drink of Frogs.

Trinc. Nay, if the Frogs of this Iſland drink ſuch, they are the merrieſt Frogs in Chriſtendom.

Calib. She does not know the vertue of this Liquor:
I prethee let me drink for her.

Trinc. Well ſaid, Subject Monſter. [Caliban *drinks.*

Calib. My Lord, this is meer Water.

Trinc. 'Tis thou haſt chang'd the Wine then, and drunk it up,
Like a debauch'd Fiſh as thou art. Let me ſee't.
I'll taſte it my ſelf. Element! meer Element! as I live.
It was a cold gulp, ſuch as this, which kill'd my famous
Predeceſſor, old *Simon* the King.

Calib. How does thy honour? prethee be not angry, and I will lick thy ſhoe.

Trinc. I could find in my Heart to turn thee out of my Dominions for a Liquoriſh Monſter.

Calib. O my Lord, I have found it out; this muſt be done by one of *Proſpero*'s Spirits.

Trinc. There's nothing but malice in theſe Devils, I would it had been Holy-water for their ſakes.

Syc. 'Tis no matter, I will cleave to thee.

Trinc. Lovingly ſaid, in troth; now cannot I hold out againſt her.
This Wife-like virtue of hers has overcome me.

Syc. Shall I have thee in my arms?

Trinc. Thou ſhalt have Duke *Trincalo* in thy arms:
But prithee be not too boiſtrous with me at firſt;
Do not diſcourage a young beginner. [*They embrace.*
Stand to your Arms, my Spouſe,
And ſubject Monſter; [*Enter* Steph. Muſt. Vent.
The Enemy is come to ſurpriſe us in our Quarters.
You ſhall know, Rebels, that I am marri'd to a Witch,
And we have a thouſand Spirits of our Party.

Steph. Hold! I ask a Truce; I and my Vice-Roys
(Finding no food, and but a ſmall remainder of Brandy)
Are come to treat a Peace betwixt us,
Which may be for the good of both Armies,
Therefore *Trincalo*, disband.

Trinc. Plain *Trincalo*, methinks I might have been a Duke in your mouth;
I'll not accept of your Embaſſie without my Title.

Steph. A Title ſhall break no ſquares betwixt us:
Vice-Roys, give him his ſtyle of Duke, and treat with him,
Whilſt I walk by in ſtate.
[Ventoſo *and* Muſtacho *bow, whilſt* Trincalo *puts on his Cap.*

Muſt. Our Lord and Maſter, Duke *Stephano*, has ſent us
In the firſt place to demand of you, upon what
Ground you make War againſt him, having no right
To govern here, as being elected only by
Your own Voice.

Trinc. To this I anſwer, that having in the face of the World
Eſpous'd the lawful Inherittix of this Iſland,
Queen *Blouze* the Firſt, and having homage done me,
By this Hectoring Spark her Brother, from theſe two
I claim a lawful Title to this Iſland.

Muſt. Who that Monſter? he a Hector?

Calib. Lo! how he mocks me, wilt thou let him, my Lord?

Trinc. Vice-Roys! keep good tongues in your heads,
I adviſe you, and proceed to your buſineſs.

Muſt. Firſt and foremoſt, as to your claim that you have anſwer'd.

Vent. But ſecond and foremoſt, we demand of you,
That if we make a Peace, the Butt alſo may be
Comprehended in the Treaty.

Trinc. I cannot treat with my honour without your ſubmiſſion.

Steph. I underſtand, being preſent, from my Embaſſadors, what your reſolution is, and ask an hour's time of deliberation, and ſo I take our leave; but firſt I deſire to be entertain'd at your But, as becomes a Prince and his Embaſſadors.

Trinc. That I refuſe, till acts of hoſtility be ceas'd
Theſe Rogues are rather Spies than Embaſſadors;
I muſt take heed of my Butt. They come to pry
Into the ſecrets of my Dukedom.

Vent. Trincalo, you are a barbarous Prince, and ſo farewel.

[*Exeunt* Steph. Muſt. Vent.

Trinc. Subject Monſter! ſtand you Centry before my Cellar; my Queen and I will enter, and feaſt our ſelves within. [*Exeunt*

Enter Ferdinand, Ariel *and* Milcha (*inviſible.*)

Ferd. How far will this inviſible Muſician conduct
My ſteps? he hovers ſtill about me, whether
For good or ill, I cannot tell, nor care I much;
For I have been ſo long a ſlave to chance, that
I'm as weary of her flatteries as her frowns.
But here I am——

Ariel. Here I am.

Ferd. Hah! art thou ſo? the Spirit's turn'd an Echo:
This might ſeem pleaſant, could the burthen of my
Griefs accord with any thing but ſighs.
And my laſt words, like thoſe of dying men,
Need no reply. Fain I would go to ſhades, where
Few would wiſh to follow me.

Ariel. Follow me.

Ferd. This evil Spirit grows importunate,
But I'll not take his counſel.

Ariel. Take his counſel.

Ferd. It may be the Devil's counſel, I'll never take it.

Ariel. Take it.

Ferd. I will diſcourſe no more with thee,
Nor follow one ſtep further.

Ariel.

Ariel. One ſtep further.

Ferd. This muſt have more importance than an Echo:
Some Spirit tempts to a precipice.
I'll try if it will anſwer when I ſing
My ſorrows to the murmur of this Brook.

He ſings.

Go thy way.
Ariel. *Go thy way.*
Ferd. *Why ſhouldſt thou ſtay?*
Ariel. *Why ſhould thou ſtay?*
Ferd. *Where the winds whiſtle, and where the ſtreams creep,*
Under yond Willow-tree, fain would I ſleep.
Then let me alone,
For 'tis time to be gone.
Ariel. *For 'tis time to be gone.*
Ferd. *What cares or pleaſures can be in this Iſle?*
Within this deſart place
There lives no humane race;
Fate cannot frown here, nor kind fortune ſmile.
Ariel. *Kind Fortune ſmiles, and ſhe*
Has yet in ſtore for thee
Some ſtrange felicity.
Follow me, follow me,
And thou ſhalt ſee.

Ferd. I'll take thy word for once;
Lead on Muſician. [*Exeunt and return.*

SCENE IV. *The Cypreſs-Trees and Caves.*

Scene changes, and diſcovers Proſpero *and* Miranda.

Proſp. Advance the fringed Curtains of thine Eyes, and ſay what thou ſeeſt yonder.

Mir. Is it a Spirit?
Lord! how it looks about! Sir, I confeſs it carries a brave form.
But 'tis a Spirit.

Proſp. No Girl, it eats, and ſleeps, and has ſuch ſenſes as we have. This young Gallant, whom thou ſeeſt, was in the wrack; were he not ſomewhat ſtain'd with grief (Beauty's worſt canker) thou might'ſt call him a goodly Perſon; he has loſt his Company, and ſtrays about to find 'em.

Mir. I might call him a thing Divine, for nothing natural I ever ſaw ſo noble.

Proſp. It goes on as my Soul prompts it; Spirit, fine Spirit. I'll free thee within two days for this.

Ferd. She's ſure the Miſtriſs on whom theſe Airs attend. Fair Excellence, if, as your form declares, you are Divine, be pleas'd to inſtruct me how you will be worſhip'd; ſo bright a beauty cannot ſure belong to humane kind.

Mir. I am, like you, a Mortal, if ſuch you are.

Ferd. My language too! O Heavn's! I am the beſt of them who ſpeak the Speech when I'm in my own Country.

Proſp.

Proſp. How, the beſt? What wert thou if the Duke of *Savoy* heard thee?
Ferd. As I am now, who wonders to hear thee ſpeak of *Savoy*: he does hear me, and that he does I weep, my ſelf am *Savoy*, whoſe fatal Eyes (e'r ſince at ebb) beheld the Duke my Father wrack'd.
Mir. Alack! for pity.
Proſp. At the firſt ſight they have chang'd Eyes, dear *Ariel*,
I'll ſet thee free for this——young Sir, a word.
With hazard of your ſelf you do me wrong.
Mir. Why ſpeaks my Father ſo urgently?
This is the third Man that e'r I ſaw, the firſt whom
E'r I ſigh'd for, ſweet Heaven move my Father
To be inclin'd my way.
Ferd. O! if a Virgin! and your affections not gone forth,
I'll make you Miſtriſs of *Savoy*.
Proſp. Soft, Sir! one word more.
They are in each others power, but this ſwift
Buſ'neſs I muſt uneaſie make, leſt too light
Winning make the prize light——one word more.
Thou uſurp'ſt the name not due to thee, and haſt
Put thy ſelf upon this Iſland as a Spy to get the
Government from me the Lord of it.
Ferd. No, as I'm a Man.
Mir. There's nothing ill can dwell in ſuch a Temple,
If th' evil Spirit hath ſo fair a Houſe,
Good things will ſtrive to dwell with it.
Proſp. No more, Speak not for him, he's a Traytor.
Come! thou art my Priſ'ner, and ſhalt be in
Bonds. Sea-water ſhalt thou drink, thy food
Shall be the freſh-Brook Muſcles, wither'd Roots,
And Huſks, wherein the Acorn crawl'd; follow.
Ferd. No, I will reſiſt ſuch entertainment,
Till my Enemy has more power. [*He draws, and is charm'd from moving.*
Mir. O dear Father! make not too raſh a trial
Of him, for he's gentle, and not fearful.
Proſp. My Child, my Tutor! put thy Sword up, Traytor,
Who mak'ſt a ſhow, but dar'ſt not ſtrike: thy
Conſcience is poſſeſs'd with guilt. Come from
Thy Ward, for I can here diſarm thee with
This Wand, and make thy Weapon drop.
Mir. 'Beſeech you Father.
Proſp. Hence: hang not on my Garment.
Mir. Sir, have pity,
I'll be his Surety.
Proſp. Silence! one word more ſhall make me chide thee,
If not hate thee: what, an Advocate for an
Impoſtor? ſure thou think'ſt there are no more
Such ſhapes as his?
To the moſt of Men this is a *Caliban*,

And

And they to him are Angels.
Mir. My affections are then moſt humble,
I have no ambition to ſee a goodlier Man.
Proſp. Come on, obey:
Thy Nerves are in their infancy again, and have
No vigour in them.
Ferd. So they are:
My Spirits, as in a Dream, and all bound up:
My Father's loſs, the weakneſs which I feel,
The wrack of all my Friends, and this Man's threats,
To whom I am ſubdu'd, would ſeem light to me,
Might I but once a day through my Priſon behold this Maid:
All corners elſe o'th' Earth let liberty make uſe of:
I have ſpace enough in ſuch a Priſon.
Proſp. It works: come on:
Thou haſt done well, fine *Ariel*: follow me.
Heark what thou ſhalt more do for me. [*Whiſpers* Ariel.
Mir. Be of comfort!
My Father's of a better nature, Sir,
Than he appears by Speech: this is unwonted
Which now came from him.

Thou ſhalt be as free as Mountain Winds:
But then exactly do all points of my Command.
Ariel. To a ſyllable. [*Exit* Ariel.
Proſp. to Mir. Go in that way, ſpeak not a word for him:
I'll ſeparate you. [*Exit* Miranda.
Ferd. As ſoon thou may'ſt divide the Waters,
When thou ſtrik'ſt 'em, which purſue thy bootleſs blow,
And meet when 'tis paſt.
Proſp. Go practiſe your Philoſophy within,
And if you are the ſame you ſpeak your ſelf,
Bear your afflictions like a Prince——That door
Shews you your Lodging.
Ferd. 'Tis in vain to ſtrive, I muſt obey. [*Exit* Ferd.
Proſp. This goes as would wiſh it.
Now for my ſecond care *Hippolito*.
I ſhall not need to chide him for his fault,
His Paſſion is become his puniſhment.
Come forth, *Hippolito*.
Hip. Entring. 'Tis *Proſpero*'s Voice.
Proſp. Hippolito! I know you now expect I ſhould ſeverely chide you: you have ſeen a Woman in contempt of my commands.
Hip. But, Sir, you ſee I am come off unharm'd;
I told you, that you need not doubt my Courage.
Proſp. You think you have receiv'd no hurt?
Hip. No, none, Sir.
Try me agen, when e'r you pleaſe I'm ready:

I think I cannot fear an Army of 'em.

Proſp. How much in vain it is to bridle Nature! [*Aſide.*
Well! what was the ſucceſs of your encounter?

Hip. Sir, we had none, we yielded both at firſt,
For I took her to mercy, and ſhe me.

Proſp. But are you not much chang'd from what you were?

Hip. Methinks I wiſh and wiſh! for what I know not,
But ſtill I wiſh———yet if I had that Woman
She, I believe, could tell me what I wiſh for.

Proſp. What wou'd you do to make that Woman yours?

Hip. I'd quit the reſt o' th' World that I might live alone with Her, ſhe never ſhould be from me:
We two would ſit and look till our Eyes ak'd.

Proſp. You'd ſoon be weary of her.

Hip. O, Sir, never.

Proſp. But you'll grow old and wrinkl'd, as you ſee me now,
And then you will not care for her.

Hip. You may do what you pleaſe, but, Sir, we two can never poſſibly grow old.

Proſp. You muſt, *Hippolito.*

Hip. Whether we will or no, Sir, who ſhall make us?

Proſp. Nature, which made me ſo.

Hip. But you have told me her works are various;
She made you old, but ſhe has made us young.

Proſp. Time will convince you.
Mean while be ſure you tread in honours paths,
That you may merit her: And that you may not want
Fit occaſions to employ your virtue, in this next
Cave there is a ſtranger lodg'd, one of your kind,
Young, of a noble preſence, and, as he ſays himſelf,
Of Princely birth; he is my Priſ'ner, and in deep
Affliction: viſit, and comfort him; it will become you.

Hip. It is my duty, Sir. [*Exit* Hippolito.

Proſp. True, he has ſeen a Woman, yet he lives; perhaps I took the moment of his birth amiſs, perhaps my Art it ſelf is falſe: on what ſtrange ground we build our hopes and fears, Man's Life is all a miſt, and in the dark our Fortunes meet us.
If fate be not, then what can we foreſee?
Or how can we avoid it, if it be?
If by free-will in our own paths we move,
How are we bounded by Decrees above?
Whether we drive, or whether we are driven,
If ill, 'tis ours; if good, the act of Heaven. [*Exit* Proſpero.

Scene, a Cave.

Enter Hippolito *and* Ferdinand.

Ferd. Your pity, noble youth doth much oblige me,
Indeed 'twas ſad to loſe a Father ſo.

Hip. I, and an onely Father too, for ſure you ſ

You

You had but one.

Ferd. But one Father, he's wondrous ſimple! [*Aſide.*

Hip. Are ſuch misfortunes frequent in your World,
Where many men live.

Ferd. Such are we born to.
But, gentle Youth, as you have queſtion'd me,
So give me leave to ask you, what you are?

Hip. Do not you know?

Ferd. How ſhould I?

Hip. I well hop'd I was a Man, but by your ignorance
Of what I am, I fear it is not ſo:
Well, *Proſpero!* this is now the ſecond time
You have deceiv'd me.

Ferd. Sir, there is no doubt you are a Man:
But I would know of whence?

Hip. Why, of this World, I never was in yours.

Ferd. Have you a Father?

Hip. I was told I had one, and that he was a Man, yet I have been ſo much deceived, I dare not tell't you for a truth; but I have ſtill been kept a Priſoner for fear of Women.

Ferd. They indeed are dangerous, for ſince I came, I have beheld one here, whoſe Beauty pierc'd my heart.

Hip. How did ſhe pierce, you ſeem not hurt.

Ferd. Alas! the wound was made by her bright Eyes,
And feſters by her abſence.
But, to ſpeak plainer to you, Sir, I love her.

Hip. Now I ſuſpect that love's the very thing, that I feel too! pray tell me truly, Sir, are you not grown unquiet ſince you ſaw her?

Ferd. I take no reſt.

Hip. Juſt, juſt my diſeaſe.
Do you not wiſh you do not know for what?

Ferd. O no! I know too well for what I wiſh.

Hip. There, I confeſs, I differ from you, Sir:
But you deſire ſhe may be always with you?

Ferd. I can have no felicity without her.

Hip. Juſt my condition! alas, gentle Sir,
I'll pity you, and you ſhall pity me.

Ferd. I love ſo much, that if I have her not,
I find I cannot live.

Hip. How! do you love her?
And would you have her too? that muſt not be:
For none but I muſt have her.

Ferd. But perhaps we do not love the ſame:
All Beauties are not pleaſing alike to all.

Hip. Why are there more fair Women, Sir,
Beſides that one I love?

Ferd. That's a ſtrange queſtion. There are many more beſides that Beauty which you love.

Hip. I will have all of that kind, if there be a hundred of 'em.
Ferd. But, noble Youth, you know not what you ſay.
Hip. Sir, they are things I love, I cannot be without 'em:
O, how I rejoyce! more Women!
Ferd. Sir, if you love, you muſt be ty'd to one.
Hip. Ty'd! how ty'd to her?
Ferd. To love none but her.
Hip. But, Sir, I find it is againſt my nature.
I muſt love where I like, and I believe I may like all,
All that are fair: come! bring me to this Woman,
For I muſt have her.
Ferd. His ſimplicity [*Aſide.*
Is ſuch that I can ſcarce be angry with him.
Perhaps, ſweet Youth, when you behold her,
You will find you do not love her.
Hip. I find already I love becauſe ſhe is another Woman.
Ferd. You cannot love two Women both at once.
Hip. Sure 'tis my duty to love all who do reſemble
Her whom I've already ſeen. I'll have as many as I can,
That are ſo good, and Angel like, as ſhe I love;
And will have yours.
Ferd. Pretty Youth, you cannot.
Hip. I can do any thing for that I love.
Ferd. I may, perhaps, by force, reſtrain you from it:
Hip. Why do ſo if you can. But either promiſe me
To love no Woman, or you muſt try your force.
Ferd. I cannot help it, I muſt love.
Hip. Well you may love, for *Proſpero* taught me Friendſhip too: you ſhall love me and other Men if you can find 'em, but all the Angel-women ſhall be mine.
Ferd. I muſt break off this Conference, or he will
Urge me elſe beyond what I can bear.
Sweet Youth! ſome other time we will ſpeak
Farther concerning both our loves; at preſent
I am indiſpos'd with wearineſs and grief,
And would, if you are pleas'd, retire a while.
Hip. Some other time be it? but, Sir, remember
That I both ſeek and much intreat your Friendſhip,
For next to Women, I find I can love you.
Ferd. I thank you, Sir, I will conſider of it. [*Exit* Ferdinand.
Hip. This ſtranger does inſult, and comes into my
World to take thoſe heavenly beauties from me,
Which I believe I am inſpir'd to love,
And yet he ſaid he did deſire but one.
He would be poor in love, but I'll be rich:
I now perceive that *Proſpero* was cunning;
For when he frighted me from Woman-kind,
Thoſe precious things he for himſelf deſign'd. [*Exit.*

ACT

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Cypreſs-Trees and Cave.

Enter Proſpero *and* Miranda.

Proſp. YOur ſuit has pity in't, and has prevail'd.
Within this Cave he lies, and you may ſee him:
But yet take heed; let Prudence be your Guide;
You muſt not ſtay, your viſit muſt be ſhort. [*She's going.*
One thing I had forgot; inſinuate into his mind.
A kindneſs to that Youth, whom firſt you ſaw;
I would have Friendſhip grow betwixt 'em.

Mir. You ſhall be obey'd in all things.

Proſp. Be earneſt to unite their very Souls.

Mir. I ſhall endeavour it.

Proſp. This may ſecure *Hippolito* from that dark danger which my Art forebodes; for Friendſhip does provide a double ſtrength t' oppoſe the aſſaults of Fortune. [*Exit.* Proſpero.

Enter Ferdinand.

Ferd. To be Pris'ner where I dearly love, is but a double tye, a Link of Fortune join'd to the Chain of Love; but not to ſee her, and yet to be ſo near her, there's the hardſhip: I feel my ſelf as on a Rack, ſtretch'd out, and nigh the ground, on which I might have eaſe, yet cannot reach it.

Mir. Sir! my Lord! where are you?

Ferd. Is it your Voice, my Love? or do I dream?

Mir. Speak ſoftly, it is I.

Ferd. O Heavenly Creature! ten times more gentle than your Father's Cruel, how, on a ſudden, all my griefs are vaniſh'd!

Mir. How do you bear your Priſon?

Ferd. 'Tis my Palace while you are here, and love and ſilence wait upon our wiſhes; do but think we chuſe it, and 'tis what we would chuſe.

Mir. I'm ſure what I would.
But how can I be certain that you love me?
Look to't; for I will die when you are falſe.
I've heard my Father tell of Maids, who dy'd
And haunted their falſe Lovers with their Ghoſts.

Ferd. Your Ghoſts muſt take another form to fright me,
This ſhape will be too pleaſing: do I love you?
O Heaven! O Earth! bear witneſs to this ſound,
If I prove falſe——

Mir. Oh hold, you ſhall not ſwear;
For Heav'n will hate you if you prove forſworn.

Ferd. Did I not love, I could no more endure this undeſerv'd Captivity, than I could wiſh to gain my freedom with the loſs of you.

Mir. I am a Fool to weep at what I'm glad of: but I have a ſuit to you, and that, Sir, ſhall be now the only trial of your love.

Ferd. Y'ave ſaid enough, never to be deny'd, were it my life; for you have far o'rbid the price of all that humane life is worth.

Mir. Sir, 'tis to love one for my ſake, who for his own deſerves all the reſpect which you can ever pay him.

Ferd. You mean your Father: do not think his uſage can make me hate him; when he gave you being, he then did that which cancell'd all theſe wrongs.

Mir. I meant not him, for that was a requeſt, which if you love, I ſhould not need to urge.

Ferd. Is there another whom I ought to love?
And love him for your ſake?

Mir. Yes ſuch a one, who, for his ſweetneſs and his goodly ſhape, (if I, who am unskill'd in forms, may judge) I think can ſcare be equall'd:
'Tis a Youth, a Stranger too as you are.

Ferd. Of ſuch a graceful feature, and muſt I for your ſake love?

Mir. Yes, Sir, do you ſcruple to grant the firſt requeſt I ever made? he's wholly unacquainted with the World, and wants your Converſation. You ſhould have compaſſion on ſo meer a ſtranger.

Ferd. Thoſe need compaſſion whom you diſcommend, not whom you praiſe.

Mir. Come you muſt love him for my ſake: you ſhall.

Ferd. Muſt I for yours, and cannot for my own?
Either you do not love, or think that I do not:
But when you bid me love him, I muſt hate him.

Mir. Have I ſo far offended you already,
That he offends you only for my ſake?
Yet ſure you would not hate him, if you ſaw
Him as I have done, ſo full of youth and beauty.

Ferd. O poiſon to my hopes! [*Aſide.*
When he did viſit me, and I did mention this
Beauteous Creature to him, he did then tell me
He would have her.

Mir. Alas what mean you?

Ferd. It is too plain: like moſt of her frail Sex, ſhe's falſe,
But has not learn'd the art to hide it;
Nature has done her part, ſhe loves variety:
Why did I think that any Woman could be innocent,
Becauſe ſhe's young? No, no, their Nurſes teach them
Change, when with two Nipples they divide their
Liking.

Mir. I fear I have offended you, and yet I meant no harm:
But if you pleaſe to hear me —— [*A noiſe within.*
Heark, Sir! now I am ſure my Father's comes, I know
His ſteps; dear Love, retire a while, I fear
I've ſtaid too long.

Ferd. Too long indeed, and yet not long enough; Oh Jealouſie!
Oh Love! how you diſtract me? [*Exit* Ferdinand.

Mir. He appears diſpleas'd with that young man, I know
Not why: but, till I find from whence his hate proceeds,
I muſt conceal it from my Father's knowledge,

For

For he will think that guiltleſs I have caus'd it;
And ſuffer me no more to ſee my Love. [*Enter* Proſpero.
Proſp. Now I have been indulgent to your wiſh,
You have ſeen the Priſoner.
Mir. Yes.
Proſp. And he ſpake to you?
Mir. He ſpoke; but he receiv'd ſhort anſwers from me.
Proſp. How like you his converſe?
Mir. At ſecond ſight
A Man does not appear ſo rare a Creature.
Proſp. Aſide. I find ſhe loves him much becauſe ſhe hides it.
Love teaches cunning even to innocence. Well go in.
Mir. Aſide. Forgive me, truth, for thus diſguiſing thee; if I can make him think I do not Love the ſtranger much, he'l let me ſee him oftner. [*Exit* Miranda.
Proſp. Stay! ſtay——I had forgot to ask her what ſhe had ſaid
Of young *Hippolito*! Oh! here he comes! and with him
My *Dorinda*. I'll not be ſeen, let [*Enter* Hippolito *and* Dorinda.
Their loves grow in ſecret. [*Exit* Proſpero.
Hip. But why are you ſo ſad?
Dor. But why are you ſo joyful?
Hip. I have within me all the various Muſick of
The Woods. Since laſt I ſaw you, I have heard brave news!
I'll tell you, and make you joyful for me.
Dor. Sir, when I ſaw you firſt, I, through my Eyes, drew
Something in, I know not what it is;
But ſtill it entertains me with ſuch thoughts,
As makes me doubtful whether joy becomes me.
Hip. Pray believe me;
As I'm a Man, I'll tell you bleſſed news,
I have heard there are more Women in the World,
As fair as you too.
Dor. Is this your news? you ſee it moves not me.
Hip. And I'll have 'em all.
Dor. What will become of me then?
Hip. I'll have you too.
But are not you acquainted with theſe Women?
Dor. I never ſaw but one.
Hip. Is there but one here?
This is a baſe poor World, I'll go to th' other;
I've heard Men have abundance of 'em there.
But pray where is that one Woman?
Dor. Who, my Siſter?
Hip. Is ſhe your Siſter? I'm glad o' that: you ſhall help me to her, and I'll
love you for't. [*Offers to take her hand.*
Dor. Away! I will not have you touch my hand.
My Father's counſel which enjoin'd reſervedneſs, [*Aſide.*
Was not in vain, I ſee.
Hip. What makes you ſhun me? *Dor.*

Dor. You need not care, you'll have my Sister's hand.
Hip. Why, muſt not he who touches hers, touch yours?
Dor. You mean to love her too.
Hip. Do not you love her?
Then why ſhould not I do ſo?
Dor. She is my Siſter, and therefore I muſt love her:
But you cannot love both of us.
Hip. I warrant you I can:
Oh that you had more Siſters!
Dor. You may love her, but then I'll not love you.
Hip. O but you muſt;
One is enough for you, but not for me.
Dor. My Siſter told me ſhe had ſeen another;
A Man like you, and ſhe lik'd only him;
Therefore if one muſt be enough for her,
He is that one, and then you cannot have her.
Hip. If ſhe like him, ſhe may like both of us.
Dor. But how if I ſhould change and like that Man?
Would you be willing to permit that change?
Hip. No, for you lik'd me firſt.
Dor. So you did me.
Hip. But I would never have you ſee that Man;
I cannot bear it.
Dor. I'll ſee neither of you.
Hip. Yes, me you may, for we are now acquainted;
But he's the Man of whom your Father warn'd you:
O! he's a terrible, huge, monſtrous Creature,
I am but a Woman to him.
Dor. I will ſee him,
Except you'll promiſe not to ſee my Siſter.
Hip. Yes, for your ſake, I needs muſt ſee your Siſter.
Dor. But ſhe's a terrible, huge Creature too; if I were not
Her Siſter, ſhe would eat me; therefore take heed.
Hip. I heard that ſhe was fair, and like you.
Dor. No, indeed, ſhe's like my Father, with a great Beard,
'Twould fright you to look on her,
Therefore that Man and ſhe may go together,
They are fit for no body, but one another.
Hip. looking in. Yonder he comes with glaring Eyes, fly! fly! before he ſees you.
Dor. Muſt we part ſo ſoon?
Hip. Y' are a loſt Woman if you ſee him.
Dor. I would not willingly be loſt, for fear you
Should not find me, I'll avoid him. [*Exit* Dorinda.
Hip. She fain would have deceived me, but I know her
Siſter muſt be fair, for ſhe's a Woman;
All of a kind that I have ſeen are like to one
Another: all the Creatures of the Rivers and the Woods are ſo. [*Enter* Ferd.

Ferd.

Ferd. O! well encounter'd, you are the happy Man!
have got the hearts of both the beauteous Women.
Hip. How! Sir? pray are you ſure on't?
Ferd. One of 'em charg'd me to love you for her ſake.
Hip. Then I muſt have her.
Ferd. No, not till I am dead.
Hip. How dead? what's that? But whatſoe'r it be,
I long to have her.
Ferd. Time and my grief may make me die.
Hip. But for a Friend you ſhould make haſte; I ne'r ask'd
Any thing of you before.
Ferd. I ſee your Ignorance;
And therefore will inſtruct you in my meaning.
The Woman, whom I love, ſaw you, and lov'd you.
Now, Sir, if you love her, you'll cauſe my Death.
Hip. Be ſure I'll do't then.
Ferd. But I am your Friend;
And I requeſt you that you would not love her.
Hip. When Friends requeſt unreaſonable things,
Sure th' are to be deny'd: you ſay ſhe's fair,
And I muſt love all who are fair; for, to tell
You a ſecret, Sir, which I have lately found
Within my ſelf; they're all made for me.
Ferd. That's but a fond conceit: you are made for one, and one for you.
Hip. You cannot tell me, Sir,
I know I'm made for twenty hundred Women.
(I mean if there be ſo many i' th' World)
So that if once I ſee her, I ſhall love her.
Ferd. Then do not ſee her.
Hip. Yes, Sir, I muſt ſee her.
For I would fain have my heart beat again,
Juſt as it did when I firſt ſaw her Sifter.
Ferd. I find I muſt not let you ſee her then.
Hip. How will you hinder me?
Ferd. By force of Arms.
Hip. By force of Arms?
My Arms perhaps may be as ſtrong as yours.
Ferd. He's ſtill ſo ignorant that I pity him, and fain
Would avoid Force: pray do not ſee her, ſhe was
Mine firſt; you have no right to her.
Hip. I have not yet conſider'd what is right, but, Sir,
I know my inclinations, are to love all Women:
And I have been taught, that to diſſemble what I
Think, is baſe. In honour then of truth, I muſt
Declare that I do love, and I will ſee your Woman.
Ferd. Wou'd you be willing I ſhould ſee and love your
Woman, and endeavour ſo ſeduce her from that
Affection which ſhe vow'd to you?
Hip. I would not you ſhould do it, but if ſhe ſhould

Love you beſt, I cannot hinder her.
But, Sir, for fear ſhe ſhou'd, I will provide againſt
The worſt, and try to get your Woman.
Ferd. But I pretend no claim at all to yours;
Beſides you are more beautiful than I,
And fitter to allure unpractis'd hearts.
Therefore I once more beg you will not ſee her.
Hip. I'm glad you let me know I have ſuch beauty,
If that will get me Women, they ſhall have it
As far as e'r 'twill go: I'll never want 'em.
Ferd. Then ſince you have refus'd this act of Friendſhip,
Provide your ſelf a Sword, for we muſt fight.
Hip. A Sword, what's that?
Ferd. Why ſuch a thing as this.
Hip. What ſhould I do with it.
Ferd. You muſt ſtand thus, and puſh againſt me,
While I puſh at you, till one of us fall dead.
Hip. This is brave ſport;
But we have no Swords growing in our World.
Ferd. What ſhall we do then to decide our quarrel?
Hip. We'll take the Sword by turns, and fight with it.
Ferd. Strange Ignorance! you muſt defend your life,
And ſo muſt I: but ſince you have no Sword,
Take this; for in a corner of my Cave [*Gives him his Sword.*
I found a ruſty one; perhaps 'twas his who keeps
Me Pris'ner here: that I will fit
When next we meet, prepare your ſelf to fight.
Hip. Make haſte then, this ſhall ne'r be yours agen.
I mean to fight with all the Men I meet, and
When they are dead, their Women ſhall be mine.
Ferd. I ſee you are unskilful; I deſire not to take
Your Life, but if you pleaſe, we'll fight on
Theſe conditions; He who firſt draws bloud,
Or who can take the others Weapon from him,
Shall be acknowledg'd as the Conquerour,
And both the Women ſhall be his.
Hip. Agreed, and ev'ry day I'll fight for two more with you.
Ferd. But win theſe firſt.
Hip. I'll warrant you I'll puſh you. [*Exeunt ſeverally.*

SCENE II. *The wild Iſland.*

Enter Trincalo, Caliban, Sycorax.

Calib. My Lord, I ſee 'em coming yonder.
Trinc. Whom?
Calib. The ſtarv'd Prince, and his two thirſty Subjects,
That would have our Liquor.
Trinc. If thou wert a Monſter of parts, I would make thee My

My Maſter of Ceremonies, to conduct 'em in.
The Devil take all Dunces, thou haſt loſt a brave
Employment by not being a Linguiſt, and for want
Of behaviour.

Syc. My Lord, ſhall I go meet 'em? I'll be kind to all of 'em.
Juſt as I am to thee.

Trinc. No, that's againſt the Fundamental Laws of my Dukedom: you are in a high place, Spouſe, and muſt give good Example. Here they come, we'll put on the gravity of Stateſmen, and be very dull, that we may be held wiſe.

Enter Stephano, Ventoſo, Muſtacho.

Vent. Duke *Trincalo*, we have conſider'd.

Trinc. Peace, or War?

Muſt. Peace, and the Butt.

Steph. I Come now as a private Perſon, and promiſe to live peaceably under your Government.

Trinc. You ſhall enjoy the benefits of Peace; and the firſt fruits of it, amongſt all Civil Nations, is to be drunk for joy. *Caliban*, skink about.

Steph. I long to have a Rowſe to her Graces Health, and to the *Hawnſe in Kelder*, or rather Haddock in *Kelder*, for I gueſs it will be half Fiſh. [*Aſide.*

Trinc. Subject *Stephano*, here's to thee; and let old quarrels be drown'd in this draught. [*Drinks.*

Steph. Great Magiſtrate, here's thy Siſter's health to thee. [*Drinks to* Caliban.

Syc. He ſhall not drink of that immortal Liquor:
My Lord, let him drink Water.

Trinc. O Sweet-heart, you muſt not ſhame your ſelf to day.
Gentlemen Subjects, pray bear with her good Huſwifry:
She wants a little breeding, but ſhe's hearty.

Muſt. Ventoſo, here's to thee. Is it not better to pierce the Butt, than to quarrel and pierce one another's Bellies?

Vent. Let it come, Boy.

Trinc. Now would I lay greatneſs aſide, and ſhake my heels, if I had but Muſick.

Calib. O my Lord! my Mother left us in her Will a hundred Spirits to attend us, Devils of all ſorts, ſome great roaring Devils, and ſome little ſinging Sprights.

Syc. Shall we call? and thou ſhalt hear them in the air.

Trinc. I accept the motion: let us have our Mother-in-law's Legacy immediately.

Calib. ſings. *We want Muſick, we want Mirth,*
Up, Dam, and cleave the Earth:
We have now no Lords that wrong us,
Send thy merry Sprights among us.

Trinc. What a merry Tyrant am I, to have my Muſick, and pay nothing for't?

[*A Table riſes, and four Spirits with Wine and Meat enter, placing it, as they dance, on the Table: The Dance ended, the Bottles vaniſh, and the Table ſinks again.*

Vent. The Bottle's drunk.

Muſt. Then the Bottle's a weak ſhallow Fellow, if it be drunk firſt.

Trinc. Stephano, give, me thy hand:
Thou haſt been a Rebel, but here's to thee: [*Drinks.*
Prithee why ſhould we quarrel? ſhall I ſwear
Two Oaths? By Bottle, and by Butt I love thee:
In witneſs whereof I drink ſoundly.

Steph. Your Grace ſhall find there's no love loſt,
For I will pledge you ſoundly.

Trinc. Thou haſt been a falſe Rebel, but that's all one;
Pledge my Grace faithfully.

Trinc. Caliban,
Go to the Butt, and tell me how it ſounds:
Peer *Stephano*, doſt thou love me?

Steph. I love your Grace, and all your Princely Family.

Trinc. 'Tis no matter if thou lov'ſt me? hang my Family:
Thou art my Friend, prithee tell me what
Thou think'ſt of my Princeſs?

Steph. I look on her, as on a very noble Princeſs.

Trinc. Noble? Indeed ſhe had a Witch to her Mother, and the Witches are of great Families in *Lapland*, but the Devil was her Father, and I have heard of the Mounſor *De-Viles* in *France*; but look on her Beauty, is ſhe a fit Wife for Duke *Trincalo*? mark her Behaviour too, ſhe's tipling yonder with the Serving men.

Steph. An't pleaſe your Grace, ſhe's ſomewhat homely; but that's no blemiſh in a Princeſs. She is Virtuous.

Trinc. Umph! Virtuous! I am loath to diſparage her;
But thou art my Friend, canſt thou be cloſe?

Steph. As a ſtopt Bottle, an't pleaſe your Grace. [*Enter* Calib. *again with a Bottle.*

Trinc. Why then I'll tell thee, I found her an hour ago under an Elder-Tree, upon a ſweet Bed of Nettles, ſinging Tory, Rory, and Ranthum, Scantum, with her own Natural Brother.

Steph. O Jew! make love in her own Tribe?

Trinc. But 'tis no matter: To tell thee true, I marri'd her to be a great Man, and ſo forth: but make no words on't, for I care not who knows it, and ſo here's to thee agen: Give me the Bottle, *Caliban!* did you knock the But? how does it ſound?

Calib. It ſounds as though it had a noiſe within.

Trinc. I fear the Butt begins to rattle in the throat, and is departing: give me the Bottle. [*Drinks.*

Muſt. A ſhort life and a merry, I ſay. [Steph. *whiſpers* Sycorax.

Syc. But did he tell you ſo?

Steph. He ſaid you were as ugly as your Mother, and that he Marry'd you only to get poſſeſſion of the Iſland.

Syc. My Mother's Devils fetch him for't.

Steph. And your Father's too: Hem! Skink about his Grace's health agen. O if you will but caſt an Eye of pity upon me ——

Syc.

Syc. I will caſt two Eyes of pity on thee: I love thee more than Haws, or Black-berries, I have a hoard of Wildings in the Moſs, my Brother knows not of 'em; but I'll bring thee where they are.

Steph. Trincalo was but my Man when time was.

Syc. Wert thou his God, and didſt thou give him Liquor?

Steph. I gave him Brandy, and drunk Sack my ſelf: Wilt thou leave him, and thou ſhalt be my Princeſs?

Syc. If thou canſt make me gald with this Liquor.

Steph. I'll warrant thee we'll ride into the Country where it grows.

Syc. How wilt thou carry me thither?

Steph. Upon a Hackney-Devil of thy Mothers.

Trinc. What's that you will do? hah! I hope you have not betray'd me? how does my Pigs-nye [*To* Sycorax.

Syc. Be gone! thou ſhalt not be my Lord, thou ſay'ſt I'm ugly.

Trinc. Did you tell her ſo——hah! he's a Rogue, do not believe him, Chuck.

Steph. The foul words were yours: I will not ear 'em for you.

Trinc. I ſee if once a Rebel, then ever a Rebel. Did I receive thee into Grace for this? I will correct thee with my Royal Hand. [*Strikes* Stephano.

Syc. Doſt thou hurt my Love? [*Flies at* Trincalo.

Trinc. Where are our Guards? Treaſon! Treaſon!

[Vent. Muſt. Calib. *run betwixt.*

Vent. Who took up Arms firſt, the Prince or the People?

Trinc. This falſe Traitor has corrupted the Wife of my Boſom.

[*Whiſpers* Muſtacho *haſtily.*

Muſtacho, ſtrike on my aſide, and thou ſhalt be my Vice-Roy.

Muſt. I'm againſt Rebels! *Ventoſo*, obey your Vice-Roy.

Vent. You a Vice-Roy? [*They two fight off from the reſt.*

Steph. Hah! Hector Monſter! do you ſtand neuter?

Calib. Thou would'ſt drink my Liquor, I will not help thee.

Syc. 'Twas his doing that I had ſuch a Husband, but I'll claw him.

[Syc. *and* Calib. *fight*; Syc. *beating him off the Stage.*

Trinc. The whole Nation is up in Arms, and ſhall I ſtand idle?

[Trincalo *beats off* Stephano *to the door.* *Exit* Stephano.

I'll not purſue too far, for fear the Enemy ſhould rally agen, and ſupriſe my Butt in the Cittadel; well I muſt be rid of my Lady *Trincalo*, ſhe will be in the Faſhion elſe; firſt, Cuckold her Husband, and then ſue for a Separation, to get Alimony. [*Exit.*

SCENE III. *The Cypreſs-trees and Cave.*

Enter Ferdinand, Hippolito, (*with their Swords drawn.*)

Ferd. Come, Sir, our Cave affords no choice of place,
But the ground's firm and even: are you ready?

Hip. As ready as your ſelf, Sir.

Ferd. You remember on what conditions we muſt fight;
Who firſt receives a wound is to ſubmit.
Hip. Come, come, this loſes time; now for the
Women, Sir. [*They fight a little,* Ferdinand *hurts him.*
Ferd. Sir, you are wounded.
Hip. No.
Ferd. Believe your bloud.
Hip. I feel no hurt, no matter for my bloud.
Ferd. Remember our Conditions.
Hip. I'll not leave, till my Sword hits you too.
[Hip. *preſſes on:* Ferd. *retires and wards.*
Ferd. I'm loth to kill you; you are unskilful, Sir.
Hip. You beat aſide my Sword, but let it come as near
As yours, and you ſhall ſee my skill.
Ferd. You faint for loſs of bloud: I ſee you ſtagger:
Pray, Sir, retire.
Hip. No! I will ne'r go back———
Methinks the Cave turns round, I cannot find——
Ferd. Your Eyes begin to dazle.
Hip. Why do you ſwim ſo, and dance about me?
Stand but ſtill till I have made one thruſt. [Hippolito, *thruſts and falls.*
Ferd. O help, help, help!
Unhappy Man! what have I done?
Hip. I'm going to a cold ſleep, but when I wake,
I'll fight agen. Pray ſtay for me. [*Swounds.*
Ferd. He's gone! he's gone! O ſtay, ſweet lovely Youth!
Help! help! [*Enter* Proſpero.
Proſp. What diſmal noiſe is that?
Ferd. O ſee, Sir, ſee!
What miſchief my unhappy hand has wrought.
Proſp. Alas! how much in vain doth feeble Art endeavour
To reſiſt the will of Heaven? [*Rubs* Hippolito.
He's gone for ever. O thou cruel Son of an
Inhumane Father! all my deſigns are ruin'd
And unravell'd by this blow.
No pleaſure now is left me but revenge.
Ferd. Sir, if you knew my innocence———
Proſp. Peace, peace,
Can thy excuſes give me back his life?
What, *Ariel*? ſluggiſh Spirit, where art thou? [*Enter* Ariel.
Ariel. Here, at thy beck, my Lord.
Proſp. I, now thou com'ſt, when Fate is paſt and not to be
Recall'd. Look there, and glut the malice of
Thy Nature. For as thou art thy ſelf, thou
Canſt not but be glad to ſee young Virtue
Nipt i' th' Bloſſom.
[*Ariel.*

Ariel. My Lord, the *Being* high above can witneſs
I am not glad; we Airy Spirits are not of a temper
So malicious as the Earthy,
But of a Nature more approaching good.
For which we meet in ſwarms, and often combate
Betwixt the Confines of the Air and Earth.
Proſp. Why did'ſt thou not prevent, at leaſt foretel,
This fatal action then?
Ariel. Pardon, great Sir,
I meant to do it, but I was forbidden
By the ill Genius of *Hippolito*,
Who came and threaten'd me, if I diſclos'd it,
To bind me in the bottom of the Sea,
Far from the lightſome Regions of the Air,
(My Native Fields) above a hundred years.
Proſp. I'll Chain thee in the North for thy neglect,
Within the burning Bowels of Mount *Heila*;
I'll ſinge thy airy Wings with ſulph'rous flames,
And choak thy tender noſtrils with blew ſmoak,
At ev'ry Hickup of the belching Mountain,
Thou ſhalt be lifted up to taſte freſh air,
And then fall down agen.
Ariel. Pardon, dread Lord.
Proſp. No more of pardon than juſt Heav'n intends thee
Shalt thou e'r find from me: hence! fly with ſpeed,
Unbind the Charms which hold this Murtherer's
Father, and bring him, with my Brother, ſtreight
Before me.
Ariel. Mercy, my potent Lord, and I'll outfly thy thought. [*Exit* Ariel.
Ferd. O Heavens! what words are thoſe I heard?
Yet cannot ſee who ſpoak 'em: ſure the Woman
Whom I lov'd was like this, ſome aiery Viſion.
Proſp. No, Murd'rer, ſhe's, like thee, of mortal mo
But much too pure to mix with thy black Crimes;
Yet ſhe had faults, and muſt be puniſh'd for 'em.
Miranda and *Dorinda!* where are ye?
The will of Heaven's accompliſh'd: I have
Now no more to fear, and nothing left to hope,
Now you may enter, [*Enter* Miranda *and* Dorinda.
Mir. My Love! is it permitted me to ſee you once agen?
Proſp. You come to look your laſt; I will
For ever take him from your Eyes.
But, on my bleſſing, ſpeak not, nor approach him.
Dor. Pray, Father, is not this my Siſter's Man?
He has a noble form; but yet he's not ſo excellent
As my *Hippolito*.

Proſp.

Proſp. Alas, poor Girl, thou haſt no Man: look yonder;
There's all of him that's left.

Dor. Why, was there ever any more of him?
He lies aſleep, Sir, ſhall I waken him? [*She kneels by* Hippolito *and jogs him.*

Ferd. Alas! he's never to be wak'd agen.

Dor. My Love, my Love! will you not ſpeak to me?
I fear you have diſpleas'd him, Sir, and now
He will not anſwer me, he's dumb and cold too;
But I'll run ſtreight, and make a fire to warm him. [*Exit* Dorinda *running.*

Enter Alonzo, Gonzalo, Antonio. Ariel (*inviſible.*)

Alonz. Never were Beaſts ſo hunted into Toils,
As we have been purſu'd by dreadful ſhapes.
But is not that my Son? O *Ferdinand!*
If thou art not a Ghoſt, let me embrace thee.

Ferd. My Father! O ſiniſter happineſs! Is it
Decreed I ſhould recover you a.. e, juſt in that
Fatal hour when this brave Youth is loſt in Death,
And by my hand?

Ant. Heaven! what new wonder's this?

Gonz. This Iſle is full of nothing elſe.

Proſp. You ſtare upon me as
You ne'r had ſeen me: Have fifteen years
So loſt me to your knowledge, that you retain
No memory of *Proſpero*?

Gonz. The good old of Duke of *Milain!*

Proſp. I wonder leſs, that thou, *Antonio*, know'ſt me not,
Becauſe thou didſt long ſince forget I was thy Brother,
Elſe I never had been here.

Ant. Shame choaks my words.

Alonz. And wonder mine.

Proſp. For you, uſurping Prince, [*To* Alonzo.
Know, by my Art, you were Shipwrack'd on this Iſle,
Where, after I a while had puniſh'd you, my vengeance
Wou'd have ended; I deſign'd to match that Son
Of yours, with this my Daughter.

Alonz. Purſue it ſtill, I am moſt willing to't.

Proſp. So am not I. No Marriages can proſper
Which are with Murderers made; Look on that Corps:
This, whilſt he liv'd, was young *Hippolito*, that
Infant Duke of *Mantua*; Sir, whom you, expos'd
With me; and here I bred him up, till that bloud-thirſty
Man, that *Ferdinand*——
But why do I exclaim on him, when Juſtice calls
To unſheath her Sword againſt his guilt?

Alonz. What do you mean?

Proſp.

Proſp. To execute Heav'ns Laws.
Here I am plac'd by Heav'n, here I am Prince,
Though you have diſpoſſeſs'd me of my *Milain*.
Bloud calls for bloud; your *Ferdinand* ſhall die,
And I, in bitterneſs, have ſent for you,
To have the ſudden joy of ſeeing him alive,
And then the greater grief to ſee him die.
Alonz. And think'ſt thou I, or theſe, will tamely ſtand,
To view the Execution? [*Lays hand upon his Sword.*
Ferd. Hold, dear Father! I cannot ſuffer you
T' attempt againſt his life, who gave her being
Whom I love.
Proſp. Nay then appear my Guards——
I thought no more to uſe their aid;
(I'm curs'd becauſe I us'd it) [*He ſtamps, and many Spirits appear.*
But they are now the Miniſters of Heaven,
Whilſt I revenge this Murder.
Alonz. Have I for this found thee, my Son ſo ſoon, agen,
To loſe thee? *Antonio*, *Gonzalo*, ſpeak for pity.
Ferd. to Mir. Adieu, my faireſt Miſtriſs.
Mir. Now I can hold no longer; I muſt ſpeak.
Though I am loth to diſobey you, Sir,
Be not ſo cruel to the Man I love,
Or be ſo kind to let me ſuffer with him.
Ferd. Recal that Pray'r, or I ſhall wiſh to live,
Though death be all the mends that I can make.
Proſp. This night I will allow you, *Ferdinand*, to fit
You for your death, that Cave's your Priſon.
Alonz. Ah, *Proſpero!* hear me ſpeak. You are a Father,
Look on my Age, and look upon his Youth.
Proſp. No more! all you can ſay is urg'd in vain:
I have no room for pity left with me.
Do you refuſe? help *Ariel*, with your Fellows,
To drive 'em in. *Alonzo* and his Son beſtow in
Yonder Cave; and here *Gonzalo* ſhall with
Antonio lodge. [*Spirits drive 'em in, as they are appointed:*

Enter Dorinda.

Dor. Sir, I have made a fire, ſhall he be warm'd?
Proſp. He's dead, and vital warmth will ne'er return,
Dor. Dead! Sir, what's that?
Proſp. His Soul has left his Body.
Dor. When will it come agen?
Proſp. O never, never!
He muſt be laid in Earth, and there conſume.
Dor. He ſhall not lie in Earth, you do not know
How well he loves me: indeed he'll come agen;

He

He told me he would go a little while,
But promis'd me he would not tarry long.
Prosp. He's murder'd by the Man who lov'd your Sister,
Now both of you may see what 'tis to break
A Father's Precept; you would needs see Men, and by
That sight are made for ever wretched.
Hippolito is dead, and *Ferdinand* must die
For murd'ring him.
Mir. Have you no pity?
Prosp. Your disobedience has so much incens'd me, that
I this night can leave no blessing with you.
Help to convey the Body to my Couch,
Then leave me to mourn over it alone. [*They bear off the Body of* Hippolito.

Enter Miranda *and* Dorinda *again*; Ariel *behind 'em.*

Ariel. I've been so chid for my neglect, by *Prospero*,
That I must now watch all, and be unseen.
Mir. Sister, I say agen, 'twas long of you
That all this mischief happen'd.
Dor. Blame not me for your own fault, your
Curiosity brought me to see the Man.
Mir. You safely might have seen him, and retir'd; but
You wou'd needs go near him, and converse: you may
Remember my Father call'd me thence, and I call'd you.
Dor. That was your envy, Sister, not your love;
You call'd me thence, because you could not be
Alone with him your self; but I am sure my
Man had never gone to Heaven so soon, but
That yours made him go. [*Crying.*
Mir. Sister, I could not wish that either of 'em shou'd
Go to Heaven without us, but it was his Fortune,
And you must be satisfi'd.
Dor. I'll not be satisfi'd: my Father says he'll make
Your Man as cold as mine is now, and when he
Is made cold, my Father will not let you strive
To make him warm agen.
Mir. In spite of you mine never shall be cold.
Dor. I'm sure 'twas he that made me miserable,
And I will be reveng'd. Perhaps you think 'tis
Nothing to lose a Man.
Mir. Yes, but there is some difference betwixt
My *Ferdinand*, and your *Hippolito*.
Dor. I, there's your judgment. Your's is the oldest
Man I ever saw, except it were my Father.
Mir. Sister, no more. It is not comely in a Daughter,
When she says her Father's old.
Dor. But why do I stay here, whilst my cold Love

Perhaps may want me?
I'll pray my Father to make yours cold too.
Mir. Siſter, I'll never ſleep with you again.
Dor. I'll never more meet in a bed with you,
But lodge on the bare ground, and watch my Love.
Mir. And at the entrance of that Cave I'll lie,
And echo to each blaſt of wind a ſigh.
[*Exeunt ſeverally, looking diſcontentedly on one another.*
Ariel. Harſh diſcord reigns throughout this fatal Iſle,
At which good Angels mourn, ill Spirits ſmile;
Old *Proſpero* by his Daughters robb'd of reſt,
Has in diſpleaſure left 'em both unbleſt.
Unkindly they abjure each others Bed,
To ſave the living and revenge the dead.
Alonzo and his Son are Pris'ners made,
And good *Gonzalo* does their Crimes upbraid.
Antonio and *Gonzalo* diſagree,
And wou'd, though in one Cave, at diſtance be.
The Seamen all that curſed Wine have ſpent,
Which ſtill renew'd their thirſt of Government;
And wanting Subjects for the food of Pow'r,
Each wou'd to rule alone the reſt devour.
The Monſter *Sycorax* and *Caliban*,
More Monſtrous grow by paſſions learn'd from Man.
Even I not fram'd of warring Elements,
Partake and ſuffer in theſe diſcontents.
Why ſhou'd a Mortal by Enchantments hold
In Chains a Spirit of Ætherial mold?
Accurſed Magick we our ſelves have taught,
And our own pow'r has our ſubjection wrought! [*Exit.*

ACT V.

Enter Proſpero *and* Miranda.

Proſp. YOU beg in vain; I cannot pardon him,
He has offended Heaven.
Mir. Then let Heaven puniſh him.
Proſp. It will by me.
Mir. Grant him at leaſt ſome reſpite for my ſake.
Proſp. I by deferring Juſtice ſhould incenſe the Deity
Againſt my ſelf and you.
Mir. Yet I have heard you ſay, The powers above are ſlow
In puniſhing, and ſhou'd not you reſemble them?
Proſp. The Argument is weak; but I want time

To let you ſee your errours; retire, and, if you love him,
Pray for him. [*He's going.*

Mir. And can you be his Judge and Executioner?

Proſp. I cannot force *Gonzalo*, or my Brother, much
Leſs the Father to deſtroy the Son? it muſt
Be then the Monſter *Caliban*, and he's not here;
But *Ariel* ſtrait ſhall fetch him.

Enter Ariel.

Ariel. My Potent Lord, before thou call'ſt, I come,
To ſerve thy will.

Proſp. Then, Spirit, fetch me here my ſalvage ſlave.

Ariel. My Lord, it does not need.

Proſp. Art thou then prone to miſchief,
Wilt thou be thy ſelf the Executioner?

Ariel. Think better of thy Aiery Miniſter, who,
For thy ſake, unbidden, this night has flown
O'r almoſt all the habitable World.

Proſp. But to what purpoſe was all thy diligence?

Ariel. When I was chidden by my mighty Lord, for my
Neglect of young *Hippolito*, I went to view
His Body, and ſoon found his Soul was but retir'd,
Not ſally'd out: then I collected
The beſt of Simples underneath the Moon,
The beſt of Balms, and to the wound apply'd
The healing juice of vulnerary Herbs.
His only danger was his loſs of bloud, but now
He's wak'd, my Lord, and juſt this hour
He muſt be dreſs'd again, as I have done it.
Anoint the Sword which pierc'd him, with this
Weapon-Salve, and wrap it cloſe from Air till
I have time to viſit him again.

Proſp. Thou art my faithful Servant:
It ſhall be done: Be it your task, *Miranda*, becauſe your
Siſter is not preſent here, while I go viſit your
Dear *Ferdinand*, from whom I will a while conceal
This news, that it may be more welcome.

Mir. I obey you, and with a double duty, Sir, for now
You twice have given me Life.

Proſp. My *Ariel*, follow me. [*Exeunt ſeverally.*

[Hippolito *diſcover'd on a Couch*, Dorinda *by him.*

Dor. How do you find your ſelf?

Hip. I'm ſomewhat cold, can you not draw me nearer
To the Sun? I am too weak to walk.

Dor. My Love, I'll try. [*She draws the Chair nearer the Audience.*
I thought you never would have walk'd agen,
They told me you were gone away to Heaven;

Have

Have you been there?
Hip. I know not where I was.
Dor. I will not leave you till you promiſe me you
Will not die agen.
Hip. Indeed I will not.
Dor. You muſt not go to Heav'n, unleſs we go together;
For I've heard my Father ſay, that we muſt ſtrive
To be each others guide, the way to it will elſe
Be difficult, eſpecially to thoſe who are ſo young.
But I much wonder what it is to die.
Hip. Sure 'tis to dream, a kind of breathleſs ſleep,
When once the Soul's gone out.
Dor. What is the Soul?
Hip. A ſmall blue thing, that runs about within us.
Dor. Then I have ſeen it in a froſty Morning run
Smoaking from my mouth.
Hip. But, dear *Dorinda*,
What is become of him who fought with me?
Dor. O, I can tell you joyful news of him,
My Father means to make him die to day,
For what he did to you.
Hip. That muſt not be, my dear *Dorinda*; go and beg your
Father, he may not die; It was my fault he hurt me,
I urg'd him to it firſt.
Dor. But if he live, he'll never leave killing you.
Hip. O no! I juſt remember when I fell aſleep, I heard
Him calling me a great way off, and crying over me as
You wou'd do; beſides we have no cauſe of quarrel now.
Dor. Pray how began your difference firſt?
Hip. I fought with him for all the Women in the World.
Dor. That hurt you had was juſtly ſent from Heaven,
For wiſhing to have any more but me.
Hip. Indeed I think it was, but I repent it, the fault
Was only in my bloud; for now 'tis gone, I find
I do not love ſo many.
Dor. In confidence of this, I'll beg my Father, that he
May live; I'm glad the naughty bloud, that made
You love ſo many, is gone out.
Hip. My dear, go quickly, leſt you come too late. [*Exit* Dor.

Enter Miranda *at the other door, with* Hippolito's *Sword wrapt up.*

Hip. Who's this who looks ſo fair and beautiful, as
Nothing but *Dorinda* can ſurpaſs her? O!
I believe it is that Angel Woman,
Whom ſhe calls Siſter.
Mir. Sir, I am ſent hither to dreſs your wound;

How do you find your ſtrength?

Hip. Fair Creature, I am faint with loſs of bloud.

Mir. I'm ſorry for't.

Hip. Indeed and ſo am I, for If I had that bloud, I then
Should find a great delight in loving you.

Mir. But, Sir, I am another's, and your love is given
Already to my Siſter.

Hip. Yet I find that, if you pleaſe, I can love ſtill a little.

Mir. I cannot be unconſtant, nor ſhou'd you.

Hip. O my wound pains me.

Mir. I am come to eaſe you. [*She unwraps the Sword.*

Hip. Alas! I feel the cold Air come to me.
My wound ſhoots worſe then ever. [*She wipes and anoints the Sword.*

Mir. Does it ſtill grieve you?

Hip. Now methinks there's ſomething laid juſt upon it.

Mir. Do you find no eaſe?

Hip. Yes, yes, upon the ſudden all the pain
Is leaving me: Sweet Heaven, how I am eas'd!

Enter Ferdinand *and* Dorinda *to them.*

Ferd. (*to Dor.*) Madam, I muſt confeſs my life is yours,
I owe it to your generoſity.

Dor. I am o're joy'd my Father lets you live; and proud
Of my good fortune, that he gave your life to me.

Mir. How? gave his life to her!

Hip. Alas I think ſhe ſaid ſo, and he ſaid he ow'd it
To her generoſity.

Ferd. But is not that your Siſter with *Hippolito*?

Dor. So kind already?

Ferd. I came to welcome life, and I have met the
Cruelleſt of deaths.

Hip. My dear *Dorinda* with another Man?

Dor. Siſter, what bus'neſs have you here?

Mir. You ſee I dreſs *Hippolito*.

Dor. Y' are very charitable to a Stranger.

Mir. You are not much behind in charity, to beg a pardon
For a Man, whom you ſcarce ever ſaw before.

Dor. Henceforward let your Surgery alone, for I had
Rather he ſhould die, then you ſhould cure his wound.

Mir. And I wiſh *Ferdinand* had dy'd before
He ow'd his life to your entreaty.

Ferd. (*to Hip.*) Sir, I'm glad you are ſo well recover'd, you
Keep your humour ſtill to have all Women.

Hip. Not all, Sir, you except one of the number,
Your new Love there, *Dorinda*.

Mir. Ah *Ferdinand*! can you become inconſtant?
If I muſt loſe you, I had rather death ſhould take

You

You from me, than you take your ſelf.
Ferd. And if I might have choſen, I would have wiſh'd
That death from *Proſpero*, and not this from you.
Dor. I, now I find why I was ſent away,
That you might have my Siſter's Company.
Hip. Dorinda, kill me not with your unkindneſs,
This is too much, firſt to be falſe your ſelf,
And then accuſe me too.
Ferd. We all accuſe each other, and each one denies their guilt,
I ſhould be glad it were a mutual errour.
And therefore, firſt, to clear my ſelf from fault,
Madam, I beg your pardon, while I ſay I only love
Your Siſter. [*To* Dorinda.
Mir. O bleſt word?
I'm ſure I love no Man but *Ferdinand*.
Dor. Nor I, Heaven knows, but my *Hippolito*.
Hip. I never knew I lov'd ſo much; before I fear'd
Dorinda's Conſtancy, but now I am convinc'd that
I lov'd none but her, becauſe none elſe can
Recompenſe her loſs.
Ferd. 'Twas happy then we had this little trial.
But how we all ſo much miſtook, I know not.
Mir. I have only this to ſay in my defence, my Father ſent
Me hither, to attend the wounded Stranger.
Dor. And *Hippolito* ſent me to beg the life of *Ferdinand*.
Ferd. From ſuch ſmall errours left at firſt unheeded,
Have often ſprung ſad accidents in love:
But ſee, our Fathers and our Friends are come
To mix their joys with ours.

Enter Proſpero, Alonzo, Antonio, Gonzalo.

Alon. (to Proſp.) Let it no more be thought of; your purpoſe,
Though it was ſevere, was juſt. In loſing *Ferdinand*
I ſhould have mourn'd, but could not have complain'd.
Proſ. Sir, I am glad kind Heaven decreed it otherwiſe.
Dor. O wonder!
How many goodly Creatures are there here!
How beauteous Mankind is!
Hip. O brave new World, that has ſuch People in't!
Alon. (to Ferd.) Now all the bleſſings of a glad Father
Compaſs thee about,
And make thee happy in thy beauteous choice.
Gonz. I've inward wept, or ſhould have ſpoken e'r this.
Look down, ſweet Heaven, and on this Couple drop
A bleſſed Crown. For it is you chalk'd out the
Way which brought us hither.
Ant. Though penitence forc'd by neceſſity can ſcarce
Seem real, yet, deareſt Brother, I have hope

My blood may plead for pardon with you; I resign
Dominion, which, 'tis true, I could not keep,
But Heaven knows too, I would not.

Prosp. All past crimes I bury in the joy of this
Blessed day.

Alonz. And that I may not be behind in Justice, to this
Young Prince, I render back his Dukedom,
And, as the Duke of *Mantua*, thus salute him.

Hip. What is it you render back? methinks
You give me nothing.

Prosp. You are to be Lord of a great People,
And o'r Towns and Cities.

Hip. And shall these People be all Men and Women?

Gonz. Yes, and shall call you Lord.

Hip. Why then I'll live no longer in a Prison, but
Have a whole Cave to my self hereafter.

Prosp. And that your happiness may be compleat,
I give you my *Dorinda* for your Wife; she shall
Be yours for ever, when the Priest has made you one.

Hip. How can he make us one? shall I grow to her,

Prosp. By saying holy words, you shall be joyn'd in Marriage
To each other.

Dor. I warrant you those holy words are charms.
My Father means to conjure us together.

Prosp. to his Daughters. My *Ariel* told me, when last night you quarrell'd,
You said, you would for ever part your Beds;
But what you threaten'd in your anger, Heaven
Has turn'd to Prophecy.
For you, *Miranda*, must with *Ferdinand*,
And you, *Dorinda*, with *Hippolito* lie in
One Bed hereafter.

Alonz. And Heaven make those Beds still fruitful in
Producing Children, to bless their Parents
Youth, and Grandsires age.

Mir. to Dor. If Children come by lying in a Bed, I wonder you
And I had none between us.

Dor. Sister, it was our fault, we meant like Fools
To look 'em in the fields, and they, it seems,
Are only found in Beds.

Hip. I am o'r joy'd that I shall have *Dorinda* in a Bed,
We'll lie all night and day together there,
And never rise again.

Ferd. (aside to him) Hippolito! you yet are ignorant of your great
Happiness, but there is somewhat, which for
Your own and fair *Dorinda*'s sake, I must instruct
You in.

Hip. Pray teach me quickly how Men and Women in your

World

World make love, I ſhall ſoon learn,
I warrant you.

Enter Ariel, *driving in* Stephano, Trincalo, Muſtacho, Ventoſo. Caliban, Sycorax.

Proſp. Why that's my dainty *Ariel*. I ſhall miſs thee,
But yet thou ſhalt have freedom.

Gonz. O look, Sir, look, the Maſter and the Saylors ——
The Boſen too——my Prophecy is out, that if
A Gallows were on land, that Man could ne'r
Be drown'd.

Alonz. (*to Trinc.*) Now Blaſphemy, what not one Oath aſhore?
Haſt thou no mouth by Land? why ſtar'ſt thou ſo?

Trinc. What, more Dukes yet? I muſt reſign my Dukedom;
But 'tis no matter, I was almoſt ſtarv'd in't.

Muſt. Here's nothing but wild Sallads, without Oyl or Vinegar.

Steph. The Duke and Prince alive! would I had now our gallant Ship agen, and were her Maſter, I'd willingly give all my Iſland for her.

Vent. And I my Vice-Roy-ſhip.

Trinc. I ſhall need no Hangman, for I ſhall e'n hang
My ſelf, now my Friend Butt has ſhed his
Laſt drop of life. Poor Butt is quite departed.

Ant. They talk like Mad-men.

Proſp. No matter, time will bring 'em to themſelves, and
Now their Wine is gone, they will not quarrel.
Your Ship is ſafe and tight, and bravely rigg'd,
As when you firſt ſet Sail.

Alonz. This news is wonderful.

Ariel. Was it well done, my Lord?

Proſp. Rarely, my Diligence.

Gonz. But pray, Sir, what are thoſe mis-ſhapen Creatures?

Proſp. Their Mother was a Witch, and one ſo ſtrong,
She would controul the Moon, make Flows
And Ebbs, and deal in her Command without
Her Power.

Syc. O *Setebos!* theſe be brave Sprights indeed.

Proſp. (*to Calib.*) Go, Sirrah, to my Cell, and as you hope for Pardon, trim it up.

Calib. Moſt carefully. I will be wiſe hereafter.
What a dull Fool was I, to take thoſe Drunkards
For Gods, when as ſuch as theſe were in the World?

Proſp. Sir, I invite your Highneſs and your Train
To my Poor Cave this night; a part of which
I will employ, in telling you may ſtory.

Alonz. No doubt it muſt be ſtrangely taking, Sir.

Proſp. When the Morn draws, I'll bring you to your Ship,
And promiſe you clam Seas, and happy Gales.
My *Ariel*, that's thy charge: then to the Elements

Be free, and fare thee well.
Ariel. I'll do it, Maſter.
Proſp. Now to make amends
For the rough treatment you have found to day,
I'll entertain you with my Magick Art;
Ill, by my power, transform this place, and call
Up thoſe that ſhall make good my promiſe to you.

[*Scene changes to the Rocks, with the Arch of Rocks, and clam Sea. Muſick playing on the Rocks.*

Proſp. Neptune, and your fair *Amphitrite*, riſe;
Oceanus, with your *Tethys* too, appear;
All ye Sea-Gods, and Goddeſſes, appear!
Come, all ye *Tritons*; all ye *Nereids*, come,
And teach your ſawcy Element to obey:
For you have Princes now to entertain,
And unſoil'd Beauties, with freſh youthful Lovers.

[Neptune, Amphitrite, Oceanus *and* Tethys, *appear in a Chariot drawn with Sea-Horſes; on each ſide of the Chariot, Sea-Gods and Goddeſſes,* Tritons *and* Nereids.

Alonz. This is prodigious.
Ant. Ah! what amazing Objects do we ſee?
Gonz. This Art doth much exceed all humane skill.

SONG.

Amph. *MY Lord: Great* Neptune, *for my ſake,*
Of theſe bright Beauties pity take:
And to the reſt allow
Your mercy too.
Let this inraged Element be ſtill,
Let Æolus *obey my will:*
Let him his boyſtrous Priſoners ſafely keep
In their dark Caverns, and no more
Let 'em diſturb the boſom of the Deep,
Till theſe arrive upon their wiſh'd-for-Shore.

Neptune. *So much my* Amphitrite's *love I prize,*
That no commands of hers I can deſpiſe.
Tethys *no furrows now ſhall were,*
Oceanus *no wrinkles on his brow,*
Let your ſerceneſt looks appear,
Be calm and gentle now.

Nep. & Amph. } *Be calm, ye great Parents of the Flouds and the Springs,*
While each Nereid *and* Triton *Plays, Revels, and Sings.*

Oceanus. *Confine the roaring Winds, and we*
Will ſoon obey you cheerfully.

Chorus of Tritons and Ner. } *Tie up the Winds, and we'll obey.*
Upon the Flouds we'll ſing and play,
And celebrate a Halcyon *day.*
} Here the Dancers mingle with the Singers.

[Dance.

Nept.

Nept. *Great Nephew Æolus make no noiſe,*
Muzzle your roaring Boys. [Æolus appears.

Amph. *Let 'em not bluſter to diſturb our ears,*
Or ſtrike theſe Noble Paſſengers with fears.

Nept. *Afford 'em only ſuch an eaſie Gale,*
As pleaſantly may ſwell each Sail.

Amph. *While fell Sea-Monſters cauſe inteſtine jars,*
This Empire you invade with foreign Wars.
But you ſhall now be ſtill,
And ſhall obey my Amphitrite's *will.*

Æolus deſcends. *You I'll obey, who at one ſtroke can make,*
With your dread Trident, the whole Earth to quake.
Come down, my Bluſterers, ſwell no more,
Your ſtormy rage give o'r. } Winds from the four
Let all black Tempeſt ceaſe—— } Corners appear.
And let the troubled Ocean reſt:
Let all the Sea enjoy as calm a peace,
As where the Halcyon *builds her quiet Neſt.*
To your Priſons below,
Down, down you muſt go:
You in the Earths Entrails your Revels may keep;
But no more till I call ſhall you trouble the Deep. [Winds fly down.
Now they are gone, all ſtormy Wars ſhall ceaſe:
Then let your Trumpeters proclaim a Peace.

Amph. Tritons, *my Sons, your Trumpets ſound,*
And let the noiſe from Neighbouring Shores rebound,

Chorus. *Sound a Calm.*
Sound a Calm.
Sound a Calm.
Sound a Calm.
Sound a Calm.

[Here the *Tritons*, at every repeat of *Sound a Clam*, changing their Figure and Poſtures, ſeem to ſound their wreathed Trumpets made of Shells.
A Symphony of Muſick, like Trumpets. to which four *Tritons* Dance.

Nept. *See, ſee, the Heavens ſmile, all your troubles are paſt,*
Your joys by black Clouds ſhall no more be o'recaſt.
On this barren Iſle ye ſhall loſe all your fears,
Leave behind all your ſorrows, and baniſh your cares.

Both. *And your Loves and your Lives ſhall in ſafety enjoy;*
No influence of Stars ſhall your quiet deſtroy.

Chor. of all. *And your Loves,* &c.
No influence, &c.

[Here the Dancers mingle with the Singers.

Oceanus. *We'll ſafely convey you to your own happy Shore,*
And yours and your Countrey's ſoft peace we'll reſtore.

Tethys. *To treat you bleſt Lovers, as you ſail on the Deep,*
The Tritons *and* Sea-Nymphs *their Revels keep.*

Both. { *On the ſwift Dolphins backs they ſhall ſing and ſhall play;*
They ſhall guard you by night, and delight you by day.

Chor. of all. { *On the ſwift*, &c.
And ſhall guard, &c.

[Here the Dancers mingle with the Singers.

[A Dance of twelve *Tritons*.

Miran. What charming things are theſe?

Dor. What Heavenly Power is this?

Proſp. Now, my *Ariel*, be viſible, and let the reſt of your Aerial Train, Appear, and entertain 'em with a Song;

[*Scene changes to the Riſing Sun, and a number of Aerial Spirits in the Air*, Ariel *flying from the Sun, advances towards the Pit.*

And then farewel my long-lov'd *Ariel.*

Alon. Heaven! what are theſe we ſee?

Proſp. They are Spirits, with which the Air abounds in ſwarms, but that they are not ſubject to poor feeble mortal Eyes.

Ant. O wonderful skill!

Gonz. O Power Divine!

Ariel and the reſt ſing the following Song.

Ariel. *Where the Bee ſucks, there ſuck I,*
In a Cowſlip's Bed I lie;
There I couch when Owls do cry.
On the Swallows wings I fly
After Summer merrily.
Merrily, merrily ſhall I live now,
Under the Bloſſom that hangs on the Bow.

[*Song ended*, Ariel *ſpeaks, bovering in the Air.*

Ariel. My Noble Maſter!
May theirs and your bleſt Joys never impair.
And for the freedom I enjoy i' th' Air,
I will be ſtill your *Ariel*, and wait
On Aiery accidents that work for Fate.
What ever ſhall your happineſs concern,
From your ſtill faithful *Ariel* you ſhall learn.

Proſp. Thou haſt been always diligent and kind!
Farewel, my long-lov'd *Ariel*, thou ſhalt find,
I will preſerve thee ever in my mind.
Henceforth this Iſle to the afflicted be
A place of Refuge, as it was to me:
The promiſes of blooming Spring live here,
And all the bleſſings of the ripening Year.
On my retreat, let Heav'en and Nature ſmile,
And ever flouriſh the *Enchanted Iſle*.

[*Exeunt.*

EPI-

EPILOGUE.

GAllants, by all good ſigns it does appear,
That Sixty ſeven's a very damning year,
For Knaves abroad, and for ill Poets here.
Among the Muſes there's a gen'ral rot,
The Rhyming Monſieur, and the Spaniſh Plot:
Deſie or Court, all's one, they go to Pot.
The Ghoſts of Poets walk within this place,
And haunt us Actors whereſoe'r we paſs,
In Viſions bloudier than King Richard's *was.*
For this poor Wretch, he has not much to ſay,
But quietly brings in his part o' th' Play,
And begs the favour to be damn'd to day.
He ſends me only like a Sh'riff's Man here,
To let you know the Malefactor's near,
And that he means to die, en Cavalier.
For if you ſhou'd be gracious to his Pen,
Th' Example, will prove ill to other Men,
And you'll be troubl'd with 'em all agen.

FINIS.

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By

Adams Coun

Hon. Henry
and Bentley
C

AN EVENING'S LOVE:

OR, THE

Mock-Astrologer.

As it is Acted

By Their MAJESTIES

SERVANTS.

By Mr *DRYDEN.*

Mallem Convivis quàm placuiſſe Cocis. Mart.

LONDON,

Printed for *Henry Herringman*, and are to be ſold by *Richard Bentley*, at the Poſt-Houſe in *Ruſſel-ſtreet*, *Covent-Garden*, 1691.

SERVANTS

BY JAMES MARESMILES

AUTHOR OF

NOCK-ARTHOLOGY

OR THE

EVENING'S LOVE:

A N

The Epistle Dedicatory.

TO HIS
GRACE,
WILLIAM,
DUKE of *NEWCASTLE.*

One of His Majesties most Honourable Privy-Council; and of the most Noble Order of the Garter, &c.

AMongst those few persons of Wit and Honour, whose favourable opinion I have desir'd, your own Virtue and my great Obligations to your Grace, have justly given you the precedence. For what could be more glorious to me, than to have acquir'd some part of your esteem, who are admir'd and honour'd by all good Men; who have been, for so many years together, the Pattern and Standard of Honour to the Nation: and whose whole life has been so great an example of Heroick Virtue, that we might wonder how it happen'd into an Age so corrupt as ours, if it had not likewise been a part of the former. As you came into the World with all the advantages of a noble Birth and Education, so you have rendred both, yet more conspicuous by your Virtue. Fortune, indeed, has perpetually crown'd your undertakings with success, but she has only waited on your Valour, not conducted it. She has ministred to your Glory like a Slave, and has been led in triumph by it; or at most, while Honour led you by the Hand to Greatness, Fortune only follow'd to keep you from sliding back in the ascent. That which Plutarch *accounted her favour to* Cymon *and* Lucullus, *was but her justice to your Grace: and, never to have been overcome where you led in person, as it was more than* Hannibal *could boast, so it was all that providence could do for that Party which it had resolv'd to ruine. Thus, my Lord, the last smiles of Victory were on your Arms: and, every where else, declaring for the*

 Rebels,

Rebels, she seem'd to suspend her self, and to doubt, before she took her flight, whether she were able wholly to abandon that cause for which you fought.

But the greatest tryals of your Courage *and* Constancy *were yet to come: many had ventur'd their Fortunes, and expos'd their Lives to the utmost dangers for their King and Country, who ended their Loyalty with the War: and submitting to the iniquity of the times, chose rather to redeem their former plenty by acknowledging an Usurper, than to suffer with an unprofitable fidelity (as those meaner spirits call'd it) for their lawful Soveraign. But, as I dare not accuse so many of our Nobility, who were content to accept their Patrimonies from the clemency of the* Conquerour, *and to retain only a secret veneration for their Prince, amidst the open worship which they were forc'd to pay to the Usurper, who had dethron'd him; so, I hope, I may have leave to extol that Virtue which acted more generously; and which was not satisfy'd with an inward devotion to Monarchy, but produc'd it self to view, and asserted the cause by open Martyrdom. Of these rare patterns of Loyalty your Grace was chief: those examples you cou'd not find, you made. Some few* Cato's *there were with you, whose invincible resolution could not be conquer'd by that* usurping Cæsar: *your Virtue oppos'd it self to his Fortune, and overcame it, by not submitting to it. The last and most difficult enterprize he had to effect, when he had conquer'd three Nations, was to subdue your spirits: and he dy'd weary of that War, and unable to finish it.*

In the mean time you liv'd more happily in your exile than the other on his Throne: your Loyalty made you Friends and Servants amongst Foreigners: and you liv'd plentifully without a fortune; for you liv'd on your own desert and reputation. The glorious name of the Valiant and Faithful Newcastle, *was a Patrimony which cou'd never be exhausted.*

Thus, my Lord, the Morning of your Life was clear, and calm; and though it was afterwards overcast; yet, in that general storm, you were never without a shelter. And now you are happily arriv'd to the Evening of a day as serene, as the dawn of it was glorious: but such an Evening, as, I hope, and almost prophesie, is far from night: 'Tis the Evening of a Summer's Sun, which keeps the day-light long within the Skies. The health of your body is maintain'd by the vigour of your mind: neither does the one shrink from the fatigue of exercise, nor the other bend under the pains of study. Methinks I behold in you another Caius Marius, *who in the extremity of his Age, exercis'd himself almost every*

Morning

The Epistle Dedicatory.

Marching in the Campus Martius, *amongst the youthful Nobility of* Rome. *And afterwards in your retirements, when you do Honour to Poetry, by employing part of your leasure in it, I regard you as another* Silius Italicus, *who having past'd over his Consulship with applause, dismiss'd himself from business, and from the* Gown, *and employ'd his Age, amongst the shades, in the reading and imitation of* Virgil.

In which, lest any thing should be wanting to your happiness, you have, by a rare effect of Fortune, found in the person of your excellent Lady, not only a Lover, *but a Partner of your studies. A Lady whom our Age may justly equal with the* Sappho *of the* Greeks, *or the* Sulpitia *of the* Romans. *Who, by being taken into your bosom, seems to be inspir'd with your Genius: And by writing the History of your Life, in so masculine a Style, has already plac'd you in the Number of the Heroes. She has anticipated that great portion of Fame which Envy often hinders a living Virtue from possessing: which wou'd, indeed, have been given to your ashes, but with a latter payment: and, of which you could have no present use, except it were by a secret presage of that which was to come, when you were no longer in a possibility of knowing it. So that if that were a praise or satisfaction to the greatest of Emperours, which the most judicious of Poets gives him,*

Præsenti tibi maturos largimur honores, *&c.*

That the adoration which was not allowed to Hercules *and* Romulus *till after death, was given to* Augustus *living; then certainly it cannot be deny'd but that your* Grace *has receiv'd a double satisfaction: the one, to see your self consecrated to immortality while you are yet alive: the other, to have your praises celebrated by so dear, so just, and so pious an Historian.*

'Tis the consideration of this that stops my Pen: though I am loath to leave so fair a subject, which gives me as much Field *as Poetry cou'd wish; and yet no more than truth can justify. But to attempt any thing of a Panegyrick, were to enterprize on your Lady's right; and to seem to affect those praises, which none but the Dutchess of* Newcastle *can deserve, when she writes the actions of her Lord. I shall therefore leave that wider space, and contract my self to those narrow bounds which best become my* Fortune *and* Employment.

I am oblig'd, my Lord, *to return you not only my own acknowledgments; but to thank you in the name of former Poets. The* manes *of* Johnson *and* D'avenant *seem to require it from me, that those favours which you plac'd on them, and which they wanted opportunity to own in publick, yet might not be lost to the knowledge of Posterity, with a forgetfulness*

gefulneſs unbecoming of the Muſes, who are the Daughters of Memory. And give me leave, my Lord, to avow ſo much of vanity, as to ſay, I am proud to be their Remembrancer: for, by relating how gracious you have been to them, and are to me, I, in ſome meaſure, join my name with theirs: and the continu'd deſcent of your favours to me, is the beſt Title which I can plead for my ſucceſſion. I only wiſh, that I had as great reaſon to be ſatisfy'd with my ſelf, in the return of our common acknowledgments, as your Grace may juſtly take in the conferring them: *for I cannot but be very ſenſible that the preſent of an ill Comedy, which I here make you, is a very unſuitable way of giving thanks for them, who, themſelves, have written ſo many better. This pretends to nothing more than to be a foyl to thoſe Scenes, which are compos'd by the moſt noble Poet of our Age, and Nation: and to be ſet as a water-mark of the loweſt Ebb, to which the wit of my Predeceſſor has ſunk and run down in me: but, though all of 'em have ſurpaſs'd me in the* Scene; *there is one part of Glory in which I will not yield to any of them. I mean, my Lord, that Honour and Veneration which they had for you in their lives; and which I preſerve after them, more holily than the Veſtal fires were maintain'd from Age to Age; but with a greater degree of Heat, and of Devotion than theirs, as being with more reſpect and paſſion than they ever were,*

Your GRACE'S

Moſt obliged,

moſt humble,

and moſt obedient Servant,

John Dryden.

PREFACE.

I Had thought, Reader, in this Preface to have written somewhat concerning the difference betwixt the Plays of our Age, and those of our Predeceſſors, on the *Engliſh* Stage: to have ſhown in what parts of Dramatique Poeſie we were excell'd by *Ben. Johnſon*, I mean, Humour, and Contrivance of Comedy; and in what we may juſtly claim precedence of *Shakeſpear* and *Fletcher*, namely in Heroick Plays: but this deſign I have wav'd on ſecond conſiderations; at leaſt deferr'd it till I publiſh the Conqueſt of *Granada*, where the Diſcourſe will be more proper. I had alſo prepar'd to Treat of the improvement of our Language ſince *Fletcher*'s and *Johnſon*'s days, and conſequently of our refining the Courtſhip, Raillery, and Converſation of Plays: but as I am willing to decline that envy which I ſhou'd draw on my ſelf from ſome old opiniatre Judges of the Stage; ſo likewiſe I am preſt in time ſo much that I have not leiſure, at preſent, to go through with it. Neither, indeed, do I value a reputation gain'd from Comedy, ſo far as to concern my ſelf about it any more than I needs muſt in my own defence: for I think it, in its own nature, inferiour to all ſorts of Dramatick writing. Low Comedy eſpecially requires, on the Writers part, much of converſation with the vulgar, and much of ill nature in the obſervation of their Follies. But let all Men pleaſe themſelves according to their ſeveral taſtes: that which is not pleaſant to me, may be to others who judge better. And, to prevent an accuſation from my Enemies, I am ſometimes ready to imagine, that my diſguſt of low Comedy proceeds not ſo much from my judgment as from my temper; which is the reaſon why I ſo ſeldom write it; and that when I ſucceed in it, (I mean ſo far as to pleaſe the Audience) yet I am nothing ſatisfy'd with what I have done; but am often vex'd to hear the people laugh, and clap, as they perpetually do, where I intended 'em no jeſt; while they let paſs the better things without taking notice of them. Yet, even this confirms me in my opinion of ſlighting popular applauſe, and of contemning that approbation which thoſe very people give, equally with me, to the Zany of a Mountebank; or to the appearance of an Antick on the Theatre, without Wit on the Poets part, or any occaſion of laughter from the Actor, beſides the ridiculouſneſs of his Habit and his Grimaces.

But I have deſcended before I was aware, from Comedy to Farce; which conſiſts principally of Grimaces. That I admire not any Comedy equally with Tragedy, is, perhaps, from the ſullenneſs of my humour; but that I deteſt thoſe Farces, which are now the moſt frequent Entertainments of the Stage, I am ſure I have reaſon on my ſide. Comedy conſiſts, though of low perſons, yet of natural actions, and characters; I mean ſuch humours,

mours, adventures, and designs, as are to be found and met with in the World. Farce, on the other side, consists of forc'd humours, and unnatural events: Comedy presents us with the imperfections of humane nature. Farce entertains us with what is monstruous and chimerical: the one causes laughter in those who can judge of Men and Manners; by the lively representation of their folly or corruption; the other produces the same effect in those who can judge of neither, and that only by its extravagances. The first works on the judgment and fancy; the latter on the fancy only; There is more of satisfaction in the former kind of laughter, and in the latter more of scorn. But, how it happens, that an impossible adventure should cause our mirth, I cannot so easily imagine. Something there may be in the oddness of it, because on the Stage it is the common effect of things unexpected to surprize us into a delight: and that is to be ascrib'd to the strange appetite, as I may call it, of the fancy; which, like that of a longing Woman, often runs out into the most extravagant desires; and is better satisfy'd sometimes with Loam, or with the Rinds of Trees, than with the wholesome nourishments of life. In short, there is the same difference betwixt Farce and Comedy, as betwixt an Empirick and a true Physician: both of them may attain their ends; but what the one performs by hazard, the other does by skill. And as the Artist is often unsuccessful, while the Mountebank succeeds; so Farces more commonly take the People than Comedies. For to write unnatural things, is the most probable way of pleasing them, who understand not Nature. And a true Poet often misses of applause, because he cannot debase himself to write so ill as to please his Audience.

After all, it is to be acknowledg'd, that most of those Comedies, which have been lately written, have been ally'd too much to Farce: and this must of necessity fall out till we forbear the translation of *French Plays*: for their Poets wanting judgment to make, or to maintain true Characters, strive to cover their defects with ridiculous Figures and Grimaces. While I say this, I accuse my self as well as others: and this very Play would rise up in judgment against me, if I would defend all things I have written to be natural: but I confess I have given too much to the people in it, and am asham'd for them as well as for my self, that I have pleas'd them at so cheap a rate: not that there is any thing here which I would not defend to an ill-natur'd Judge: (for I despise their censures, who I am sure wou'd write worse on the same subject:) but because I love to deal clearly and plainly, and to speak of my own faults with more criticism, than I would of another Poets; Yet I think it no vanity to say that this Comedy has as much of entertainment in it as many others which have been lately written: and, if I find my own errours in it, I am able at the same time, to arraign all my Contemporaries for greater. As I pretend not that I can write Humour, so none of them can reasonably pretend to have written it as they ought. *Johnson* was the only man of all Ages and Nations, who has perform'd it well; and that but in three or four of his Comedies: the rest are but a *Crambe bis cocta*; the same humours a little vary'd and written worse: neither was it more allowable in him, than it is in our present Poets, to re-

present

Preſent the follies of particular perſons; of which many have accus'd him. *Parcere perſonis, dicere de vitiis*, is the rule of Plays. And *Horace* tells you, that the old Comedy amongſt the *Grecians* was ſilenc'd for the too great liberties of the Poets.

——— *In vitium libertas excidit & vim*
Dignam lege regi: lex eſt accepta chorusque
Turpiter obticuit, ſublato jure nocendi.

Of which he gives you the reaſon in another place: where having given the Precept.

Neve immunda crepent; ignominioſáque dicta:

He immediately ſubjoins,

Offenduntur enim, quibus eſt equus, & pater, & res.

But *Ben. Johnſon* is to be admir'd for many Excellencies; and can be tax'd with fewer failings than any *Engliſh* Poet. I know I have been accus'd as an Enemy of his Writings; but without any other reaſon than that I do not admire him blindly, and without looking into his imperfections. For why ſhould he only be exempted from thoſe frailties, from which *Homer* and *Virgil* are not free? Or why ſhould there be any *ipſe dixit* in our Poetry, any more than than there is in our Philoſophy. I admire and applaud him where I ought: thoſe who do more do but value themſelves in their admiration of him; and by telling you they extol *Ben. Johnſon*'s way, would inſinuate to you that they can practice it. For my part, I declare that I want judgment to imitate him: and ſhould think it a great impudence in my ſelf to attempt it. To make Men appear pleaſantly ridiculous on the Stage was, as I have ſaid his talent: and in this he needed not the acumen of Wit, but that of Judgment. For the Characters and Repreſentations of folly are only the effects of obſervation; and obſervation is an effect of judgment. Some ingenious Men, for whom I have a particular eſteem, have thought I have much injur'd *Ben Johnſon*, when I have not allow'd his Wit to be extraordinary: but they confound the notion of what is witty, with what is pleaſant. That *Ben. Johnſon*'s Plays were pleaſant, he muſt want reaſon who denies: But that pleaſantneſs was not properly Wit, or the ſharpneſs of Conceit; but the natural imitation of folly: which I confeſs to be excellent in its kind, but not to be of that kind which they pretend. Yet if we will believe *Quintilian* in his Chapter *de Movendo riſu*, he gives his opinion of both in theſe following words, *Stulta reprehendere facillimum eſt; nam per ſe ſunt ridicula: & à deriſu non procul abeſt riſus: ſed rem urbanam facit aliqua ex nobis adjectio.*

And ſome perhaps wou'd be apt to ſay of *Johnſon*, as it was ſaid of *Demoſthenes*; *Non diſplicuiſſe illi jocos, ſed non contigiſſe*, I will not deny but that I approve moſt the mixt way of Comedy; that which is neither all Wit, nor all Humour, but the reſult of both. Neither ſo little of Humour as *Fletcher* ſhews, nor ſo little of Love and Wit, as *Johnſon*. Neither all cheat, with which the beſt Plays of the one are fill'd, nor all adventure, which is the common practice of the other. I would have the characters well choſen, and kept diſtant from interſearing with each other;

which is more than *Fletcher* or *Shakespear* did: but I would have more of the *Urbana, venusta, salsa, faceta*, and the rest which *Quintilian* reckons up as the Ornaments of Wit; and these are extreamly wanting in *Ben. Johnson*. As for repartie in particular, as it is the very soul of conversation, so it is the greatest grace of Comedy, where it is proper to the Characters: there may be much of acuteness in a thing well said; but there is more in a quick reply: *sunt, enim, longè venustiora omnia in respondendo quàm in provocando*. Of one thing I am sure, that no Man ever will decry Wit, but he who despairs of it himself; and who has no other quarrel to it but that which the Fox had to the Grapes. Yet, as Mr. *Cowley*, (who had a greater portion of it than any Man I know) tells us in his *Character of Wit*, rather than all Wit let there be none; I think there's no folly so great in any Poet of our Age as the superfluity and waste of Wit was in some of our Predecessours: particularly we may say of *Fletcher* and of *Shakespear*, what was said of *Ovid*, *In omni ejus ingenio, facilius quod rejici, quàm quod adjici potest, invenies*. The contrary of which was true in *Virgil*, and our Incomparable *Johnson*.

Some Enemies of Repartie have observ'd to us, that there is a great latitude in their Characters, which are made to speak it; And that it is easier to write Wit than Humour; because in the Characters of Humour, the Poet is confin'd to make the Person speak what is only proper to it. Whereas all kind of Wit is proper in the Character of a witty Person. But by their favour, there are as different Characters in Wit as in Folly. Neither is all kind of Wit proper in the mouth of every ingenious Person. A witty Coward, and a witty Brave, must speak differently. *Falstaffe* and the *Lyar*, speak not like *Don John* in the *Chances*, and *Valentine* in *Wit without Money*, and *Johnson*'s *Trunwit* in the *Silent Woman*, is a Character different from all of them. Yet it appears, that this one Character of Wit was more difficult to the Authour, than all his Images of Humour in the Play: For those he could describe and manage from his observation of Men; this he has taken, at least a part of it, from Books: witness the Speeches in the First Act, translated *verbatim* out of *Ovid de Arte Amandi*. To omit what afterwards he borrowed from the sixth Satyr of *Juvenal* against Women.

However, if I should grant, that there were a greater latitude in Characters of Wit, than in those of Humour; yet that latitude would be of small advantage to such Poets who have too narrow an imagination to write it. And to entertain an Audience perpetually with Humour, is to carry them from the conversation of Gentlemen, and treat them with the follies and extravagances of *Bedlam*.

I find I have launch'd out further than I intended in the beginning of this Preface. And that in the heat of Writing, I have touch'd at something, which I thought to have avoided. 'Tis time now to draw homeward: and to think rather of defending my self, than assaulting others. I have already acknowledg'd that this Play is far from perfect: but I do not think my self oblig'd to discover the imperfections of it to my Adversaries, any more than a guilty Person is bound to accuse himself before his Judges.

'Tis

PREFACE.

'Tis charg'd upon me that I make debauch'd Persons (such as they say my Astrologer and Gamester are) my Protagonists, or the chief Persons of the *Drama*; and that I make them happy in the conclusion of my Play; against the Law of Comedy, which is to reward Vertue, and punish Vice. I answer first, that I know no such Law to have been constantly observ'd in Comedy, either by the ancient or Modern Poets. *Charea* is made happy in the Eunuch, after having deflour'd a Virgin: and *Terence* generally does the same through all his Plays; where you perpetually see, not only debauch'd young Men enjoy their Mistresses, but even the Courtezans themselves rewarded and honour'd in the Catastrophe. The same may be observ'd in *Plautus* almost every where. *Ben. Johnson* himself, after whom I may be proud to erre, has given me more than once the example of it. That in the *Alchimist* is notorious, where *Face*, after having contriv'd and carried on the great cozenage of the Play, and continued in it, without repentance, to the last, is not only forgiven by his Master, but inrich'd by his consent, with the spoils of those whom he had cheated. And, which is more, his Master himself, a grave Man, and a Widower, is introduc'd taking his Man's Counsel, debauching the Widow first, in hope to marry her afterward. In the *Silent Woman*, *Dauphine*, (who with the other two Gentlemen, is of the same Character with my *Celadon* in the *Maiden Queen*, and with *Wildblood* in this) professes himself in love with all the Collegiate Ladies: and they likewise are all of the same Character with each other, excepting only Madam *Otter*, who has something singular:) yet this naughty *Dauphine*, is Crown'd in the end with the possession of his Uncles Estate, and with the hopes of enjoying all his Mistresses. And his Friend Mr. *Truwit* (the best Character of a Gentleman which *Ben. Johnson* ever made) is not asham'd to pimp for him. As for *Beaumont* and *Fletcher*, I need not alledge examples out of them; for that were to quote almost all their Comedies. But now it will be objected, that I Patronize Vice by the Authority of former Poets, and extenuate my own faults by recrimination. I answer, that as I defend my self by their Example; so that Example I defend by reason, and by the end of all Dramatique Poesie. In the first place therefore give me leave to shew you their mistake who have accus'd me. They have not distinguish'd as they ought, betwixt the rules of Tragedy and Comedy. In Tragedy, where the Actions and Persons are great, and the Crimes horrid, the Laws of Justice are more strictly to be observ'd: and examples of punishment to be made to deterr Mankind from the pursuit of Vice. Faults of this kind have been rare amongst the ancient Poets: for they have punish'd in *Oedipus*, and in his Posterity, the sin which he knew not he had committed. *Medea* is the only Example I remember, at present, who escapes from punishment after murder. Thus Tragedy fulfills one great part of its Institution; which is by Example to instruct. But in Comedy it is not so; for the chief end of it is divertisement and delight: and that so much, that it is disputed, I think, by *Heinsius*, before *Horace* his Art of Poetry, whether instruction be any part of its employment. At least I am sure it can be but its secondary end: for the business of the Poet is to make you laugh: when he writes Humour, he

he makes Folly ridiculous; when Wit, he moves you, if not always to Laughter, yet to a pleasure that is more noble. And if he works a Cure on Folly, and the small imperfections in Mankind, by exposing them to publick view, that Cure is not perform'd by an immediate operation. For it works first on the ill nature of the Audience; they are mov'd to laugh by the representation of deformity; and the shame of that laughter, teaches us to amend what is ridiculous in our manners. This being then estabish'd, that the first end of Comedy is delight, and instruction only the second; it may reasonably be inferr'd, that Comedy is not so much oblig'd to the punishment of the faults which it represents, as Tragedy. For the Persons in Comedy are of a lower quality, the action is little, and the Faults and Vices are but the follies of Youth, and the frailties of humane Nature, and not premeditated Crimes: such to which all Men are obnoxious, not such as are attempted only by few, and those abandon'd to all sense of Virtue: such as move pity and commiseration, not detestation and horrour; such, in short, as may be forgiven, not such as must of necessity be punish'd. But, least any Man should think that I write this to make Libertinism amiable, or that I car'd not to debase the end and institution of Comedy, so I might thereby maintain my own Errours, and those of better Poets; I must farther declare, both for them and for my self, that we make not vicious Persons happy, but only as Heaven makes Sinners so: that is, by reclaiming them first from Vice; for so 'tis to be suppos'd they are, when they resolve to marry; for then enjoying what they desire in one, they cease to pursue the love of many. So *Charea* is made happy by *Terence*, in marrying her whom he had deflour'd: And so are *Wildblood*, and the *Astrologer* in this Play.

There is another Crime with which I am charg'd, at which I am yet much less concern'd, because it does not relate to my manners, as the former did, but only to my reputation as a Poet: A name of which I assure the Reader I am nothing proud; and therefore cannot be very solliciteous to defend it. I am tax'd with stealing all my Plays, and that by some who should be the last Men from whom I would steal any parts of 'em. There is one Answer which I will not make; but it has been made for me by him towhose Grace and Patronage I owe all things,

Et spes & ratio studiorum, in Cæsare *tantum.*

And without whose Command they shou'd no longer be troubl'd with any thing of mine; that he only desir'd, that they who accus'd me of Theft, would always steal him Plays like mine. But though I have reason to be proud of this defence, yet I should wave it, because I have a worse Opinion of my own Comedies, than any of my Enemies can have. 'Tis true, that where ever I have lik'd any story in a Romance, Novel, or foreign Play, I have made no difficulty, nor ever shall, to take the foundation of it, to build it up, and to make it proper for the *English* Stage. And I will be so vain to say it has lost nothing in my hands: But it always cost me so much trouble to heighten it, for our Theatre (which is incomparably more curious in all the Ornaments of Dramatick Poesie, than the *French* or *Spanish*) that when I had finish'd my Play, it was like the Hulk of the *Francis*

Drake,

Drake, so strangely alter'd, that there scarce remain'd any Plank of the Timber which first built it. To witness this, I need go no farther than this Play: It was first *Spanish*, and call'd *El Astrologo fingido*; then made *French* by the younger *Corneille*: and is now translated into *English*, and in Print, under the name of the *Feign'd Astrologer*. What I have perform'd in this, will best appear, by comparing it with those: you will see that I have rejected some adventures which I jueg'd were not divertising: that I have heightned those which I have chosen, and that I have added others which were neither in the *French* nor *Spanish*. And besides you will easily discover, that the Walk of the *Astrologer* is the least considerable in my Play: for the design of it turns more on the parts of *Wildblood* and *Jacintha*, who are the chief Persons in it. I have farther to add, that I seldom use the Wit and Language of any Romance or Play which I undertake to alter; because my own Invention (as bad as it is) can furnish me with nothing so dull as what is there. Those who have call'd *Virgil*, *Terence*, and *Tasso Plagiares* (though they much injur'd them) had yet a better colour for their accusation; For *Virgil* has evidently translated *Theocritus*, *Hesiod*, and *Homer*, in many places; besides what he has taken from *Ennius* in his own Language. *Terence* was not only known to translate *Menander*, (which he avows also in his Prologues) but was said also to be help't in those Translations by *Scipio* the *African*, and *Lelius*. And *Tasso*, the most excellent of modern Poets, and whom I reverence next to *Virgil*, has taken both from *Homer* many admirable things which were left untouch'd by *Virgil*, and from *Virgil* himself where *Homer* cou'd not furnish him. Yet the Bodies of *Virgil*'s and *Tasso*'s Poems were their own: and so are all the Ornaments of Language and Elocution in them. The same (if there were any thing commendable in this Play) I could say for it. But I will come nearer to our own Countrymen. Most of *Shakespear*'s Plays, I mean the stories of them, are to be found in the *Hecatommuthi*, or hundred Novels of *Cinthio*. I have, my self, read in his *Italian*, that of *Romeo* and *Juliet*, the *Moor of Venice*, and many others of them. *Beaumont* and *Fletcher* had most of theirs from *Spanish* Novels: witness the *Chances*, the *Spanish Curate*, *Rule a Wife, and have a Wife*; the *Little French Lawyer*, and so many others of them, as compose the greatest part of their Volume in Folio. *Ben. Johnson*, indeed, has design'd his Plots himself; but no Man has borrow'd so much from the Ancients as he has done: And he did well in it, for he has thereby beautify'd our Language.

But these little Criticks do not well consider what is the work of a Poet, and what the Graces of a Poem: The Story is the least part of either: I mean the foundation of it, before it is model'd by the Art of him who writes it; who forms it with more care, by exposing only the beautiful parts of it to view, than a skilful Lapidary sets a Jewel. On this foundation of the Story the Characters are rais'd: and, since no Story can afford Characters enough for the variety of the *English* Stage, it follows that it is to be alter'd, and inlarg'd, with new persons, accidents, and designs, which will almost make it new. When this is done, the forming it into Acts and Scenes, disposing of actions and passions into their proper places,

ces, and beautifying both with descriptions, similitudes, and propriety of Language, is the principal employment of the Poet; as being the largest field of fancy, which is the principal quality requir'd in him: For so much the word *ποιητὴς* implies. Judgment, indeed, is necessary in him; but 'tis fancy that gives the Life-touches, and the secret graces to it; especially in serious Plays, which depend not much on observation. For to write Humour in Comedy (which is the theft of Poets from Mankind) little of fancy is requir'd; the Poet observes only what is ridiculous and pleasant Folly, and by judging exactly what is so, he pleases in the representation of it.

But in general, the employment of a Poet, is like that of a curious Gunsmith or Watchmaker: the Iron or Silver is not his own; but they are the least part of that which gives the value: the price lies wholly in the Workmanship. And he who works dully on a story, without moving laughter in a Comedy, or raising concernments in a serious Play, is no more to be accounted a good Poet, than a Gunsmith of the *Minories* is to be compar'd with the best Workman of the Town.

But I have said more of this than I intended; and more, perhaps, than I needed to have done: I shall but laugh at them hereafter, who accuse me with so little reason; and withal, contemn their dullness, who, if they could ruine that little Reputation I have got, and which I value not, yet would want both Wit and Learning to establish their own, or to be remembred in after Ages for any thing, but only that which makes them ridiculous in this.

PRO-

PROLOGUE.

WHen first our Poet set himself to write,
Like a young Bridegroom on his Wedding-night,
He laid about him, and did so bestir him,
His Muse could never lye in quiet for him:
But now his Honey-moon is gone and past,
Yet the ungrateful drudgery must last:
And he is bound, as civil Husbands do,
To strain himself, in complaisance to you:
To write in pain, and counterfeit a Bliss,
Like the faint smacking of an after-Kiss.
But you, like Wives ill pleas'd, supply his want;
Each Writing Monsieur *is a fresh Gallant:*
And though, perhaps, 'twas done as well before,
Yet still there's something in a new Amour.
Your several Poets work with several Tools,
One gets you Wits, another gets you Fools:
This pleases you with some by-stroke of Wit,
This finds some cranny that was never hit.
But should these janty Lovers daily come
To do your Work, like your good Man at home,
Their fine small timber'd Wits would soon decay;
These are Gallants but for a Holiday.
Others you had who oftner have appear'd,
Whom, for meer impotence you have cashier'd:
Such as at first came on with Pomp and Glory,
But, over-straining, soon fell flat before ye.
Their useless weight, with patience long was born,
But at the last you threw 'em off with scorn.
As for the Poet of this present night,
Though now he claims in you an Husband's right,
He will not hinder you of fresh delight.
He, like a Seaman, seldom will appear;
And means to trouble home but thrice a year:
That only time from your Gallants he'll borrow;
Be kind to day and Cuckold him to morrow.

Per-

Persons Represented.

MEN.

		By
Wildblood, *Bellany*,	Two young English Gentlemen.	Mr. *Hart*. Mr. *Mohun*.
Maskal,	Their Servant.	Mr. *Shatterel*.
Don Alonzo de Ribera,	an old *Spanish* Gentleman.	Mr. *Winterſhal*.
Don *Lopez de Gamboa*,	a young Noble *Spaniard*.	Mr. *Burt*.
Don *Melchor de Guzman*,	a Gentleman of a great Family; but of a decay'd Fortune.	Mr. *Lydal*.

WOMEN.

		By
Donna Theodoſia, *Donna Jacintha*,	Daughters to Don *Alonzo*.	Mrs. *Bowtel*. Mrs. *Ellen Guyun*.
Donna Aurelia,	Their Couſin.	Mrs. *Marſhal*, & formerly by Mrs. *Quin*.
Beatrix,	Women and Confident to the two Siſters.	Mrs. *Knepp*.
Camilla,	Woman to *Aurelia*.	Mrs. *Betty Slate*.
Servants to Don *Lopez*, and Don *Alonzo*.		

The Scene Madrid, *in the Year* 1665.
The Time, the laſt Evening of the Carnival.

AN

AN
Evening's Love:
OR, THE
Mock-Astrologer.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Don Lopez, *and a Servant, walking over the Stage.*

Enter another Servant, and follows him.

Serv. DON *Lopez?*

Lopez. Any new Business?

Serv. My Master had forgot this Letter.
Which he conjures you, as you are his Friend,
To give *Aurelia* from him.

Lop. Tell Don *Melchor* 'tis a hard Task which he enjoins me:
He knows I love her, and much more than he;
For I love her alone, but he divides
His Passion betwixt two: Did he consider
How great a Pain 'tis to dissemble Love,
He would never practise it.

Serv. He knows his Fault; but cannot mend it.

Lop. To make the poor *Aurelia* believe
He's gone for *Flanders*, whilst he lies conceal'd,
And every Night makes visits to her Cousin.
When will he leave this strange Extravagance?

Serv. When he can love one more, or t'other less.

Lop. Before I lov'd my self, I promis'd him
To serve him in his Love; and I'll perform it,

Howe'er

Howe'er repugnant to my own Concernments.

Serv. Your are a Noble Cavalier. [*Exit Servant.*

Enter Bellamy, Wildbloud, Maskal.

2 *Serv.* Sir, your Gueſts of the *Engliſh* Ambaſſadour's Retinue.

Lop. Cavaliers, will you pleaſe to command my Coach to take the Air this Evening?

Bell. We have not yet reſolv'd how to diſpoſe of our ſelves; but however, we are highly acknowledging to you, for your Civility.

Lop. You cannot more oblige me, than by laying your Commands on me.

Wild. We kiſs your Hands. [*Ex.* Lopez *cum Servo.*

Bell. Give the *Don* his due; he entertain'd us Nobly this Carnival.

Wild. Give the Devil the *Don*, for any thing I lik'd in his Entertainment.

Bell. I hope we had Variety enough.

Wild. I; it look'd like Variety, till we came to taſte it; there were Twenty ſeveral Diſhes to the Eye, but in the Pallat nothing but Spices. I had a mind to eat of a Pheaſant, and as ſoon as I got it into my Mouth, I found I was chawing a Limb of Cinnamon; then I went to cut a piece of Kid, and no ſooner it had touch'd my Lips, but it turn'd to red Pepper: at laſt, I began to think my ſelf another kind of *Midas*, that every thing I touch'd ſhould be turn'd to Spice.

Bell. And for my part, I imagin'd his Catholick Majeſty had invited us to eat his *Indies.* But prithee let's leave the Diſcourſe of it, and contrive together how we may ſpend the Evening; for in this hot Country, 'tis as in the Creation, the Evening and the Morning make the Day.

Wild. I have a little Serious buſineſs.

Bell. Put it off till a fitter Seaſon: for the Truth is, Buſineſs is then only tolerable, when the World and the Fleſh have no Baits to ſet before us for the Day.

Wild. But mine perhaps is publick Buſineſs.

Bell. Why, Is any Buſineſs more publick than Drinking and Wenching? Look on thoſe grave plodding Fellows, that paſs by us, as though they were meditating the Re-Conqueſt of *Flanders:* fly 'em to a Mark, and I'll undertake three Parts of four are going to their Courtezans. I tell thee, *Jack*, the Whisking of a Silk-Gown, and the Raſh of a Tabby-Petticoat, are as comfortable Sounds to one of theſe rich Citizens, as the Chink of their Pieces of Eight.

Wild. This being granted to be the common Deſign of Humane Kind, 'tis more than probable 'tis yours; therefore I'll leave you to the Proſecution of it.

Bell. Nay, good *Jack*, mine is but a Miſtreſs *in Embryo*; the Poſſeſſion of her is at leaſt ſome ten Days off, and till that time, thy Company will be pleaſant, and may be profitable to carry on the Work. I would uſe thee like an under-kind of Chymiſt, to blow the Coals; 'twill be time enough for me to be alone when I come to Projection.

Wild.

Wild. You muſt excuſe me, *Frank*; I have made an Appointment at the Gaming-Houſe.

Bell. What to do there, I prithee? To miſ-ſpend that Money, which kind Fortune intended for a Miſtreſs? Or to learn new Oaths and Curſes to carry into *England?* That is not it—— I heard you were to marry when you left home: perhaps that may be ſtill running in your Head, and keep you vertuous.

Wild. Marriage quoth-a! What doſt thou think I have been bred in the Deſarts of *Africk*, or among the Savages of *America*? nay, if I had, I muſt needs have known better things than ſo; the Light of Nature would not have let me gone ſo far aſtray.

Bell. Well! What think you of the *Prado* this Evening?

Wild. Pox upon't, 'tis worſe than our contemplative *Hide-Park!*

Bell. Oh! but we muſt ſubmit to the Cuſtom of the Country for Courtſhip: whatever the Means are, we are ſure the End is ſtill the ſame in all places. But who are theſe?

Enter Don Alonzo de Ribera, *with his two Daughters,* Theodoſia *and* Jacinta, *and* Beatrix *their Woman, paſſing by.*

Theod. Do you ſee thoſe Strangers, Siſter, that eye us ſo earneſtly?

Jac. Yes, and I gueſs 'em to be Feathers of the *Engliſh* Ambaſſadour's Train; for I think I ſaw 'em at the grand Audience—— And have the ſtrangeſt temptation in the World to talk to 'em: A Miſchief on this Modeſty.

Beat. A Miſchief of this Father of yours, that haunts you ſo.

Jac. 'Tis very true, *Beatrix*; for though I am the younger Siſter, I ſhould have the Grace to lay Modeſty firſt aſide: however, Siſter, let us pull up our Vails, and give 'em an Eſſay of our Faces.

[*They pull up their Vails, and pull 'em down again.*

Wild. Ah, *Bellamy!* Undone, undone! Doſt thou ſee thoſe Beauties?

Bell. Prithee, *Wildblood*, hold thy Tongue, and do not ſpoil my Contemplation; I am undoing my ſelf as faſt as e'er I can too.

Wild. I muſt go to 'em.

Bell. Hold, Madman! doſt thou not ſee their Father? Haſt thou a mind to have our Throats cut?

Wild. By a Hector of Fourſcore? Hang our Throats; what a Lover and cautious? [*Is going towards them.*

Alon. Come away, Daughters, we ſhall be late elſe.

Bell. Look you, they are on the wing already.

Wild. Prithee, dear *Frank*, let's follow 'em: I long to know who they are.

Mask. Let me alone, I'll dog 'em for you.

Bell. I am glad on't; for my Shooes ſo pinch me, I can ſcarce go a ſtep farther.

Wild. Croſs the way there lives a Shooe-maker: away quickly, that we may not ſpoil our Man's Deſign. [*Exit* Bell. Wild.

Alon. offers to go off. Now, Friend! what's your Buſineſs to follow us?

Mask. Noble *Don*; 'tis only to recommend my Service to you: A certain violent Paſſion I have had for your Worſhip ſince the firſt moment that I ſaw you.

Alon. I never ſaw thee before to my Remembrance.

Mask. No matter, Sir, true Love never ſtands upon Ceremony.

Alon. Prithee be gone, my ſawcy Companion, or I'll clap an Alguazile upon thy Heels; I tell thee I have no need of thy Service.

Mask. Having no Servant of your own, I cannot, in good Manners, leave you deſtitute.

Alon. I'll beat thee if thou follow'ſt me.

Mask. I am your Spaniel, Sir; the more you beat me, the better I'll wait on you.

Alon. Let me intreat thee to be gone; the Boys will hoot at me, to ſee me follow'd thus againſt my Will.

Mask. Shall you and I concern our ſelves for what the Boys do, Sir? Pray do you hear the News at Court?

Alon. Prithee what's the News to thee or me?

Mask. Will you be at the next *Juego de cannas?*

Alon. If I think good.

Mask. Pray go on, Sir; we can diſcourſe as we walk together: And whither were you now a going, Sir?

Alon. To the Devil I think.

Mask. Oh! not this Year or two, Sir, by your Age.

Jac. My Father was never ſo match'd for talking in all his Life before; he who loves to hear nothing but himſelf. Prithee, *Beatrix*, ſtay behind, and ſee what this impudent *Engliſhman* would have.

Beat. Sir, if you'll let my Maſter go, I'll be his Pawn.

Mask. Well, Sir, I kiſs your hand, in hope to wait on you another Time.

Alon. Let us mend our pace to get clear of him.

Theod. If you do not, he'll be with you agen, like *Atlanta* in the Fable, and make you drop another of your Golden Apples.

[*Ex.* Alon. Theodoſ. Jacint.

[Maskal *whiſpers* Beatrix *the while.*

Beat. How much good Language is here thrown away, to make me betray my Ladies?

Mask. If you will diſcover nothing of 'em, let me diſcourſe with you a little.

Beat. As little as you pleaſe.

Mask. They are rich, I ſuppoſe.

Beat. Now you are talking of them agen: but they are as rich, as they are fair.

Mask. Then they have the *Indies:* well, but their Names, my ſweet Miſtreſs.

Beat. Sweet Servant, their Names are———

Mask. Their Names are—— out with it boldly———

Beat. A Secret not to be diſclos'd.

Mask.

Mask. A Secret, ſay you? Nay, then I conjure you, as you are a Woman, tell it me.

Beat. Not a Syllable.

Mask. Why then, as you are a Waiting-woman, as you are the Sieve of all your Ladies Secrets, tell it me.

Beat. You loſe your Labour; nothing will ſtrain through me.

Mask. Are you ſo well ſtopp'd i'th' bottom?

Beat. It was enjoin'd me ſtrictly as a Secret.

Mask. Was it enjoin'd thee ſtrictly, and canſt thou hold it? Nay then, thou art invincible, but, by that Face, that more than ugly Face, which I ſuſpect to be under thy Veil, diſcloſe it to me.

Beat. By that Face of thine, which is a Natural Viſor, I will not tell thee.

Mask. By thy———

Beat. No more Swearing, I beſeech you.

Mask. That Woman's worth little, that is not worth an Oath: well, get thee gone; now I think on't, thou ſhalt not tell me.

Beat. Shall I not? Who ſhall hinder me? They are *Don Alonzo de Ribera*'s Daughters.

Mask. Out, out! I'll ſtop my Ears.

Beat.—— They live hard by in the *Calle major*.

Mask. O Infernal Tongue———

Beat. And are going to the next Chapel with their Father.

Mask. Wilt thou never have done tormenting me? In my Conſcience, anon thou wilt blab out their Names too!

Beat. Their Names are *Theodoſia* and *Jacinta*.

Mask. And where's your great Secret now?

Beat. Now I think I am reveng'd on you, for running down my poor Old Maſter.

Mask. Thou art not fully reveng'd, till thou haſt told me thy own Name too.

Beat. 'Tis *Beatrix*, at your Service, Sir; pray remember I wait on 'em.

Mask. Now I have enough, I muſt be going.

Beat. I perceive you are juſt like other Men; when you have got your Ends, you care not how ſoon you are going———————— ——Farewel——— you'll be conſtant to me———

Mask. If thy Face when I ſee it, do not give me occaſion to be otherwiſe.

Beat. You ſhall take a Sample, that you may praiſe it when you ſee it next. [*She pulls up her Veil.*

Enter Wildblood *and* Bellamy.

Wild. Look, there's your Dog with a Duck in's Mouth — Oh, ſhe's got looſe and div'd again—— [*Exit* Beat.

Bell. Well, *Maskall*, What News of the Ladies of the Lake?

Mask. I have learn'd enough to embarque you in an Adventure; they are Daughters to one *Don Alonzo de Ribera* in the *Calle major*, their Names *Theodoſia* and *Jacinta*, and they are going to their Devotions in the next Chapel.

Wild.

Wild. Away then; let us loſe no time. I thank Heaven, I never found my ſelf better inclin'd to Godlineſs than at this preſent—— [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *A Chapel.*

Enter Alonzo, Theodoſia, Jacinta, Beatrix, *other Ladies and Cavaliers as at their Devotion.*

Alon. By that time you have told your Beads I'll be agen with you. [*Exit.*

Jac. Do you think the *Engliſh* Men will come after us?

Beat. Do you think they can ſtay from you?

Jac. For my part, I feel a certain Qualm upon my Heart, which makes me believe I am breeding Love to one of 'em.

Theod. How, Love, *Jacinta*, in ſo ſhort a time? *Cupid*'s Arrow was well feather'd to reach you ſo ſuddenly!

Jac. Faith, as good at firſt as at laſt, Siſter; 'tis a thing that muſt be done, and therefore 'tis beſt diſpatching it out o'th' way.

Theod. But you do not mean to tell him ſo, whom you love?

Jac. Why ſhould I keep my ſelf and Servant in Pain, for that which may be cur'd at a days warning?

Beat. My Lady tells you true Madam; long, tedious Courtſhip may be proper for cold Countries, where their Froſts are long a thawing; but, Heaven be prais'd, we live in a warm Climate.

Theod. The truth is, in other Countries they have Opportunities for Courtſhip, which we have not; they are not mew'd up with double Locks and grated Windo"s; but may receive Addreſſes at their leiſure.

Jac. But our Love here is like our Graſs; if it be not mow'd quickly 'tis burnt up.

Enter Bellamy, Wildbloud, Maskal: *they look about 'em.*

Theod. Yonder are your Gallants; ſend you Comfort of 'em: I am for my Devotions.

Jac. Now for my Heart can I think of no other Prayer, but only that they may not miſtake us—— Why, Siſter, Siſter—— Will you pray? What Injury have I ever done you, that you ſhould pray in my Company? If your Servant, Don *Melchor*, were here, we ſhould have you mind Heaven as little as the beſt on's.

Beat. They are at a Loſs, Madam; ſhall I put up my Veil that they may take aim?

Jac. No; let 'em take their Fortune in the dark: we ſhall ſee what Archers theſe *Engliſh* are.

Bell. Which are they, think'ſt thou?

Wild. There's no knowing them, they are all Children of Darkneſs.

Bell. I'll be ſworn they have one ſign of Godlineſs among 'em, there's no Diſtinction of Perſons here.

Wild.

Wild. Pox o'this Blind-man's-buff; they may be aſham'd to provoke a Man thus by their keeping themſelves ſo cloſe.

Bell. You are for the youngeſt, you ſay; 'tis the eldeſt has ſmitten me. And here I fix, if I am right — happy Man be his Dole ——— [*By* Theod.

Wild. I'll take my Fortune here ——— [*By* Jacinta. Madam, I hope a ſtranger may take the liberty, without Offence, to offer his Devotions by you.

Jac. That, Sir, would interrupt mine, without being any Advantage to your own.

Wild. My Advantage, Madam, is very evident; for the kind Saint, to whom you pray, may by the Neighbourhood miſtake my Devotions for yours.

Jac. O Sir! our Saints can better diſtinguiſh between the Prayers of a Catholick and a Lutheran.

Wild. I beſeech you, Madam, trouble not your ſelf for my Religion; for though I am a Heretick to the Men of your Country, to your Ladies I am a very zealous Catholick: and for Fornication and Adultery, I aſſure you I hold with both Churches.

Theod. to *Bell.* Sir, If you will not be more devout, be, at leaſt, more civil; you ſee you are obſerv'd.

Bell. And pray, Madam, what do you think the Lookers on imagine I am employ'd about?

Theod. I will not trouble my ſelf to gueſs.

Bell. Why, by all Circumſtances, they muſt conclude that I am making Love to you: and methinks it were ſcarce civil to give the Opinion of ſo much good Company the Lye.

Theod. If this were true, you would have little Reaſon to thank 'em for their Divination.

Bell. Meaning I ſhould not be lov'd again.

Theod. You have interpreted my Riddle, and may take it for your Pains.

Enter Alonzo, *(and goes apart to his Devotion.)*

Beat. Madam, your Father is return'd.

Bell. She has netled me, would I could be reveng'd on her.

Wild. Do you ſee their Father? Let us make as though we talk'd to one another, that we may not be ſuſpected.

Beat. You have loſt your *Engliſhmen*.

Jac. No, no; 'tis but Deſign, I warrant you: you ſhall ſee theſe Iſland Cocks wheel about immediately.

Beat. Perhaps they thought they were obſerv'd.

[*The* Engliſh *gather up cloſe to them.*

Wild. to *Bell.* Talk not of our Country Ladies: I declare my ſelf for the S[illegible] Beauties.

Bell. Prithee tell me what thou canſt find to doat on in theſe *Caſtilians*?

Wild. Their Wit and Beauty.

Theod. Now for our Champion *St. Jago* for *Spain* there.

Bell.

Bell. Faith, I can ſpeak no ſuch Miracles of either: for their Beauty 'tis much as the *Moors* left it; not altogether ſo deep a Black as the true *Æthiopian:* a kind of Beauty that is too civil to the Lookers on to do them any Miſchief.

Jac. This was your Frowardneſs that provok'd him, Siſter.

Theod. But they ſhall not carry it off ſo.

Bell. As for their Wit, you may judge it by their Breeding, which is commonly in a Nunnery; where the want of Mankind, while they are there, makes them value the Bleſſing ever after.

Theod. Prithee, dear *Jacinta*, tell me, what kind of Creatures were thoſe we ſaw yeſterday at the Audience? thoſe, I mean, that look'd ſo like *Frenchmen* in their Habits, but only became their Apiſhneſs ſo much worſe.

Jac. Engliſhmen I think they call'd 'em.

Theod. Cry you mercy; they were of your wild *Engliſh* indeed, that is a kind of *Northern* Beaſt, that is taught its Feats of Activity in *Monſieur-Land*, and for doing 'em too lubberly, is laugh'd at all the World over.

Bell. Wildblood, I perceive the Women underſtand little of Diſcourſe; their Gallants do not uſe 'em to't: they get upon their Gennits, and prance before their Ladies Windows; their the Palfrey curvets and bounds, and, in ſhort, entertains 'em for his Maſter.

Wild. And this Horſe-play they call making Love.

Beat. Your Father, Madam——

Alon. Daughters! what Cavaliers are thoſe which were talking by you?

Jac. Engliſhmen, I believe, Sir, at their Devotions. Cavalier, would you would try to pray a little better than you have rallied.

[*Aſide to* Wildblood.

Wild. Hang me if I put all my Devotions out of order for you: I remember I pray'd but on *Tueſday* laſt, and my time comes not till *Tueſday* next.

Mask. you had as good pray, Sir; ſhe will not ſtir till you have: Say any thing.

Wild. Fair Lady, though I am not worthy of the leaſt of your Favours, yet give me the Happineſs this Evening to ſee you at your Father's Door; that I may acquaint you with part of my Sufferings. [*Aſide to* Jacint.

Alon. Come, Daughters, have you done?

Jac. Immediately, Sir—— Cavalier, I will not fail to be there at the time appointed, if it be but to teach you more Wit, henceforward, than to ingage your Heart ſo lightly.

[*Aſide to* Wildbloud.

Wild. I have engag'd my Heart with ſo much Zeal and true Devotion to your Divine Beauty, that——

Alon. What means this Cavalier?

Jac. Some zealous Ejaculation.

Alon. May the Saint hear him.

Jac. I'll anſwer for her—— [*Ex. Father and Daughters.*

Wild. Now, *Bellamy*, what Succeſs?

Bell.

Bell. I pray'd to a more Marble Saint than that was in the Shrine, but you, it ſeems, have been ſucceſsful.

Wild. And ſo ſhalt thou; let me alone for both.

Bell. If you'll undertake it, I will make bold to indulge my Love; and within theſe two hours be a deſperate inamorado. I feel I am coming apace to it.

Wild. Faith, I can love at any time with a wiſh at my rate: I give my Heart according to the Old Law of Pawns, to be return'd me before Sun-ſet.

Bell. I love only that I may keep my heart warm; for a Man's a Fool if Love ſtir him not; and to bring him to that paſs, I firſt reſolve whom to love, and preſently after imagine I am in love; for a ſtrong Imagination is requir'd in a Lover, as much as in a Witch.

Wild. And is this all your Receipt?

Bell. Theſe are my principal Ingredients; as for Piques, Jealouſies, Duels, Daggers, and Halters, I let 'em alone to the Vulgar.

Wild. Prithee let's round the Street a little; till *Maskal* watches for their Woman.

Bell. That's well thought on: he ſhall about it immediately.

We will attempt the Miſtreſs by the Maid,
Women by Women ſtill are beſt betray'd. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

Enter Wildbloud, Bellamy, Maskal.

Wild. DID you ſpeak with her Woman?

Mask. Yes; but ſhe was in haſte, and bid me wait her hereabouts when ſhe return'd.

Bell. Then you have diſcover'd nothing more?

Mask. Only, in general, that *Donna Theodoſia* is engag'd elſewhere; ſo that all your Courtſhip will be to no Purpoſe.
[*To* Wild.] But for your Miſtreſs, Sir, ſhe is waded out of her depth, in Love to you already.

Wild. That's very hard; when I am ſcarce knee-deep with her: 'tis true, I have given her hold of my Heart, but, if ſhe take not heed, it will ſlip through her fingers.

Bell. You are Prince of the Soil, Sir, and may take your Pleaſure when you pleaſe; but I am the Eve to your Holy-day, and muſt faſt, for being join'd to you.

Wild. Were I as thou art, I would content my ſelf with having had one fair flight at her, without wearying my ſelf on the wing for a Retrieve; for when all's done, the Quarry is but Woman.

Bell. Thank you, Sir; you would fly 'em both your ſelf, and while I turn Tail, would have you come jingling with your Bells in the Neck

of my Partridge; do you remember who encourag'd me to love, and promis'd me his Assistance?

Wild. I; while there was hope, *Frank*, while there was hope; but there's no contending with one's Destiny.

Bell. Nay, it may be, I care as little for her as another Man; but while she flies before me I must follow: I can leave a Woman first with Ease, but if she begins to fly before me, I grow opiniatre as the Devil.

Wild. What a Secret have you found out? Why, 'tis the Nature of all Mankind: we love to get our Mistresses, and purr over 'em, as Cats do over Mice, and then let 'em go a little way; and all the pleasure is, to pat 'em back again: But yours, I take it, *Frank*, is gone too far; prithee how long dost thou intend to love at this rate?

Bell. Till the evil Constellation be pass'd over me: yet I believe it would hasten my Recovery, if I knew whom she lov'd.

Mask. You shall not be long without that satisfaction.

Wild. 'St! the Door opens, and two Women are coming out.

Bell. By their Stature, they shou'd be thy gracious Mistress and *Beatrix*.

Wild. Methinks you should know your *Q.* then and withdraw.

Bell. Well; I'll leave you to your Fortune; but if you come to close fighting, I shall make bold to run in and part you.

[Bellamy *and* Maskal *withdraw.*

Wild. Yonder she comes with full Sails, i'faith; I'll hail her amain for *England.*

Enter Jacinta *and* Beatrix, *at the other End of the Stage.*

Beat. You do love him then?

Jac. Yes most vehemently.

Beat. But set some Bounds to your Affection.

Jac. None but Fools confine their Pleasure. What Usurer ever thought his Coffers held too much? No, I'll give my self the Swinge, and love without Reserve. If I'll keep a Passion, I'll never starve it in my Service.

Beat. But are you sure he will deserve this Kindness?

Jac. I never trouble my self so long before hand: Jealousies and Disquiets are the Dregs of an Amour; but I'll leave mine before I have drawn it off so low: when it once grows troubled, I'll give vent to a fresh Draught.

Beat. Yet it is but Prudence to try him first; no Pilate Ventures on an unknown Coast without sounding.

Jac. Well, to satisfie thee I am content; partly too because I find a kind of Pleasure in laying Baits for him.

Beat. The two great Vertues of a Lover are Constancy and Liberality; if he professes those two, you may be happy in him.

Jac. Nay, if he be not Lord and Master of both those Qualities, I disown him——— but who goes there?

Beat. He, I warrant you, Madam; for his Servant told me, he was waiting hereabout.

Jac. Watch the Door; give me notice if any come.

Beat.

Beat. I'll ſecure you, Madam——— [*Exit* Beat.

Jac. to *Wild.* What have you laid an Ambuſh for me?

Wild. Only to make a Reprizal of my Heart.

Jac. 'Tis ſo wild, that the Lady who has it in her keeping, would be glad ſhe were rid on't: it does ſo flutter about the Cage. 'Tis a meer *Bajazet*; and if it be not let out the ſooner, will beat out the Brains againſt the Grates.

Wild. I am afraid the Lady has not fed it, and 'tis wild for Hunger.

Jac. Or perhaps it wants company; ſhall ſhe put another to it?

Wild. I; but then 'twere beſt to truſt 'em out of the Cage together; let 'em hop about at Liberty.

Jac. But if they ſhould loſe one another in the wide world!

Wild. They'll meet at Night, I warrant 'em.

Jac. But is not your Heart of the Nature of thoſe Birds, that breed in one Country, and go to winter in another?

Wild. Suppoſe it does ſo; yet I take my Mate along with me. And now to leave our Parables, and ſpeak in the Language of the Vulgar; What think you of a Voyage to merry *England*?

Jac. Juſt as *Æſop*'s Frog did, of leaping into a deep Well in a Drought: if he ventur'd the leap, there might be Water; but if there were no Water, how ſhould he get out again?

Wild. Faith we live in a good honeſt Country, where we are content with our old Vices, partly becauſe we want Wit to invent more new. A Colony of *Spaniards*, or ſpiritual *Italians* planted among us, would make us much more racy. 'Tis true, our Variety is not much; but to ſpeak Nobly of our way of living, 'tis like that of the Sun, which riſes, and looks upon the ſame things he ſaw yeſterday, and goes to bed again.

Jac. But I here your Women live moſt bleſſedly; there's no ſuch thing as Jealouſie among the Husbands; if any Man has Horns, he bears 'em as loftily as a Stag, and as inoffenſively.

Wild. All this, I hope, gives you no ill Character of the Country.

Jac. But what need we go into another Climate? as our Love was born here, ſo let it live and die here, and be honeſtly buried in its Native Country.

Wild. Faith, agreed with all my Heart. For I am none of thoſe unreaſonable Lovers, that propoſe to themſelves the loving to Eternity: the Truth is, a Month is commonly my ſtint; but in that Month I love ſo dreadfully, that it is after a Twelvemonths rate of common Love.

Jac. Or would not a Fortnight ſerve our turn? for in troth a Month looks ſomewhat diſmally; 'tis a whole *Egyptian* Year: If a Moon changes in my Love, I ſhall think my *Cupid* grown dull, or fallen into an Apoplexy.

Wild. Well, I pray Heaven we both get off as clear as we imagine; for my part, I like your Humour ſo damnably well, that I fear I am in for a Week longer than I propos'd: I am half afraid your *Spaniſh* Planet, and my *Engliſh* one have been acquainted, and have found out ſome By-Room or other in the 12 Houſes: I wiſh they have been Honourable.

Fac. The beſt way for both were to take up in time; yet I am afraid our Forces are engag'd ſo far, that we muſt make a Battel on't. What think you of diſobliging one another from this day forward? and ſhewing all our ill Humours at the firſt; which Lovers uſe to keep as a Reſerve till they are married.

Wild. Or let us encourage one another to a Breach by the Dangers of Poſſeſſion: I have a Song to that purpoſe.

Fac. Pray let me hear it: I hope it will go to the Tune of one of our *Paſſa calles.*

SONG.

YOU charm'd me not with that fair Face,
Though it was all Divine:
To be another's is the Grace,
That makes me wiſh you mine.
The Gods and Fortune take their Part,
Who like young Monarchs fight;
And boldly dare invade that Heart
Which is another's Right.
Firſt, mad with Hope, we undertake
To pull up every Bar;
But once poſſeſs'd, we faintly make
A dull defenſive War.
Now ev'ry Friend is turn'd a Foe,
In Hope to get our Store:
And Paſſion makes us Cowards grow,
Which made us Brave before.

Fac. Believe it, Cavalier, you are a dangerous Perſon: Do you hold forth your Gifts in Hopes to make me love you leſs?

Wild. They would ſignifie little if we were once married: thoſe Gayeties are all nipt, and froſt-bitten in the Marriage-Bed, i'faith.

Fac. I am ſorry to hear 'tis ſo cold a Place: but 'tis all one to us, who do not mean to trouble it: the Truth is, your Humour pleaſes me exceedingly; how long it will do ſo, I know not; but ſo long as it does, I am reſolv'd to give my ſelf the Content of ſeeing you. For if I ſhould once conſtrain my ſelf, I might fall in Love in good earneſt: but I have ſtay'd too long with you, and would be loth to ſurfeit you at firſt.

Wild. Surfeit me, Madam! why you have but tantaliz'd me all this while.

Fac. What would you have?

Wild. A Hand, or Lip, or any thing that you can ſpare; when you have conjur'd up a Spirit, he muſt have ſome Employment, or he'll tear you a-pieces.

Fac. Well, Here's my Picture; to help your Contemplation in my Abſence.

Wild.

Wild. You have already the Original of mine; but ſome Revenge you muſt allow me: a Locket of Diamonds, or ſome ſuch a Trifle, the next time I kiſs your hand.

Jac. Fie, fie! you do not think me mercenary? Yet now I think on't, I'll put you into our *Spaniſh* Mode of Love: our Ladies here uſe to be the Banquiers of their Servants, and to have their Gold in keeping.

Wild. This is the leaſt Tryal you could have made of me: I have ſome 300 Piſtols by me; thoſe I'll ſend you by my Servant.

Jac. Confeſs freely; you miſtruſt me: but if you find the leaſt Qualm about your Gold, pray keep it for a Cordial.

Wild. The Cordial muſt be apply'd to the Heart, and mine's with you, Madam: Well; I ſay no more; but theſe are dangerous Beginnings for holding on: I find my Month will have more than one and thirty Days in't.

Enter Beatrix *running.*

Beat. Madam, your Father calls in haſte for you; and is looking you about the Houſe.

Jac. Adieu, Servant; be a good Manager of your ſtock of Love, that it may hold out your Month; I am afraid you'll waſte ſo much of it before to morrow Night, that you'll ſhine but with a Quarter Moon upon me.

Wild. It ſhall be a Creſcent. [*Ex.* Wild. Jac. *ſeverally.*

[Beatrix *is going, and* Maskal *runs and ſtops her.*

Mask. Pay your Ranſom; you are my Priſoner.

Beat. What, do you fight after the *French* Faſhion; take Towns before you declare a War?

Mask. I ſhould be glad to imitate them ſo far, to be in the Middle of the Country before you could reſiſt me.

Beat. Well, what Compoſition, Monſieur?

Mask. Deliver up your Lady's Secret; what makes her ſo cruel to my Maſter?

Beat. Which of my Ladies, and which of your Maſters? For I ſuppoſe we are Factors for both of them.

Mask. Your eldeſt Lady *Theodoſia.*

Beat. How dare you preſs your Miſtreſs to an Inconvenience?

Mask. My Miſtreſs? I underſtand not that Language: the Fortune of the Varlet, ever follows that of the Maſter; and his is deſperate: if his Fate were alter'd for the better, I ſhould not care if I ventur'd upon you for the worſe.

Beat. I have told you already *Donna Theodoſia* loves another.

Mask. Has he no Name?

Beat. Let it ſuffice; he is born Noble, though without a Fortune. His Poverty makes him conceal his Love from her Father; but ſhe ſees him every Night in private: and to blind the World about a Fortnight ago, he took a Solemn Leave of her, as if he were going into *Flanders:* in the mean time he lodges at the Houſe of Don *Lopez de Gamboa,* and is himſelf call'd Don *Melchor de Guzman.*

Mask.

Mask. Don *Melchor de Guzman!* O Heavens!

Beat. What amazes you!

Theod. within.] Why, *Beatrix*, where are you?

Beat. You hear I am call'd; Adieu; and be ſure you keep my Counſel. [*Exit* Beatrix.

Mask. Come, Sir, you ſee the Coaſt is clear.

Enter Bellamy.

Bell. Clear, doſt thou ſay? No; 'tis full of Rocks and Quick-ſands: yet nothing vexes me ſo much, as that ſhe is in Love with ſuch a poor Rogue.

Mask. But that he ſhould lodge privately in the ſame Houſe with us! 'twas odly contriv'd of Fortune.

Bell. Hang him, Rogue: methinks I ſee him perching like an Owl by day, and not daring to flutter out till Moon-light. The Raſcal invents new Love, and brews his Complements all day, and broaches 'em at night; juſt as ſome of our dry Wits do their Stories before they come into Company. Well, if I could be reveng'd on either of 'em —

Mask. Here ſhe comes again, with *Beatrix*; but, good Sir, moderate your Paſſion.

Enter Theodoſia *and* Beatrix.

Bell. Nay, Madam, you are known; and muſt not paſs till I have ſpoke with you. [Bellamy *lifts up* Theodoſia's *Veil.*

Theod. This Rudeneſs, to a Perſon of my Quality, may coſt you dear. Pray when did I give you Encouragement for ſo much Familiarity?

Bell. When you ſcorn'd me in the Chapel.

Theod. The Truth is, I deny'd you as heartily as I could; that I might not be twice troubled with you.

Bell. Yet you have not this Averſion for all the World: however I was in hope, though the Day frown'd, the Night might prove as propitious to me, as it is to others.

Theod. I have now a Quarrel both to the Sun and Moon, becauſe I have ſeen you by both their Lights.

Bell. Spare the Moon, I beſeech you, Madam; ſhe is a very truſty Planet to you.

Beat. O, *Maſkal*, you have ruin'd me!

Mask. Dear Sir, hold yet.

Bell. Away:

Theod. Pray, Sir, expound your meaning; for I confeſs I am in the dark.

Bell. Methinks you ſhould diſcover it by Moon-light. Or if you would have me ſpeak clearer to you, give me leave to wait on you at a Midnight Aſſignation; and that it may not be diſcover'd, I'll feign a Voyage beyond Sea, as if I were gone a Captaining to *Flanders*.

Mask. A Pox on's Memory, he has not forgot one Syllable.

Theod. Ah, *Beatrix*, you have betray'd and ſold me!

Beat. You have betray'd and ſold your ſelf, Madam, by your own Raſhneſs to confeſs it; Heaven knows I have ſerv'd you but too faithfully.

Theod.

Theod. Peace, Impudence; and see my Face no more.

Mask. Do you know what Work you have made, Sir?

Beat. Let her see what she has got by slighting me.

Mask. You had best let *Beatrix* be turn'd away, for me to keep: If you do, I know whose Purse shall pay for't.

Bell. That's a Curse I never thought on: cast about quickly, and save all yet. Range, quest, and spring a Lye immediately.

Theod. to *Beat.* Never importune me farther; you shall go; there's no removing me.

Beat. Well! this is ever the Reward of Innocence—— [*Going.*

Mask. Stay, guiltless Virgin, stay? thou shalt not go.

Theod. Why, who shall hinder it?

Mask. That will I, in the Name of Truth: (If this hard-bound Lye would but come from me:) Madam, I must tell you, it lies in my Power to appease this Tempest with one Word.

Beat. Would it were come once.

Mask. Nay, Sir, 'tis all one to me; if you turn me away upon't, I can hold no longer.

Theod. What does the Fellow mean?

Mask. For all your Noddings, and your Mathematical Grimaces; in short, Madam, my Master has been conversing with the Planets, and from them has had the Knowledge of your Affairs.

Bell. This Rogue amazes me.

Mask. I care not, Sir, I am for Truth; that will shame you and all your Devils: in short, Madam, this Master of mine, that stands before you, without a word to say for himself, so like an Oph, as I may say with Reverence to him——

Bell. The Rascal makes me mad.

Mask. Is the greatest *Astrologer* in *Christendom*.

Theod. Your Master an *Astrologer*?

Mask. A most profound one.

Bell. Why, you Dog, do you consider what an improbable Lye this is? which you know I can never make good: disgorge it, you Cormorant, or I'll pinch your Throat out—— [*Takes him by the Throat.*

Mask. 'Tis all in vain, Sir; you are and shall be an *Astrologer*, whate'er I suffer. You know all things, see into all things, foretel all things; and if you pinch more Truth out of me, I will confess you are a Conjurer.

Bell. How, Sirrah, a Conjurer?

Mask. I mean, Sir, the Devil is in your Fingers: own it, you had best, Sir, and do not provoke me farther;

[*While he is speaking,* Bellamy *stops his Mouth by fits.*

What did not I see you an Hour ago, turning over a great *Folio* with strange Figures in't? and then muttering to your self like any Poet, and then naming *Theodosia*; and then staring up in the Sky, and then poring upon the Ground; so that betwixt God and the Devil, Madam, he came to know your Love.

Bell. Madam, if ever I knew the least Term in *Astrology*, I am the arrantest Son of a Whore breathing.

Beat.

Beat. Oh, Sir, for that matter you ſhall excuſe my Lady. Nay, hide your Talents, if you can, Sir.

Theod. The more you pretend Ignorance, the more we are reſolv'd to believe you skilful.

Bell. You'll hold your tongue yet.

Mask. You ſhall never make me to hold my tongue, except you conjure me to Silence: what, did you not call me to look into a Cryſtal, and there ſhew'd me a fair Garden, and a *Spaniard* ſtalking in his narrow Breeches, and walking underneath a Window? I ſhould know him agen amongſt a Thouſand.

Beat. Don *Melchor*, in my Conſcience, Madam.

Bell. This Rogue will invent more Stories of me, than e'er were father'd upon *Lilly*.

Mask. Will you confeſs then? Do you think I'll ſtain my Honour to ſwallow a Lye for you?

Bell. Well; a Pox on you, I am an *Aſtrologer*.

Beat. O, are you ſo, Sir?

Theod. I hope then, Learned Sir, as you have been curious in enquiring into my Secrets, you will be ſo much a Cavalier as to conceal 'em.

Bell. You need not doubt me, Madam; I am more in your Power than you can be in mine: Beſides, if I were once known in Town, the next thing, for ought I know, would be to bring me before the Fathers of the Inquiſition.

Beat. Well, Madam, what do you think of me now; I have betray'd you, I have ſold you; how can you ever make me amends for this Imputation? I did not think you could have us'd me ſo——

[*Cries and claps her hands at her.*

Theod. Nay, prithee, *Beatrix*, do not cry; I'll leave off my new Gown to morrow, and thou ſhalt have it.

Beat. No, I'll cry eternally; you have taken away my good Name from me; and you can never make me Recompence—— except you give me your new Gorget too.

Theod. No more words; thou ſhalt have it, Girl.

Beat. Oh, Madam, your Father has ſrupriz'd us!

Enter Don Alonzo, *and frowns.*

Bell. Then I'll be gone to avoid Suſpicion.

Theod. By your Favour, Sir, you ſhall ſtay a little; the Happineſs of ſo rare an Acquaintance, ought to be cheriſh'd on my ſide, by a longer Converſation.

Alon. Theodoſia, what buſineſs have you with this Cavalier?

Theod. That, Sir, which will make you as ambitious of being known to him, as I have been: under the Habit of a Gallant he conceals the greateſt *Aſtrologer* this Day living.

Alon. You amaze me, Daughter.

Theod. For my own part I have been conſulting with him about ſome particulars of my Fortunes paſt and future; both which he has reſolv'd me with that admirable Knowledge—— *Bell.*

Bell. Yes, Faith, Sir, I was foretelling her of a diſaſter, that ſeverely threaten'd her; and (one thing'd foreſee already by my Stars, that I muſt bear up boldly, or I am loſt.)

Mask. to *Bellamy.* Never fear him, Sir; he's an ignorant Fellow, and credulous I warrant him.

Alon. Daughter, be not too confident in your belief; there's nothing more uncertain than the cold Prophecies of theſe *Noſtradamuſſes*; but of what Nature was the queſtion which you ask'd him?

Theo. What ſhould be my Fortune in Marriage.

Alon. And, pray, what did you anſwer, Sir?

Bell. I anſwer'd her the truth, that ſhe is danger of Marrying a Gentleman without a Fortune.

Theo. And this, Sir, has put me into ſuch a fright——

Alon. Never trouble your ſelf about it, Daughter; follow my advice, and I warrant you a rich Husband.

Bell. But the Stars ſay, ſhe ſhall not follow your advice: if it happens otherwiſe, I'll burn my *Folio* Volumes, and my Manuſcripts too, I aſſure you that, Sir.

Alon. Be not too confident, young Man; I know ſomewhat in *Aſtrology* my ſelf; for in my younger years I ſtudied it; and though I ſay it, made ſome ſmall proficience in it.

Bell. Marry Heaven forbid. —— [*Aſide.*

Alon. And I could only find it was no way demonſtrative, but altogether fallacious.

Mask. On what a Rock have we ſplit our ſelves!

Bell. Now my ignorance will certainly come out!

Bear. Sir, remember you are old and crazy, Sir; and if the Evening Air ſhould take you!—— beſeech you, Sir, retire.

Alon. Knowledge is to be prefer'd before health; I muſt needs diſcuſs a point with this Learned Cavalier, concerning a difficult queſtion in that Art, which almoſt gravels me.

Mask. How I ſweat for him, *Beatrix*; and my ſelf too, who have brought him into this *Aramanire!*

Beat. You muſt be impudent; for our old Man will ſtick like a Burr to you, now he's in a diſpute.

Alon. What Judgment may a Man reaſonably form from the Trine Aſpect of the two Infortunes in Angular Houſes?

Bell. That's a matter of nothing, Sir; I'll turn my Man looſe to you for ſuch a queſtion. [*Puts* Maskal *forward.*

Alon. Come on, Sir, I am the quærent.

Mask. Meaning me, Sir! I vow to God, and your Worſhip knows it, I never made that Science my ſtudy in the leaſt, Sir.

Bell. The gleanings of mine are enough for this; why, you impudent Rogue, you, hold forth your gifts, or I'll—— What a devil muſt I be perſecuted with every trivial queſtion, when there's not a Maſter in Town of more ſcience, but has his Uſher for theſe mean Offices?

Theo. For him in ſome deeper queſtion, Sir; you ſee he will not put himſelf forth for this.

Alon. Then I'll be more abstruse with him: What think you, Sir, of the taking *Hyleg*? or of the best way of Rectification for a Nativity? Have you been conversant in the *Centiloquium* of *Trismegistus*? What think you of *Mars* in the Tenth, when 'tis his own House? or of *Jupiter* configurated with malevolent Planets?

Bell. I thought what your Skill was: To answer your Question in two Words; *Mars* rules over the *Martial*, and *Jupiter* over the Jovial; and so of the rest, Sir.

Alon. This every School-boy could have told me!

Bell. Why then you must not ask such School-boys Questions. (But your Carkass, Sirrah, shall pay for this.) [*Aside to* Maskal.

Alon. You seem not to understand the Terms, Sir?

Bell. By your Favour, Sir, I know there are Five of 'em; do not I know your *Michaelmas*, your *Hilary*, your *Easter*, your *Trinity*, and your *Long Vacation* Term, Sir?

Alon. I do not understand a word of this *Jargon*.

Bell. It may be not, Sir; I believe the Terms are not the same in *Spain* they are in *England*.

Mask. Did one ever hear so impudent an Ignorance?

Alon. The Terms of Art are the same every where.

Bell. Tell me that! You are an old Man, and they are alter'd since you studied them.

Alon. That may be, I must confess; however if you please to discourse something of the Art to me, you shall find me an apt Scholar.

Enter a Servant *to* Alonzo.

Serv. Sir——— [*Whispers.*

Alon. Sir, I am sorry a Business of Importance calls me hence; but I'll wait on you some other time, to discourse more at large of *Astrology*.

Bell. Is your business very pressing?

Alon. It is, I assure you, Sir.

Bell. I am very sorry, for I should have instructed you in such rare Secrets; I have no Fault, but that I am too communicative.

Alon. I'll dispatch my business, and return immediately; come away, Daughter. [*Exeunt* Alonzo, Theodosia, Beatrix, Servant.

Bell. A Devil on's Learning; he had brought me to my last Legs; I was fighting as low as ever was 'Squire *Widdrington*.

Mask. Who would have suspected it from that wicked Elder?

Bell. Suspected it? Why, 'twas a palpable from his very Phisiomy; he looks like *Haly*, and the Spirit *Hirco* in the Fortune-Book.

Enter Wildblood.

Wild. How now, *Bellamy*, in wrath? prithee what's the Matter?

Bell. The Story is too long to tell you; but this Rogue here, has made me pass for an Errand Fortune-Teller.

Mask. If I had not, I'm sure he must have pass'd for an errand Madman; he had discover'd, in a Rage, all that *Beatrix* had confess'd to me concern-

ing

ing her Mistresses Love; and I had no other way to bring him off, but to say he knew it by the Planets.

Wild. And art thou such an Oph to be vex'd at this? As the Adventure may be manag'd it may make the most pleasant one in all the Carnival.

Bell. Death! I shall have all *Madrid* about me within these two days.

Wild. Nay all *Spain*, 'faith, as fast as I can divulge thee: not a Ship shall pass out from any Port, but shall ask thee for a Wind; thou shalt have all the Trade of *Lapland* within a Month.

Bell. And do you think it reasonable for me to stand Defendant to all the impertinent Questions that the Town can ask me.

Wild. Thou shalt do't, Boy; pox on thee, thou dost not know thine own Happiness; thou wilt have the Ladies come to thee; and if thou dost not fit them with Fortunes, thou art bewitch'd.

Mask. Sir, 'tis the easiest thing in Nature; you need but speak doubtfully, or keep your self in general Terms, and for the most part tell good rather than bad Fortune.

Wild. And if at any time thou ventur'st at particulars, have an Evasion ready, like *Lilly*; as thus, it will infallibly happen, if our Sins hinder not. I would undertake, with one of his Almanacks, to give very good Content to all Christendom, and what good Luck fell not out in one Kingdom, should in another.

Mask. The Pleasure on't will be to see how all his Customers will contribute to their own deceiving; and verily believe he told them that, which they told him.

Bell. Umh! Now I begin to taste it; I am like the drunken Tinker in the Play, a great Prince, and never knew it.

Wild. A great Prince, a great Turk; we shall have thee within these two days, do Grace to the Ladies, by throwing out a Handkerchief; 'slife, I could feast upon thy Fragments.

Bell. If the Women come, you shall be sure to help me to undergo the Burden; for though you make me an *Astronomer*, I am no *Atlas*, to bear all upon my back.
But who are these?

Enter Musicians with Disguises, and some in their hands.

Wild. You know the Men if their Masquing Habits were off; they are the Musick of our Ambassadour's Retinue: my Project is to give our Mistresses a Serenade; this being the last Evening of the Carnival; and to prevent Discovery, here are Disguises for us too——

Bell. 'Tis very well; come, *Maskal*, help on with 'em, while they tune their Instruments.

Wild. Strike up, Gentlemen; we'll entertain 'em with a Song *al' Angloise*, pray be ready with your Chorus.

SONG.

AFter the pangs of a disperate Lover,
When day and night I have sigh'd all in vain,
Ah what a pleasure it is the discover
In her eyes pity, who causes my pain!

When with unkindness our Love we a sound is,
And both have punish'd our selves with the pain,
Ah what a pleasure the touch of her hand is,
Ah what a pleasure to reconcile again!

When the denial comes faulter and fainter,
And her Eyes give what her tongue does deny,
Ah what a trembling I feel when I venture,
Ah what a trembling does usher my joy!

When, with a Sigh, she accords me the blessing,
And her Eyes twinkle 'twixt pleasure and pain;
Ah what a joy 'tis, beyond all expressing,
Ah what a joy to hear, shall we again!

Theodosia and Jacinta above.

[*Jacinta throws down her Handkerchief with a Favour tyed to it.*

Jac. Ill Musicians must be rewarded: there, Cavalier, 'tis to buy your silence.

[*Exeunt Women from above.*

Wild. By this light, which at present is scarce an Oath, an Handkerchief and a Favour.

[*Musick and Guittars tuning on the other side of the Stage.*

Bell. Hark *Wildblood*, do you hear; there's more melody; on my life some *Spaniards* have taken up this Post for the same design.

Wild. I'll be with their Cats-guts immediately.

Bell. Prithee be patient; we shall lose the sport else.

[*Don Lopez and Don Melchor disguis'd with Servants, and Musicians on the other side.*

Wild. 'Tis some Rival of yours or mine, *Bellamy*: for he addresses to this Window.

Bell. Damn him, let's fall on then.

[*The two* Spaniards *and the* English *fight: the* Spaniards *are beaten off the Stage; the Musicians on both sides, and Servants, fall confusedly one over the other. They all get off, only Maskal remains upon the ground.*

Mask, rising. So, all's past, and I am safe: a Pox on these fighting Masters of mine, to bring me into this danger with their Valours and Magnanimities. When I go a Serenading again with 'em, I'll give 'em leave to make Fiddle-strings of my small Guts.

To

To him Don Lopez.

Lop. Who goes there?

Mask. 'Tis Don *Lopez* by his Voice.

Lop. The ſame; and by yours you ſhould belong to my two *Engliſh* Gheſts. Did you hear no tumult hereabouts?

Mask. I heard a claſhing of Swords, and Men a fighting.

Lop. I had my ſhare in't; but how came you here?

Mask. I came hither by my Maſter's Order, to ſee if you were in any danger.

Lop. But how could he imagine I was in any?

Mask. 'Tis all one for that, Sir, he knew it, by --- Heaven, what was I a going to ſay, I had like to have diſcover'd all!

Lop. I find there is ſome ſecret in't; and you dare not truſt me.

Mask. If you will ſwear on your Honour to be very ſecret, I will tell you.

Lop. As I am a Cavalier, and by my Beard, I will.

Mask. Then, in few words, he knew it by *Aſtrology*, or *Magick*.

Lop. You amaze me! Is he converſant in the occult Sciences?

Mask. Moſt profoundly.

Lop. I always thought him an extraordinary Perſon; but I could never imagine his Head lay that way.

Mask. He ſhew'd me yeſterday in a Glaſs a Ladies Maid at *London*, whom I well knew; and with whom I us'd to converſe on a Pallet in a Drawing-Room, while he was paying his Devotions to her Lady in the Bed-Chamber.

Lop. Lord, what a Treaſure for a State were here! and how much might we ſave by this Man, in Foreign Intelligence!

Mask. And juſt now he ſhew'd me how you were aſſaulted in the dark by Foreigners.

Lop. Could you gueſs what Countrymen?

Mask. I imagin'd them to be *Italians*.

Lop. Not unlikely; for they play'd moſt furiouſly at our backſides.

Mask. I will return to my Maſter with the good news of your ſafety; but once again be ſecret; or diſcloſe it to none but Friends. —— So there's one Woodcock more in the Springe. —— [*Exit.*

Lop. Yes, I will be very ſecret; for I will tell it only to one Perſon; but ſhe is a Woman. I will to *Aurelia*, and acquaint her with the ſkill of this rare Artiſt; ſhe is curious as all Women are; and, 'tis probable, will deſire to look into the Glaſs to ſee *Don Melchor*, whom ſhe believes abſent. So that by this means, without breaking my Oath to him, he will be diſcover'd to be in the Town. Then his intrigue with *Theodoſia* will come to light too, for which *Aurelia* will, I hope, diſcard him, and re-ceive me. I will about it inſtantly:

Succeſs, in Love, on diligence depends;
No lazy Lover e'r attain'd his ends. [*Exit.*

ACT

ACT III.

Enter Bellamy, Maskal.

Bell. THen, they were certainly Don *Lopez*, and Don *Melchor* with whom we fought?

Mask. Yes, Sir.

Bell. And when you met *Lopez*, he ſwallow'd all you told him?

Mask. As greedily, as if it had been a new Saint's Miracle.

Bell. I ſee 'twill ſpread.

Mask. And the Fame of it will be of uſe to you in your next Amour: for the Women, you know, run mad after Fortune-Tellers and Preachers.

Bell. But for all my bragging, this Amour is not yet worn off. I find Conſtancy, and once a-night come naturally upon a Man towards Thirty: only we ſet a face on't; and call our ſelves unconſtant for our Reputation.

Mask. But, what ſay the Stars, Sir?

Bell. They move faſter than you imagine; for I have got me an *Argol*, and an *Engliſh Almanack*; by help of which, in one half hour, I have learnt to Cant with an indifferent good Grace: *Conjunction*, *Oppoſition*, *Trine*, *Square*, and *Sextile*, are now no longer Bug-bears to me, I thank my Stars for't.

Enter Wildblood.

——Monſieur *Wildblood*, in good time! What you have been taking pains too, to diveſge my Talent?

Wild. So ſucceſsfully, that ſhortly there will be no Talk in Town but of you only: another Miracle or two, and a ſharp Sword, and you ſtand fair for a new Prophet.

Bell. But where did you begin to blow the Trumpet?

Wild. In the Gaming-houſe: where I found moſt of the Town-Wits; the Proſe-Wits Playing, and the Verſe-Wits Rouking.

Bell. All ſorts of Gameſters are ſo ſuperſtitious, that I need not doubt of my Reception there.

Wild. From thence I went to the latter end of a Comedy, and there whiſper'd it to the next Man I knew, who had a Woman by him.

Mask. Nay, then it went like a Train of Powder, if once they had it by the End.

Wild. Like a Squib upon a Line, 'faith; it ran through one Row, and came back upon me in the next: at my going out, I met a Knot of *Spaniards*, who were formally liſtening to one who was relating it: but he told the Story ſo ridiculouſly, with his Marginal Notes upon it, that I was forc'd to contradict him.

Bell. 'Twas diſcreetly done.

Wild. I, for you, but not for me: What, ſays he, muſt ſuch Borachoes as you, take upon you to villifie a Man of Science? I tell you, he's of my intimate Acquaintance, and I have known him long, for a prodigious Perſon—

ſon —— When I ſaw my *Don* ſo fierce, I thought it not Wiſdom to quarrel for ſo ſlight a matter as your Reputation, and ſo withdrew.

Bell. A pox of your Succeſs! now ſhall I have my Chamber beſieg'd to morrow morning: there will be no ſtirring out for me; but I muſt be feign to take up their Queſtions in a cleft Cane, or a Begging-box, as they do Charity in Priſons.

Wild. Faith, I cannot help what your Learning has brought you to: Go in, and ſtudy; I foreſee you will have but few Holy-days: in the mean time I'll not fail to give the World an account of your Endowments. Farewel: I'll to the Gaming-Houſe. [*Exit* Wildblood.

Mask. Oh, Sir, here's the rareſt Adventure, and which is more, come home to you.

Bell. What is it?

Mask. A fair Lady and her Woman, wait in the outer Room to ſpeak with you.

Bell. But how know you ſhe is fair?

Mask. Her Woman pluck'd up her Veil when ſhe ſpake to me; ſo that having ſeen her this Evening, I know her Miſtreſs to be *Donna Aurelia*, Couſin to your Miſtreſs *Theodoſia*, and who lodges in the ſame Houſe with her: ſhe wants a Star or two, I warrant you.

Bell. My whole Conſtellation is at her Service: but what is ſhe for a Woman?

Mask. Fair enough, as *Beatrix* has told me; but ſufficiently impertinent. She is one of thoſe Ladies who make Ten Viſits in an Afternoon; and entertain her they ſee, with ſpeaking ill of the laſt from whom they parted: in few words, ſhe is one of the greateſt Coquette's in *Madrid*: and to ſhow ſhe is one, ſhe cannot ſpeak Ten words without ſome affected Phraſe that is in faſhion.

Bell. For my part, I can ſuffer any Impertinence from a Woman, provided ſhe be handſome: my Buſineſs is with her Beauty, not with her Morals: let her Confeſſour look to them.

Mask. I wonder what ſhe has to ſay to you!

Bell. I know not; but I ſweat, for fear I ſhould be gravel'd.

Mask. Venture out of your depth, and plunge boldly, Sir; I warrant you will ſwim.

Bell. Do not leave me, I charge you; but when I look mournfully upon you help me out.

Enter Aurelia *and* Camilla.

Mask. Here they are already. [Aurelia *pluckt up her Veil.*

Aur. How am I dreſt to night, *Camilla*? Is nothing diſorder'd in my Head?

Cam. Not the leaſt Hair, Madam.

Aur. No? let me ſee: give me the Counſellour of the Graces.

Cam. The Counſellour of the Graces, Madam?

Aur. My Glaſs, I mean: what will you never be ſo ſpiritual as to underſtand refin'd Language?

Cam.

Cam. Madam!

Aur. Madam me no Madam, but learn to retrench your words; and ſay Mam; as Yes Mam, and No Mam, as other Ladies Women do. Madam! 'tis a year in pronouncing.

Cam. Pardon me, Madam.

Aur. Yet again Ignorance: par-don Madam, fy, fy, what a ſuper-fluity is there, and how much ſweeter the Cadence is, parn me Mam! and for your Ladyſhip, your Laſhip —— Out upon't, what a furious indigence of Riboncls is here upon my Head! This dreſs is a Libel to my Beauty; a meer Lampoon. Would any one that had the leaſt revenue of common ſenſe, have done this?

Cam. Mam, the Cavalier approaches your Laſhip.

Bell. to *Mask. Maskal.* pump the Woman; and ſee if you can diſcover any thing to ſave my credit.

Aur. Out upon it; now I ſhould ſpeak I want aſſurance.

Bell. Madam, I was told you meant to honour me with your Commands.

Aur. I believe, Sir, you wonder at my confidence in this viſit: but I may be excus'd for having a little modeſty to know the only Perſon of the Age.

Bell. I wiſh my skill were more to ſerve you, Madam.

Aur. Sir, you are an unfit Judge of your own merits: for my own part, I confeſs I have a furious inclination for the occult Sciences; but at preſent 'tis my misfortune ——— [*Sighs.*

Bell. But why that ſigh, Madam?

Aur. You might ſpare me the ſhame of telling you, ſince I am ſure you can divine my thoughts; I will therefore tell you nothing.

Bell. What the Devil will become of me now! ——— [*Aſide.*

Aur. You may give me an Eſſay of your Science, by declaring to me the ſecret of my thoughts.

Bell. If I know your thoughts, Madam, 'tis in vain for you to diſguiſe them to me: therefore as you tender your own ſatisfaction, lay them open without baſhfulneſs.

Aur. I beſeech you let us paſs over that Chapter, for I am ſhame-fac'd to the laſt point: Since therefore I cannot put off my modeſty, ſuccour it, and tell me what I think.

Bell. Madam, Madam, that baſhfulneſs muſt be laid aſide; not but that I know your buſineſs perfectly; and will, if you pleaſe, unfold it to you all, immediately.

Aur. Favour me ſo far, I beſeech you, Sir; for I furiouſly deſire it.

Bell. But then I muſt call up before you a moſt dreadful Spirit, with Head upon Head, and Horns upon Horns: therefore conſider how you can endure it.

Aur. This is furiouſly furious; but rather than fail of my expectances, I'll try my aſſurance.

Bell. Well then, I find you will force me to this unlawful, and abominable act of Conjuration; remember the ſin is yours too.

Aur.

Aur. I eſpouſe the crime alſo.

Bell. I ſee when a Woman has a mind to't, ſhe'll never boggle at a ſin. Pox on her, what ſhall I do? —— Well, I'll tell you your thoughts, Madam; but after that expect no farther ſervice from me; for 'tis your confidence muſt make my Art ſucceſsful: —— Well, you are obſtinate then; I muſt tell you your thoughts?

Aur. Hold, hold, Sir, I am content to paſs over that Chapter, rather than be depriv'd of your aſſiſtance.

Bell. 'Tis very well; what need theſe circumſtances between us two? Confeſs freely, is not Love your buſineſs?

Aur. You have touch'd me to the quick, Sir.

Bell. La you there; you ſee I knew it; nay, I'll tell you more, 'tis a Man you love.

Aur. O prodigious Science! I confeſs I love a Man moſt furiouſly, to the laſt point, Sir.

Bell. Now proceed Lady, your way is open; I am reſolv'd I'll not tell you a word farther.

Aur. Well then, ſince I muſt acquaint you with what you know much better than my ſelf; I will tell you I lov'd a Cavalier, who was noble, young, and handſome; this Gentleman is ſince gone for *Flanders*; now whether he has preſerv'd his Paſſion inviolate or not, is that which cauſes my inquietude.

Bell. Trouble not your ſelf, Madam; he's as conſtant as a Romance Heros.

Aur. Sir, your good news has raviſh'd moſt furiouſly; but that I may have a confirmation of it, I beg only, that you would lay your Commands upon his *Genius*, or *Idea*, to appear to me this night, that I may have my Sentence from his mouth. This, Sir, I know is a ſlight effect of your Science, and yet will infinitely oblige me.

Bell. What the Devil does ſhe call a ſlight effect! [*Aſide.* Why Lady, do you conſider what you ſay? you deſire me to ſhew you a Man whom your ſelf confeſs to be in *Flanders*.

Aur. To view him in a Glaſs is nothing, I would ſpeak with him in Perſon, I mean his *Idea*, Sir.

Bell. I but Madam, there is a vaſt Sea betwixt us and *Flanders*; and Water is an Enemy to Conjuration: A Witches Horſe, you know, when he enters into Water, returns into a Bottle of Hay again.

Aur. But, Sir, I am not ſo ill a *Geographer*, or to ſpeak more properly, a *Chorographer*, as not to know there is a paſſage by Land from hence to *Flanders*.

Bell. That's true, Madam, but Magick Works in a direct line. Why ſhould you think the Devil ſuch an Aſs to go about? 'Gad he'll not ſtir a ſtep out of his road for you or any Man.

Aur. Yes, for a Lady, Sir; I hope he's a Perſon that wants not that civility for a Lady: eſpecially a Spirit that has the honour to belong to you, Sir.

Bell. For that matter he's your Servant, Madam; but his Education has been in the fire, and he's naturally an Enemy to Water, I assure you.

Aur. I beg his Pardon for forgetting his Antipathy; but it imports not much, Sir; for I have lately receiv'd a Letter from my Servant, that he is yet in *Spain*; and stays for a Wind in St. *Sebastians*.

Bell. Now I am lost past all redemption. —— *Maskal.* —— must you be snickering after Wenches while I am in Calamity? [*Aside.*

Mask. It must be he, I'll venture on't. [*Aside.*
Alas, Sir, I was complaining to my self of the condition of poor Don *Melchor*, who you know is Windbound at St. *Sebastians*.

Bell. Why you impudent Villain, must you offer to name him publickly, when I have taken so much care to conceal him all this while?

Aur. Mitigate your displeasure I beseech you; and without making farther testimony of it, gratify my expectances.

Bell. Well, Madam, since the Sea hinders not, you shall have your desire. Look upon me with a fix'd Eye —— so —— or a little more amorously if you please. —— Good. Now favour me with your hand.

Aur. Is it absolutely necessary you should press my hand thus?

Bell. Furiously necessary, I assure you, Madam; for now I take possession of it in the name of the *Idea* of Don *Melchor*. Now, Madam, I am farther to desire of you, to write a Note to his Genius, wherein you desire him to appear, and this, we Men of Art, call a Compact with the *Idea*'s.

Aur. I tremble furiously.

Bell. Give me your hand, I'll guide it. [*They write.*

Mask to *Cam.* Now, Lady mine, what think you of my Master?

Cam. I think I would not serve him for the World: nay, if he can know our thoughts by looking on us, we Women are Hypocrites to little purpose.

Mask. He can do that and more; for by casting his Eyes but once upon them, he knows whether they are Maids, better than a whole Jury of Midwives.

Cam. Now Heaven defend me from him.

Mask. He has a certain small Familiar which he carries still about him, that never fails to make discovery.

Cam. See, they have done writing; not a word more, for fear he knows my Voice.

Bell. One thing I had forgot, Madam, you must subscribe your Name to't.

Aur. There 'tis; Farewel Cavalier, keep your Promise, for I expect it furiously.

Cam. If he sees me I am undone. [*Hiding her face.*

Bell. Camilla!

Cam Starts and screeks. Ah he has found me; I am ruin'd!

Bell. You hide your Face in vain; for I see into your Heart.

Cam. Then, sweet Sir, have pity on my frailty; for if my Lady has the least inkling of what we did last night, the poor Coachman will be turn'd away. [*Exit after her Lady.*

Mask.

Mask. Well, Sir, how like you your new Profession?

Bell. Would I were well quit on't; I sweat all over.

Mask. But what faint-hearted Devils yours are that will not go by Water? Are they all *Lancashire* Devils, of the brood of *Tybert* and *Grimalkin*, that they dare not wet their feet?

Bell. Mine are honest Land-Devils, good plain Foot-Posts, that beat upon the hoof for me: but to save their labour, here take this, and in some disguise deliver it to *Don Melchor*.

Mask. I'll serve it upon him within this hour, when he sallies out to his Assignation with *Theodosia*: 'tis but counterfeiting my Voice a little; for he cannot know me in the dark. But let me see what are the words? [*Reads.*

Don Melchor, *if the Magique of Love have any power upon your Spirit, I conjure you to appear this night before me: you may guess the greatness of my Passion, since it has forc'd me to have recourse to Art: But no Shape which resembles you can fright* —— ——Aurelia.

Bell. Well, I am glad there's one point gain'd; for by this means he will be hindred to night from entertaining *Theodosia*. —— Pox on him, is he here again?

Enter Don Alonzo.

Alon. Cavalier *Ingles* I have been seeking you: I have a Present in my Pocket for you; read it by your Art and take it.

Bell. That I could do easily;—but to shew you I am generous, I'll none of your Present; do you think I am mercenary?

Alon. I know you will say now 'tis some Astrological question, and so 'tis perhaps.

Bell. I, 'tis the Devil of a question without dispute.

Alon. No, 'tis within dispute: 'tis a certain difficulty in the Art; a Problem which you and I will discuss; with the arguments on both sides.

Bell. At this time I am not problematically given; I have a humour of complaisance upon me, and will contradict no Man.

Alon. We'll but discuss a little.

Bell. By your favour, I'll not discuss; for I see by the Stars, that if I dispute to day, I am infallibly threatened to be thought ignorant all my Life after.

Alon. Well, then, we'll but cast an Eye together, upon my eldest Daughters Nativity.

Bell. Nativity! ——

Alon. I know what you would say now, that there wants the Table of Direction for the five Hylegyacalls; the Ascendant, *Medium Cœli*, Sun, Moon, and Sors: but we'll take it as it is.

Bell. Never tell me that, Sir ——

Alon. I know what you would say again, Sir, ——

Bell. 'Tis well you do, for I'll be sworn I do not —— [*Aside.*

Alon. You would say, Sir ——

Bell. I say, Sir, there is no doing without the Sun and Moon, and all that, Sir. And so you may make use of your Paper

for your occasions. [*Tears it.*] Come to a Man of Art without the Sun and Moon, and all that, Sir———

Alon. 'Tis no matter; this shall break no squares betwixt us. [*Gathers up the torn Papers.*

—I know what you would say now, that Men of Parts are always cholerick; I know it by my self, Sir. [*He goes to match the Papers.*

Enter Don Lopez.

Lop. Don *Alonzo* in my House! this is a most happy opportunity to put my other design in execution; for if I can perswade him to bestow his Daughter on Don *Melchor*, I shall serve my Friend, though against his will: and when *Aurelia* sees she cannot be his, perhaps she will accept my Love.

Alon. I warrant you, Sir, 'tis all piec'd right, both top, sides, and bottom; for, look you, Sir, here was *Aldeboran*, and there *Cor Scorpii* ———

Lop. Don *Alonzo*, I am happy to see you under my roof! and shall take it———

Alon. I know what you would say, Sir, that though I am your Neighbour, this is the first time I have been here.——— But come, Sir, [*To* Bellamy.] by Don *Lopez* his permission let us return to our Nativity.

Bell. Would thou wert there in thy Mother's Belly again. [*Aside.*

Lop. But *Sennor*——— [*To* Alonzo.

Alon. It needs not *Sennor*; I'll suppose your Compliment; you would say that your House, and all things in it are at my service: but let us proceed without his Interruption.

Bell. By no means, Sir; this Cavalier is come on purpose to perform the Civilities of his House to you.

Alon. But, good Sir———

Bell. I know what you would say, Sir. [*Ex.* Bell *and* Mask.

Lop. No matter, let him go, Sir; I have long desir'd this opportunity, to move a Suit to you, in the behalf of a Friend of mine: if you please to allow me the hearing of it?

Alon. With all my heart, Sir.

Lop. He is a Person of Worth and Vertue, and is infinitely ambitious of the Honour———

Alon. Of being known to me, I understand you, Sir.

Lop. If you will please to favour me with your Patience? which I beg of you a second time.

Alon. I am dumb, Sir.

Lop. This Cavalier, of whom I was speaking, is in Love———

Alon. Satisfie your self, Sir, I'll not interrupt you.

Lop. Sir, I am satisfied of your Promise

Alon. If I speak one Syllable more, the Devil take me: speak when you please.

Lop. I am going, Sir.

Alon. You need not speak twice to me, be silent; though I take it somewhat ill of you to be tutor'd ———

Lop. This eternal Old Man will make me mad. [*Aside.*

Alon.

Alon. Why, when do you begin, Sir? How long muſt a Man wait for you? pray, make an end of what you have to ſay, quickly, that I may ſpeak in my turn too.

Lop. This Cavalier is in Love ———

Alon. You told me that before, Sir: Do you ſpeak Oracles, that you require this ſtrict attention? Either let me ſhare the talk with you, or I am gone.

Lop. Why Sir, I am almoſt mad to tell you, and you will not ſuffer me.

Alon. Will you never have done, Sir? I muſt tell you, Sir, you have tattled long enough; and 'tis now good manners to hear me ſpeak. Here's a Torrent of Words, indeed, a very *impetus dicendi*; will you never have done?

Lop. I will be heard, in ſpight of you,

This next Speech of Lopez, *and the next of* Alonzo, *with both their Replies, are to be ſpoken at one time; both raiſing their Voices, by little and little, till they bawl, and come up cloſe to ſhoulder one another.*

Lop. There's one Don *Melchor de Guzman*, a Friend and Acquaintance of mine, that is deſperately in Love with your eldeſt Daughter *Donna Theodoſia.*

Alon. *at the ſame time.* 'Tis the Sentence of a Philoſopher, *Loquere ut te videam*, Speak that I may know thee; now, if you take away the power of Speaking from me—— [*Both pauſe a little, then ſpeak together again.*

Lop. I'll try the Language of the Law; ſure the Devil cannot out-talk that Gibberiſh —— For this *Don Melchor* of *Madrid*, aforeſaid, as premiſed, I requeſt, move, and ſupplicate, that you would Give, Beſtow, Marry, and give in Marriage, this your Daughter aforeſaid, to the Cavalier aforeſaid —— Not yet; thou Devil of a Man, thou ſhalt be ſilent.

[*Ex.* Lopez *running.*

Alon. *At the ſame time with* Lopez *his laſt Speech, and after* Lopez *is run out.* Oh, how I hate, abominate, deteſt, and abhor theſe perpetual Talkers, Diſputants, Controverters, and Duellers of the Tongue! But, on the other ſide, if it be not permitted to prudent Men to ſpeak their Minds, appoſitely, and to the Purpoſe, and in few words—— If, I ſay, the prudent muſt be Tongue-ty'd? then let Great Nature be deſtroy'd; let the Order of all things be turned topſy-turvy; let the Gooſe devour the Fox; let the Infants preach to their Great Grandſires; let the tender Lamb purſue the Wolf; and the Sick preſcribe to the Phyſician. Let Fiſhes live upon dry Land, and the Beaſts of the Earth inhabit in the Water———

Let the fearful Hare———

Enter Lopez *with a Bell, and rings it in his Ears.*

Alon. Help, help, murder, murder, murder! [*Ex.* Alon. *running.*

Lop. There was no way but this to be rid of him.

Enter

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir, there are ſome Women without in Maſquerade; and, I believe, Perſons of Quality, who are come to play here.

Lop. Bring 'em in with all reſpect. [*Ex. Servant.*

Enter again the Servant, after him Jacinta, Beatrix, *and other Ladies and Gentlemen; all Maſqued.*

Lop. Cavaliers, and Ladies, you are welcome: I wiſh I had more Company to entertain you:——Oh, here comes one ſooner than I expected.

Enter Wildblood *and* Maskal.

Wild. I have ſwept your Gaming-Houſe, y' faith, *Ecce ſignum.* [*Shows Gold.*

Lop. Well, here's more to be had of theſe Ladies, if it be your fortune.

Wild. The firſt Stakes I would play for, ſhould be their Vails and Viſor-Maſques.

Jac. [*To* Beat.] Do you think he will not know us?

Beat. If you keep your deſign of paſſing for an *African.*

Jac. Well, now I ſhall make an abſolute tryal of him; for being thus *incognita*, I ſhall diſcover if he make Love to any of you. As for the Gallantry of his Serenade, we will not be indebted to him, for we will make him another with our Guittars.

Beat. I'll whiſper your Intention to the Servant, who ſhall deliver it to Don *Lopez.* [Beatrix *whiſpers to the Servant.*

Serv. [*To* Lopez.] Sir, the Ladies have commanded me to tell you, that they are willing, before they play, to preſent you with a Dance; and to give you an Eſſay of their Guittars.

Lop. They much honour me.

A DANCE

After the Dance, the Cavaliers *take the* Ladies, *and Court them.*
Wild-Blood *takes* Jacintha.

Wild. While you have been Singing, Lady, I have been Praying: I mean, that your Face and Wit may not prove equal to your Dancing; for, if they be, there's an Heart gone aſtray to my knowledge.

Jac. If you pray againſt me before you have ſeen me, you'll curſe me when you have look'd on me.

Wild. I believe I ſhall have cauſe to do ſo, if your Beauty be as killing as I imagine it.

Jac. 'Tis true, I have been flatter'd in my own Country, with an opinion of a little handſomneſs; but, how it will paſs in *Spain* is a queſtion.

Wild. Why, Madam, Are you not of *Spain?*

Jac. No, Sir, of *Morocco:* I only came hither to ſee ſome of my Rela-

tions,

tions who are setled here, and turn'd *Christians*, since the expulsion of my Countrymen the *Moors*.

Wild. Are you then a *Mahometan*?

Jac. A *Musulman* at your service.

Wild. A *Musullwoman* say you? I protest by your Voice I should have taken you for a *Christian* Lady of my acquaintance.

Jac. It seems you are in love then: if so, I have done with you. I dare not invade the Dominions of another Lady; especially in a Country where my Ancestors have been so unfortunate.

Wild. Some little liking I might have, but that was only a Morning-dew, 'tis drawn up by the Sun-shine of your Beauty: I find your *African Cupid* is a much surer Archer, than ours of *Europe*. Yet would I could see you; one look would secure your Victory.

Jac. I'll reserve my Face to gratify your imagination with it, make what head you please, and set it on my Shoulders.

Wild. Well, Madam, an Eye, a Nose, or a Lip, shall break no squares: the Face is but a spans breadth of Beauty; and where there is so much besides, I'll never stand with you for that.

Jac. But, in earnest, Do you love me?

Wild. I, by *Alha*, do I, most extreamly: you have Wit in abundance, you Dance to a Miracle, you Sing like an Angel, and I believe you look like a Cherubim.

Jac. And can you be constant to me?

Wild. By *Mahomet*, can I.

Jac. You swear like a *Turk*, Sir; but, take heed: for our Prophet is a severe punisher of Promise-breakers.

Wild. Your Prophet's a Cavalier; I honour your Prophet and his Law, for providing so well for us Lovers in the other World, Black Eyes, and fresh Maidenheads every day; go thy way little *Mahomet*, y' faith thou shalt have my good word. But, by his favour Lady, give me leave to tell you, that we of the Uncircumcised, in a civil way, as Lovers, have somewhat the advantage of your *Musullman*.

Jac. The Company are rejoin'd, and set to play; we must go to 'em: Adieu, and when you have a thought to throw away, bestow it on your Servant *Fatyma*. [*She goes to the company.*

Wild. This Lady *Fatyma* pleases me most infinitely: now am I got among the *Hamets*, the *Zegrys*, and the *Benoerrages*. Hey, what work will the *Wildbloods* make among the *Cids*, and the *Rents* of the *Arabians*!

Beat. to *Jac.* False, or true Madam?

Jac. False as Hell; but by Heaven I'll fit him for't: Have you the high-running Dice about you?

Beat. I got them on purpose, Madam.

Jac. You shall see me win all their Money; and when I have done, I'll return in my own Person, and ask him for the Money which he promis'd me.

Beat. 'Twill put him upon a streight to be so surpriz'd: but, let us to the Table, the Company stays for us. [*The Company sit.*

Wild.

Wild. What is the Ladies Game, Sir?

Lop. Moſt commonly they uſe Raffle. That is, to throw with three Dice, till Duplets and a chance be thrown; and the higheſt Duplets wins, except you throw *In and In*, which is call'd Raffle; and that wins all.

Wild. I underſtand it: Come, Lady, 'tis no matter what I loſe; the greateſt ſtake, my heart, is gone already. [*To* Jacinta.

[*They play: and the reſt by couples.*

Wild. So, I have a good chance, two Quaters and a Sice.

Jac. Two Sixes and a Trey wins it. —— [*Sweeps the Money.*

Wild. No matter; I'll try my fortune once again: what have I here, two Sixes and a Quater? —— an hundred Piſtols on that throw.

Jac. I take you, Sir, —— *Beatrix* the high running Dice ——

Beat. Here, Madam. ——

Jac. Three Fives: I have won you, Sir.

Wild. I, the Pox take me for't, you have won me: it would never have vex'd me to have loſt my Money to a *Chriſtian*; but to a Pagan, an Infidel.—

Mask. Pray, Sir, leave off while you have ſome Money.

Wild. Pox of this Lady *Fatyma*! Raffle thrice together, I am out of Patience.

Mask. to him. Sir, I beſeech you if you will loſe, to loſe *en Cavalier*.

Wild. Tol-de-ra, Tol-de-ra — Pox and curſe Tol-de-ra, *&c.* What the Devil did I mean to play with this Brunet of *Afrique*?

[*The Ladies riſe.*

Wild. Will you begone already, Ladies?

Lop. You have won our Money; but however we are acknowledging to you for the honour of your Company.

[Jacinta *makes a ſign of farewel to* Wildblood.

Wild. Farewel, Lady *Fatyma*. [*Exeunt all but* Wild. *and* Mask.

Mask. All the Company took notice of your concernment.

Wild. 'Tis no matter; I do not love to fret inwardly, as your ſilent loſers do, and in the mean time be ready to choak for want of vent.

Mask. Pray conſider your condition a little; a younger Brother in a foreign Country, living at a high rate, your Money loſt, and without hope of a ſupply. Now Curſe if you think good.

Wild. No, now I will laugh at my ſelf moſt unmercifully: for my condition is ſo ridiculous, that 'tis paſt Curſing. The pleaſant'ſt part of the adventure is, that I have promis'd 300 Piſtols to *Jacinta*: but there is no remedy, they are now fair *Fatyma*'s.

Mask. Fatyma!

Wild. I, I, a certain *African* Lady of my acquaintance whom you know not.

Mask. But who is here, Sir!

Enter Jacinta *and* Beatrix *in their own ſhapes.*

Wild. Madam, what happy Star has conducted you hither to night! A thouſand Devils of this Fortune? [*Aſide.*

Jac. I was told you had Ladies here and Fiddles; ſo I came partly for the Divertiſement, and partly out of Jealouſie.

Wild.

Wild. Jealouſie! why ſure you do not think me a Pagan, an Infidel? but the Company's broke up you ſee. Am I to wait upon you home, or will you be ſo kind to take a hard lodging with me to night?

Jac. You ſhall have the honour to lead me to my Father's.

Wild. No more words then, let's away to prevent diſcovery.

Beat. For my part I think he has a mind to be rid of you.

Wild. No: but if your Lady ſhould want ſleep, 'twould ſpoil the luſtre of her Eyes to Morrow. There were a Conqueſt loſt.

Jac. I am a peaceable Princeſs, and content with my own; I mean your Heart, and Purſe; for the truth is, I have loſt my Money to night in *Maſquerade*, and am come to claim your Promiſe of ſupplying me.

Wild. You make me happy by commanding me: to morrow morning my Servant ſhall wait upon you with 300 Piſtols.

Jac. But I left my Company with promiſe to return to play.

Wild. Play on tick, and loſe the *Indies*, I'll diſcharge it all to morrow.

Jac. To night, if you'll oblige me.

Wild. *Maskal*, go, and bring me 300 Piſtols immediately.

Mask. Are you mad, Sir?

Wild. Do you expoſtulate, you Raſcal! How he ſtares! I'll be hang'd if he have not loſt my Gold at Play: if you have, confeſs you had beſt, and perhaps I'll pardon you; but if you do not confeſs, I'll have no mercy: did you loſe it?

Mask. Sir, 'tis not for me to diſpute with you.

Wild. Why then let me tell you, you did loſe it?

Jac. I, as ſure as e'r he had it. I dare ſwear for him: but commend me you for a kind Maſter, that can let your Servant play off 300 Piſtols, without the leaſt ſign of anger to him.

Beat. 'Tis a ſign he has a greater banck in ſtore to comfort him.

Wild. Well, Madam, I muſt confeſs I have more than I will ſpeak of at this time; but till you have given me ſatisfaction ——

Jac. Satisfaction; why are you offended, Sir?

Wild. Heaven! that you ſhould not perceive it in me: I tell you I am mortally offended with you.

Jac. Sure 'tis impoſſible.

Wild. You have done nothing I warrant, to make a Man Jealous: going out a gaming in Maſquerade, at unſeaſonable hours, and loſing your Money at play; that loſs, above all, provokes me.

Beat. I believe you; becauſe ſhe comes to you for more. [*Aſide.*

Jac. Is this the quarrel? I'll clear it immediately.

Wild. 'Tis impoſſible you ſhould clear it; I'll ſtop my Ears if you but offer it. There's no ſatisfaction in the point.

Jac. You'll hear me? ——

Wild. To do this in the beginning of an Amour, and to a Jealous Servant as I am, had I all the wealth of *Peru*, I would not let go one Maravedis to you.

Jac. To this I anſwer ——

Wild. Anſwer nothing, for it will but enflame the quarrel betwixt us:

I muſt come to my ſelf by little and little; and when I am ready for ſatiſfaction I will take it: but at preſent it is not for my honour to be Friends.

Beat. Pray let us Neighbour Princes interpoſe a little.

Wild. When I have Conquer'd, you may interpoſe; but at preſent, the mediation of all *Chriſtendom* would be fruitleſs.

Jac. Though *Chriſtendom* can do nothing with you, yet I hope an *African* may prevail. Let me beg you for the ſake of the Lady *Fatyma*.

Wild. I begin to ſuſpect that Lady *Fatyma* is no better than ſhe ſhould be. If ſhe be turn'd Chriſtian again I am undone.

Jac. By *Alha* I am afraid on't too: by *Mahomet* I am.

Wild. Well, well, Madam, any Man may be overtaken with an Oath; but I never meant to perform it with her: you know no Oaths are to be kept with Infidels. But ——

Jac. No, the love you made was certainly a deſign of the charity you had to reconcile the two Religions. There's ſcarce ſuch another Man in *Europe* to be ſent Apoſtle to convert the *Moor* Ladies.

Wild. Faith I would rather widen their breaches than make 'em up.

Jac. I ſee there's no hope of a reconcilement with you; and therefore I give it o'r as deſperate.

Wild. You have gain'd your point, you have my Money; and I was only angry, becauſe I did not know 'twas you who had it.

Jac. This will not ſerve your turn, Sir; what I have got, I have Conquer'd from you.

Wild. Indeed you uſe me like one that's Conquer'd; for you have plunder'd me of all I had.

Jac. I only diſarm'd you for fear you ſhould rebel again; for if you had the ſinews of War, I am ſure you would be flying out.

Wild. Dare but to ſtay without a new Servant till I am fluſh again, and I will love you, and treat you, and preſent you at that unreaſonable rate; that I will make you an example to all unbelieving Miſtreſſes.

Jac. Well, I will try you once more; but you muſt make haſt then, that we may be within our time; methinks our love is drawn out ſo ſubtle already, that 'tis near breaking.

Wild. I will have more care of it on my part, than the Kindred of an old Pope have to preſerve him.

Jac. Adieu; for this time I wipe off your ſcore.
Till you'r caught tripping in ſome new Amour. [*Ex. Women.*

Mask. You have us'd me very kindly, Sir, I thank you.

Wild. You deſerv'd it, for not having a lie ready for my occaſions. A good Servant ſhould be no more without it, than a Souldier without his Arms. But prithee adviſe me what's to be done to get *Jacinta*.

Mask. You have loſt her, or will loſe her by your ſubmitting: If we Men could but learn to value our ſelves, we ſhould ſoon take down our Miſtreſſes from all their Altitudes, and make 'em dance after our Pipes, longer perhaps than we had a mind to't. —— But I muſt make haſte, or I ſhall loſe *Don Melchor*.

Wild. Call *Bellamy*, we'll both be preſent at thy enterprize: then I'll once

once more to the Gaming-house with my small stock, for my last refuge: if I win, I have wherewithal to mollify *Jacinta*.

If I throw out, I'll bear it off with huffing;
And snatch the Money like a Bully-Ruffin. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

Bellamy, Wildblood, Maskall *in a Visor.*

Bell. HEre comes one, and in all probability it must be *Don Melchor* going to *Theodosia*.

Mask. Stand close, and you shall see me serve the Writ upon him.

Enter Don Melchor.

Wild. Now, *Maskall*.

Mask. I stay'd here, Sir, by express Order from the Lady *Aurelia*, to deliver you this Note; and to desire you from her, to meet her immediately in the Garden.

Mel. Do you hear, Friend?

Mask. Not a Syllable more, Sir, I have perform'd my Orders.

[Maskal *returns to his Masters.*

Mel. He's gone; and 'tis in vain for me to look after him. What envious Devil has discover'd to *Aurelia* that I am in Town! it must be *Don Lopez*, who to advance his own pretensions to her, has endeavour'd to ruine mine.

Wild. It works rarely.

Mel. But I am resolv'd to see *Aurelia*; if it be but to defeat him.

[*Exit* Melchor.

Wild. Let's make hast after him; I long to see the end of this adventure.

Mask. Sir, I think I see some Women coming yonder.

Bell. Well; I'll leave you to your adventures; while I prosecute my own.

Wild. I warrant you have made an Assignation to instruct some Lady in the *Mathematicks*.

Bell. I'll not tell you my design; because if it does not succeed, you shall not laugh at me. [*Exit* Bellamy.

Enter Beatrix; *and* Jacinta *in the Habit of a Malatta.*

Wild. Let us withdraw a little, and see if they will come this way.

Beat. We are right, Madam, 'tis certainly your [illegible], and his Servant with him. But why this second trial, when you swore to break with him, if he fail'd in the first?

Jac. 'Tis true, he has been a little inconſtant, cholerick, or ſo.

Beat. And it ſeems you are not contented with thoſe Vices; but are ſearching him for more. This is the folly of a bleeding Gameſter, who will obſtinately purſue a loſing hand.

Jac. On t'other ſide, you would have me throw up my Cards before the Game be loſt: let me make this one more trial, when he has Money, whether he will give it me, and then if he fails ——

Beat. You'll forgive him agen.

Jac. He's already in Purgatory; but the next offence ſhall put him in the Pit, paſt all redemption; prithee ſing, to draw him nearer: Sure he cannot know me in this diſguiſe.

Beat. Make haſt then; for I have more Irons in the fire: when I have done with you, I have another Aſſignation of my Lady *Theodoſia*'s to Don *Melchor*.

SONG.

1.

CAlm was the Even, and clear was the Sky,
And the new budding Flowers did ſpring,
When all alone went Amyntas *and I*
To hear the ſweet Nightingal ſing;
I ſate, and he laid him down by me;
But ſcarcely his breath he could draw;
For when with a fear, he began to draw near,
He was daſh'd with A ha ha ha ha!

2.

He bluſh'd to himſelf, and lay ſtill for a while,
And his modeſty curb'd his deſire;
But ſtreight I convinc'd all his fear with a ſmile,
Which added new Flames to his Fire.
O Sylvia, *ſaid he, you are cruel,*
To keep your poor Lover in awe;
Then once more he preſt with his hand to my breaſt,
But was daſh'd with A ha ha ha ha.

3.

I knew 'twas his Paſſion that caus'd all his Fear;
And therefore I pitty'd his Caſe:
I whiſper'd him ſoftly, there's no body near,
And laid my Cheek cloſe to his Face:
But as he grew bolder and bolder,
A Shepherd came by us and ſaw;
And juſt as our bliſs we began with a Kiſs,
He laugh'd out with A ha ha ha ha.

Wild. If you dare be the *Sylvia*, Lady, I have brought you a more confident *Amyntas*, than that bashful Gentleman in your Song ——— [*Goes to lay hold of her.*

Jac. Hold, hold; Sir, I am only an Ambassadress sent you from a Lady, I hope you will not violate the Laws of Nations.

Wild. I was only searching for your Letters of Credence: but methinks with that Beauty you look more like a Herauld that comes to denounce War to all Mankind ———

Jac. One of the Ladies in the Masque, to night, has taken a liking to you; and sent you, by me, this Purse of Gold, in recompence of that she saw you lose.

Wild. And she expects in return of it, that I shall wait on her; I'll do't. Where lives she? I am desperately in love with her.

Jac. Why, Can you love her unknown?

Wild. I have a bank of Love, to supply every ones occasions; some for her, some for another, and some for you; charge what you will upon me, I pay all at sight, and without questioning who brought the Bill.

Jac. Heyday, You dispatch your Mistresses as fast, as if you meant to over-run all Woman-kind: sure you aim at the Universal Monarchy.

Wild. Now I think on't, I have a foolish fancy to send thy Lady a taste of my Love by thee.

Jac. 'Tis impossible your Love should be so humble, to descend to a *Mulatta*.

Wild. One would think so, but I cannot help it. Gad, I think the reason is, because there's something more of sin in thy colour than in ours. I know not what's the matter, but a *Turky-Cock* is not more provok'd at Red, than I bristle at the sight of Black. Come, be kinder to me. Young, and slip an opportunity? 'Tis an Evening lost out of your Life.

Jac. These fine things you have said over a thousand times; your cold Compliments, the cold Pye of Love which you serve up to every new Guest whom you invite.

Wild. Come; because thou art very moving, here's part of the Gold, which thou brought'st to corrupt me for thy Lady: truth is, I had promis'd a summ to a *Spanish* Lady —— but thy Eyes have allur'd it from me.

Jac. You'll repent to morrow.

Wild. Let to morrow starve: or provide for himself, as to night has done: to morrow is a cheat in love, and I will not trust it.

Jac. I, but Heaven that sees all things ———

Wild. Heaven that sees all things, will say nothing: that is, all Eyes and no Tongue; *Et la lune & les estoiles*, ——— you know the Song.

Jac. A poor Slave as I am ———

Wild. It has been always my humour to love downward. I love to stoop to my Prey, and to have it in my power to Sowse at when I please. When a Man comes to a great Lady, he is fain to approach her with Fear and Reverence; methinks there's something of Godliness in't.

Jac. Yet I cannot believe, but the Meanness of my Habit must needs scandalize you.

Wild.

Wild. I'll tell thee, my Friend, and ſo forth, that I exceedingly honour coarſe Linnen; 'tis as proper ſometimes, in an under Garment, as a coarſe Towel is to rub and ſcrub me.

Jac. Now I am altogether of the other ſide, I can love no where but above me: methinks the Rattling of a Coach and ſix Horſes ſounds more eloquently, than the beſt Harangue a Wit could make me.

Wild. Do you make no more eſteem of a Wit, then?

Jac. His Commendations ſerve only to make others have a mind to me; he does but ſay Grace to me, like a Chaplain; and, like him, is the laſt that ſhall fall on. He ought to get no more by it, than a poor Silk-Weaver does, by the Ribbond which he works, to make a Gallant fine.

Wild. Then what is a Gentleman to hope from you?

Jac. To be admitted to paſs my time with, while a better comes: to be the loweſt ſtep in my Stair-caſe, for a Knight to mount upon him, and a Lord upon him, and a Marqueſs upon him, and a Duke upon him, till I get as high as I can climb.

Wild. For ought I ſee, the great Ladies have the Appetites which you Slaves ſhould have; and you Slaves the Pride which ought to be in Ladies: for I obſerve, That all Women of your Condition are, like the Women of the Play-houſe, ſtill piquing at each other, who ſhall go the beſt dreſt, and in the richeſt Habits; till you work up one another, by your high flying, as the *Heron* and *Jerfalcon* do. If you cannot out-ſhine your Fellow with one Lover, you fetch her up with another: and in ſhort, all you get by it is only to put Finery out of Countenance, and to make the Ladies of Quality go plain; becauſe they will avoid the ſcandal of your Bravery.

Beat. running in. Madam, come away; I hear company in the Garden.

Wild. You are not going?

Jac. Yes, to cry out a Rape if you follow me.

Wild. However, I am glad you have left your Treaſure behind you: farewel, Fairy.

Jac. Farewel, Changling —— Come, *Beatrix.* [*Ex. Women.*

Mask. Do you know how you came by this Money, Sir? you think, I warrant, that it came by Fortune.

Wild. No, Sirrah, I know it came by my own Induſtry. Did not I come out diligently to meet this Gold, in the very way it was to come? what could Fate do leſs for me? they are ſuch thoughtleſs, and undeſigning Rogues as you, that make a Drudge of poor Providence, and ſet it a ſhifting for you. Give me a brave Fellow, like my ſelf; that, if you throw him down into the World, lights every where upon his Legs and helps himſelf, without being beholding to Fate, that is the Hoſpital of Fools.

Mask. But, after all your Jollity, what think you if it was *Jacinta* that gave it you in this diſguiſe? I am ſure, I heard her call *Beatrix*, as ſhe went away.

Wild. Umh! thou awaken'ſt a moſt villainous apprehenſion in me! methought indeed, I knew the Voice; but the Face was ſuch an evidence againſt it! if it were ſo, ſhe is loſt for ever.

Mask. And ſo is *Beatrix.*

Wild.

Wild. Now could I cut my throat for Madneſs.

Mask. Now could I break my neck for Deſpair; if I could find a Precipice abſolutely to my liking.

Wild. 'Tis in vain to conſider on't. There's but one way; go you, *Maskal*, and find her out, and invent ſome Excuſe for me, and be ſure to beg leave, I may come and wait upon her with the Gold before ſhe ſleeps.

Mask. In the mean time, you'll be thinking at your Lodging.

Wild. But make haſte, then, to relieve me; for I think over all my Thoughts in half an Hour. [*Ex.* Maskal.

Wild. ſolus. Hang't, now I think on't, I ſhall be but melancholique at my Lodging, I'll go paſs my Hour at the Gaming-houſe, and make uſe of this Money, while I have Tools, to win more to it. Stay, let me ſee, I have the Box and Throw. My *Don* he ſets me ten Piſtols, I nick him; ten more, I ſweep them too: now, in all reaſon, he is nettled, and ſets me twenty; I win them too: now he kindles, and butters me with forty; they are all my own: in fine, he is vehement, and bleeds on to fourſcore or an hundred; and I, not willing to tempt Fortune, come away a moderate Winner of 200 Piſtols.

The Scene *opens and diſcovers* Aurelia *and* Camilla: *behind them a Table and Lights ſet upon it.*

The Scene *is a Garden, with an Arbour in it. The Garden Door opens.*

How now! *Aurelia* and *Camilla* in expectation of Don *Melchor*, at the Garden door; I'll away, leſt I prevent the deſign; and, within this half hour, come ſailing back, with full Pockets, as wantonly as a laden Galleon from the *Indies*. [*Ex.*

Aur. But doſt thou think the *Engliſhman* can keep his Promiſe? for I confeſs, I furiouſly deſire to ſee the *Idea* of Don *Melchor*.

Cam. But, Madam, if you ſhould ſee him, it will not be he, but the Devil in his likeneſs; and then why ſhould you deſire it?

Aur. In effect, 'tis a very dark *Ænigma*; and one muſt be very ſpiritual to underſtand it: but be what it will, Body or Phantom, I am reſolv'd to meet it

Cam. Can you do it without Fear?

Aur. No; I muſt avow it, I am furiouſly fearful; but yet I am reſolv'd to ſacrifice all things to my Love. Therefore let us paſs over that Chapter. [*Don* Melchor *without.*

Cam. Do you hear, Madam, there's one treading already; how if it be he?

Aur. If it be he! that is to ſay his Spectre; that is to ſay, his Phantom; that is to ſay, his Idea; that is to ſay, he and not he.

Cam. crying out. Ah! Madam 'tis he himſelf; but he's as big again as he us'd to be, with Eyes like Sawcers.——— I'll ſave my ſelf. [*Runs under the Table.*

Enter

Enter Don Melchor, *they both ſhreek.*

Aur. Oh Heaven! humanity is not able to ſupport it. [*Running.*

Mel. Dear *Aurelia*, what mean you?

Aur. The Tempter has imitated his Voice too; avoid, avoid Specter.

Cam. If he ſhould find me under the Table now!

Mel. Is it thus, my Dear, that you treat your Servant?

Aur. I am not thy Dear; I renounce thee, Spirit of Darkneſs.

Mel. This Spirit of Darkneſs, is come to ſee an Angel of Light by her Command; and to aſſure her of his Conſtancy, that he will be hers Eternally.

Aur. Away Infernal, 'tis not thee, 'tis the true Don *Melchor* that I would ſee.

Mel. Hell and Furies.

Aur. Heaven and Angels! Ah —— [*Runs out ſhreeking.*

Mel. This is a Riddle, paſt my finding out, to ſend for me, and then to ſhun me; but here's one ſhall reſolve it for me: *Camilla*, what doſt thou there?

Cam. Help, help, I ſhall be carried away, bodily.

[*She riſes up, overthrows the Table and Lights, and runs out.*

The Scene *ſhuts.*

Mel. alone. Why *Aurelia*, *Camilla!* they are both run out of hearing! This amazes me; what can the meaning of it be? Sure ſhe has heard of my unfaithfulneſs, and was reſolv'd to puniſh me by this contrivance! to put an affront upon me by this abrupt departure, as I did on her by my ſeeming abſence.

Enter Theodoſia *and* Beatrix.

Theo. Don *Melchor!* Is it you, my Love, that have frighted *Aurelia* ſo terribly?

Mel. Alas, Madam, I know not; but coming hither, by your appointment, and thinking my ſelf ſecure in the night, without diſguiſe, perhaps it might work upon her fancy, becauſe ſhe thought me abſent.

Theo. Since 'tis ſo unluckily fallen out, that ſhe knows you are at *Madrid*, it can no longer be kept a ſecret; therefore you muſt now pretend openly to me, and run the riſque of a denial from my Father.

Mel. O, Madam, there's no queſtion but he'll refuſe me: for alas, what is it he can ſee in me worthy of that Honour? or if he ſhould be ſo partial to me, as ſome in the World are, to think me Valiant, Learned, and not altogether a Fool, yet my want of Fortune would weigh down all.

Theo. When he has refus'd you his conſent, I may with Juſtice diſpoſe of my ſelf; and that, while you are conſtant, ſhall never be to any but your ſelf: in witneſs of which, accept this Diamond as a Pledge of my Hearts firmneſs to you.

Beat. Madam, your Father is coming this way.

Theo. 'Tis no matter; do not ſtir; ſince he muſt know you are return'd, let him now ſee you.

Enter

Enter Don Alonzo.

Alon. Daughter, What make you here at this unſeaſonable hour?

Theo. Sir, ——

Alon. I know what you would ſay, That you heard a noiſe, and ran hither to ſee what it might be —— Bleſs us! Who is this with you?

Mel. 'Tis your Servant Don *Melchor*; juſt return'd from St. *Sebaſtians.*

Alon. But, Sir, I thought you had been upon the Sea for *Flanders.*

Mel. I had ſo deſign'd it.

Alon. But, why came you back from St. *Sebaſtians*?

Mel. As for that, Sir, 'tis not material ——

Theo. An unexpected Law-Sute has call'd him back from St. *Sebaſtians.*

Alon. And, how fares my Son-in-Law, that lives there?

Mel. In Catholick health, Sir.

Alon. Have you brought no Letters from him?

Mel. I had, Sir, but I was ſet on by the way, by Pickeroons: and, in ſpight of my reſiſtance, rob'd, and my Portmantue taken from me.

Theo. And this was that which he was now deſiring me to excuſe to you.

Alon. If my Credit, Friends, or Counſel, can do you any ſervice in your Sute, I hope you will command them freely.

Mel. When I have diſpatch'd ſome private buſineſs, I ſhall not fail to trouble you; till then, humbly kiſſes your hands, the moſt oblig'd of your Servants —— [*Exit* Melchor.

Alon. Daughter, now this Cavalier is gone, What occaſion brought you out ſo late? I know what you would ſay, That it is Melancholly; a Tincture of the Hypocondriack you mean; but, What cauſe have you for this Melancholly? give me your hand, and anſwer me without Ambages or Ambiguities.

Theo. He will find out I have given away my Ring —— I muſt prevent him —— Sir, I am aſham'd to confeſs it to you; but, in hope of your Indulgence, I have loſt the Table Diamond you gave me.

Alon. You would ſay, the fear of my diſpleaſure has caus'd this perturbation in you; well, do not diſquiet your ſelf too much, you ſay 'tis gone; I ſay ſo to. 'Tis ſtolen; and that by ſome Thief I take it: but, I will go and conſult the *Aſtrologer* immediately. [*He is going.*

Theo. What have I done? to avoid one inconvenience, I have run into another: this Devil of an *Aſtrologer* will diſcover that Don *Melchor* has it. [*Aſide.*

Alon. When did you loſe this Diamond? the minute and ſecond I ſhould know; but the Hour will ſerve for the Degree aſcending.

Theo. Sir, the preciſe time I know not; but, it was betwixt ſix and ſeven this Evening, as near as I can gueſs.

Alon. 'Tis enough; by all the Stars I'll have it for you: therefore go in, and ſuppoſe it on your Finger.

Beat. I'll watch you at a diſtance, Sir, that my *Engliſhman* may have wherewithal to anſwer you —— [*Aſide.*

[*Ex.* Theo. Beat.

Alon.

Alon. This Melancholy wherewith my Daughter laboureth, is — a —— I know what I would ſay; is a certain Species of the Hiſterical Diſeaſes; or a certain Motion, cauſed by a certain Appetite, which at a certain time, heaveth in her like a certain Motion of an Earthquake ——

Enter Bellamy.

Bell. This is the place, and very near the time, that *Theodoſia* appoints her meeting with Don *Melchor*. He is this night otherwiſe diſpos'd of with *Aurelia*: 'Tis but trying my Fortune to tell her of his Infidelity, and my Love. If ſhe yields ſhe makes me happy; if not, I ſhall be ſure Don *Melchor* has not planted the Arms of *Spain* in the Fort before me. However, I'll puſh my Fortune as ſure as I am an *Engliſhman*.

Alon. Sennor *Ingles*, I know your voice, though I cannot perfectly diſcern you.

Bell. How, the Devil, come he to croſs me?

Alon. I was juſt coming to have ask'd another Favour of you.

Bell. Without Ceremony command me, Sir.

Alon. My Daughter *Theodoſia* has loſt a fair Diamond from her finger, the time betwixt ſix and ſeven this Evening; now I deſire you, Sir, to erect a Scheme for it; and, if it be loſt, or ſtolen, to reſtore it to me —— This is all, Sir.

Bell. There is no end of this old Fellow; thus will he bait me from day to day, till my Ignorance be found out —— [*Aſide.*

Alon. Now is he caſting a Figure by the Art of Memory, and making a Judgment of it to himſelf. This *Aſtrology* is a very myſterious Speculation —— [*Aſide.*

Bell. 'Tis a Madneſs for me to hope I can deceive him longer. Since then he muſt know I am no *Aſtrologer*, I'll diſcover it my ſelf to him, and bluſh once for all —— [*Aſide.*

Alon. Well, Sir, and what do the Stars hold forth? What ſays nimble Maſter *Mercury* to the matter?

Bell. Sir, not to keep you longer in Ignorance, I muſt ingeniouſly declare to you, that I am not the Man for whom you take me. Some ſmattering in *Aſtrology* I have; which my Friends, by their Indiſcretion, have blown abroad beyond my Intentions. But you are not a Perſon to be impos'd on by the Vulgar: therefore, to ſatisfie you, in one word, my Skill goes not far enough to give you Knowledge of what you deſire from me.

Alon. You have ſaid enough, Sir, to perſwade me of your Science; if Fame had not publiſh'd it, yet this very Humility of yours, were enough to confirm me in the belief of it.

Bell. Death, you make me mad, Sir: Will you have me ſwear? As I am a Gentleman, a Man of the Town, one who wears good Cloaths, eats, drinks and wenches abundantly; I am a damn'd ignorant, and ſenceleſs Fellow.

Enter Beatrix.

Alon. How now, Gentlewoman —— What, are you going to Relief by Moonſhine?

Beat.

Beat. I was going on a very charitable Office, to help a Friend, that was gravell'd, in a very doubtful buſineſs.

Bell. Some good news, Fortune, I beſeech thee.

Beat. But now I have found this Learned Gentleman, I ſhall make bold to propound a Queſtion to him from a Lady.

Alon. I will have my own Queſtion firſt reſolv'd.

Bell. O, Sir, 'tis from a Lady ——

Beat. If you pleaſe, Sir, I'll tell it in your Ear —— My Lady has given Don *Melchor* the Ring; in whoſe Company her Father found her but juſt now at the Garden-Door. [*In whiſper.*

Bell. aloud. Come to me to morrow, and you ſhall receive an anſwer —

Beat. Your Servant, Sir, —— [*Exit* Beatrix.

Alon. Sir, I ſhall take it very unkindly if you ſatisfy any other, and leave me in this perplexity.

Bell. Sir, if my knowledge were according ——

Alon. No more of that, Sir, I beſeech you.

Bell. Perhaps I may know ſomething by my Art concerning it; but, for your quiet, I wiſh you would not preſs me.

Alon. Do you think I am not Maſter of my Paſſions?

Bell. Since you will needs know what I would willingly have conceal'd, thePerſon who has your Diamond, is he whom you ſaw laſt in your Daughters Company.

Alon. You would ſay 'tis Don *Melchor de Guzman.* Who the Devil would have ſuſpected him of ſuch an action? But he is of a decay'd Family, and Poverty, it ſeems, has inforc'd him to it: now I think on't better, he has e'en ſtolen it for a Fee to bribe his Lawyer; to requite a Lye with a Theft; I'll ſeek him out, and tell him part of my mind before I ſleep. [*Exit* Alon.

Bell. So, once more I am at liberty: but this *Aſtrology* is ſo troubleſome a Science —— would I were well rid on't.

Enter Don Lopez, *and a Servant.*

Lop. *Aſtrology* does he ſay? O Cavalier, is it you; not finding you at home, I came on purpoſe to ſeek you out: I have a ſmall requeſt to the Stars by your Mediation.

Bell. Sir, for pity let 'em ſhine in quiet a little; for what for Ladies and their Servants, and younger Brothers, they ſcarce get a Holyday in a Twelve-month.

Lop. Pray pardon me, if I am a little curious of my deſtiny, ſince all my happineſs depends on your Anſwer.

Bell. Well, Sir, What is it you expect?

Lop. To know, whether my Love to a Lady will be ſucceſsful.

Bell. 'Tis *Aurelia* he means —— [*Aſide.*
Sir, in one word, I anſwer you, that your Miſtreſs loves another: one who is your Friend: but comfort your ſelf; the Dragons Tail is between him and home, he ſhall enjoy never her.

Lop. But what hope for me?

Bell. The Stars have partly aſſur'd me you ſhall be happy, if you acquaint her with your Paſſion, and with the double dealing of your Friend, who is falſe to her.

Lop. You ſpeak like an Oracle. But I have engag'd my promiſe to that Friend, to ſerve him in his Paſſion to my Miſtreſs.

Bell. We *Engliſh* ſeldom make ſuch ſcruples; Women are not compriz'd in our Laws of Friendſhip: they are *feræ naturæ*; our common Game, like Hare and Partridge: every Man has equal right to them, as he has to the Sun and Elements.

Lop. Muſt I then betray my Friend?

Bell. In that caſe my Friend is a *Turk* to me, if he will be ſo barbarous, as to retain two Women to his private uſe; I will be factious for all diſtreſſed Damſels, who would much rather have their Cauſe try'd by a full Jury, than a ſingle Judge.

Lop. Well, Sir, I will take your counſel; and if I err, the fault be on Love and you. —— [*Exit* Lopez.

Bell. Were it not for Love, I would run out of the Town, that's the ſhort on't; for I have engag'd my ſelf in ſo many Promiſes for the Sun and Moon, and thoſe little Minc'd-meats of 'em, that I muſt hide before my day of payment comes. In the mean time I forget *Theodoſia*; but now I defie the Devil to hinder me.

As he is going out, he meets Aurelia, *and almoſt juſtles her down. With her* Camilla *enters.*

Aur. What rudeneſs is this?

Bell. Madam *Aurelia*, is it you?

Aur. Monſieur *Bellamy*?

Bell. The ſame, Madam.

Aur. My Uncle told me he left you here: and indeed I came hither to complain of you: for you have treated me ſo inhumanely, that I have ſome reaſon to reſent it

Bell. What occaſion can I have given you for a complaint?

Aur. Don *Melchor*, as I am inform'd by my Uncle, is effectively at *Madrid*: ſo that it was not his Idea, but himſelf in Perſon whom I ſaw: and ſince you knew this, why did you conceal it from me?

Bell. When I ſpoke with you I knew it not: but I diſcover'd it in the erecting of my Figure. Yet if inſtead of his Idea I conſtrain'd himſelf to come, in ſpight of his reſolution to remain conceal'd, I think I have ſhown a greater effect of my Art than what I promis'd.

Aur. I render my ſelf to ſo convincing an Argument: but by over-hearing a Diſcourſe juſt now betwixt my Couſin *Theodoſia* and her Maid, I find that he has conceal'd himſelf upon her account, which has given me jealouſie to the laſt point; for to avow an inconteſtable Truth, my Couſin is furiouſly handſome.

Bell. Madam, Madam, truſt not your Ears too far; ſhe talk'd on purpoſe that you might hear her: but I aſſure you, the true cauſe of Don *Melchor*'s concealment, was not love of her, but jealouſie of you: he ſtaid

ſtaid in private to obſerve your Actions: build upon't, Madam, he is inviolably yours.

Aur. Then will he ſacrifice my Couſin to me?

Bell. 'Tis furiouſly true, Madam.

Aur. O moſt agreeable Aſſurance!

Cam. Albricias, Madam, for my good News; Don *Melchor* is coming this way; I know him by his voice; but he is in Company with another Perſon.

Aur. It will not be convenient to give him any Umbrage, by ſeeing me with another Perſon; therefore I will go before: do you ſtay here, and conduct him to my Apartment. Good Night, Sir. [*Exit.*

Bell. I have promis'd Don *Lopez* he ſhall poſſeſs her; and I have promis'd her ſhe ſhall poſſeſs Don *Melchor*: 'tis a little difficult, I confeſs, as to the Matrimonial part of it: but if Don *Melchor* will be civil to her, and ſhe be civil to Don *Lopez*, my Credit is ſafe without the Benefit of my Clergy. But all this is nothing to *Theodoſia*. [*Ex.* Bell.

Enter Don Alonzo, *and Don* Melchor.

Cam. Don *Melchor*, a word in private.

Mel. Your Pleaſure, Lady. Sir I will wait on you immediately.

Cam. I am ſent to you from a fair Lady, who bears you no ill will. You may gueſs whom I mean.

Mel. Not by my own Merits, but by knowing whom you ſerve: but I confeſs I wonder at her late ſtrange uſage, when ſhe fled from me.

Cam. That was only a miſtake; but I have now, by her Command, been in a Thouſand places in queſt of you.

Mel. You overjoy me.

Cam. And where, amongſt the reſt, do you think I have been looking you?

Mel. Pray refreſh my Memory.

Cam. In that ſame Street, by that ſame Shop; you know where, by a good Token.

Mel. By what Token?

Cam. Juſt by that Shop, where, out of your Nobleneſs, you promis'd me a new Silk Gown.

Mel. O, now I underſtand you.

Cam. Not that I preſs you to a Performance ——

Mel. Take this, and pleaſe your ſelf in the choice of it. ——

[*Gives her Money.*

Cam. Nay, dear Sir, now you make me bluſh; in faith, I —— am aſham'd —— I ſwear 'tis only becauſe I would keep ſomething for your ſake —— But my Lady expects you immediately in her Apartment.

Mel. I'll wait on her if I can poſſibly —— [*Ex.* Camilla.

But if I can prevail with Don *Alonzo* for his Daughter, then will I again conſider, which of the Ladies beſt deſerves me —— [*Aſide.*

[*To* Alonzo.] Sir, I beg your Pardon for this Rudeneſs, in leaving you.

Alon. I cannot poſſibly reſolve with my ſelf, to tell him openly he is a Thief; but I'll gild the Pill for him to ſwallow. [*Aſide.*

Mel.

Mel. I believe he has diſcover'd our Amour: how he ſurveys me for a Son-in-Law! [*Aſide.*

Alon. Sir, I am ſorry, for your ſake, that true Nobility is not always accompanied with Riches to ſupport it in its Luſtre.

Mel. You have a juſt Exception againſt the Capriciouſneſs of Deſtiny; yet if I were Owner of any Noble Qualities, (which I am not) I ſhould not much eſteem the Goods of Fortune.

Alon. But pray, conceive me, Sir; your Father did not leave you flouriſhing in Wealth.

Mel. Only a very fair Seat in *Andaluſia*, with all the Pleaſures imaginable about it: that alone, were my poor Deſerts according, which I confeſs they are not, were enough to make a Woman happy in it.

Alon. But give me leave to come to the point; I beſeech you; Sir, I have loſt a Jewel, which I value infinitely, and I hear it is in your Poſſeſſion: but I accuſe your Wants, not you, for it.

Mel. Your Daughter is indeed a Jewel, but ſhe were not loſt, were ſhe in Poſſeſſion of a Man of Parts.

Alon. A precious Diamond, Sir———

Mel. But a Man of Honour, Sir———

Alon. I know what you would ſay, Sir, That a Man of Honour is not capable of an unworthy Action; but therefore I do not accuſe you of the Theft, I ſuppoſe the Jewel was only put into your hands.

Mel. By Honourable ways, I aſſure you, Sir.

Alon. Sir, Sir; will you reſtore my Jewel?

Mel. Will you pleaſe, Sir, to give me leave to be the unworthy Poſſeſſour of her? I know how to uſe her with that Reſpect———

Alon. I know what you would ſay, Sir; but if it belongs to our Family; otherwiſe, I aſſure you, it were at your Service.

Mel. As it belongs to your Family I covet it; not that I plead my own Deſerts, Sir.

Alon. Sir, I know your Deſerts; but I proteſt I cannot part with it: for I muſt tell you, this Diamond Ring was originally my Great Grandfather's.

Mel. A Diamond Ring, Sir, do you mean?———

Alon. By your Patience, Sir, when I have done you may ſpeak your Pleaſure. I only lent it to my Daughter; but how ſhe loſt it, and how it came upon your finger, I am yet *in tenebris.*

Mel. Sir———

Alon. I know it, Sir; but ſpare your ſelf the trouble; I'll ſpeak for you: You would ſay you had it from ſome other hand; I believe it, Sir.

Mel. But, Sir———

Alon. I warrant you, Sir, I'll bring you off without your ſpeaking: From another hand you had it; and now, Sir, as you ſay, Sir, and as I am ſaying for you, Sir, you are loth to part with it.

Mel. Good Sir——— let me———

Alon. I underſtand you already, Sir, that you have taken a Fancy to it, and would buy it; but, to that I anſwer as I did before, That it is a Relique of

of my Family. Now, Sir, if you can urge ought farther, you have liberty to ſpeak without interruption.

Mel. This Diamond you ſpeak on, I confeſs——

Alon. But what need you confeſs, Sir, before you are accus'd?

Mel. You promis'd you would hear me in my turn, Sir, but——

Alon. But, as you were ſaying, it is needleſs, becauſe I have already ſpoken for you.

Mel. The truth is, Sir, I was too preſumptuous to take this Pledge from *Theodoſia* without your knowledge; but you will pardon the invincible neceſſity, when I tell you——

Alon. You need not tell me, I know your Neceſſity was the Reaſon of it, and that Place and Opportunity have caus'd your Errour.

Mel. This is the goodeſt Old Man I ever knew; he prevents me in my Motion for his Daughter. Since, Sir, you know the Cauſe of my Errours, and are pleas'd to lay part of the Blame upon Youth and Opportunity; I beſeech you, favour me ſo far, to accept me, as fair *Theodoſia* already has——

Alon. I conceive you, Sir, that I would accept of your Excuſe: why, reſtore the Diamond, and 'tis done.

Mel. More joyfully than I receiv'd it: and with it I beg the Honour to be receiv'd by you as your Son-in-Law.

Alon. My Son-in-Law! This is the moſt pleaſant Propoſition I ever heard.

Mel. I am proud you think it ſo; but, I proteſt, I think not I deſerve this Honour.

Alon. Nor I, I aſſure you, Sir; Marry my Daughter—— ha, ha, ha.

Mel. But, Sir——

Alon. I know what you would ſay, Sir; That there is too much hazard in the Profeſſion of a Thief, and therefore you would marry my Daughter to become rich, without venturing your Neck for't. I beſeech you, Sir, ſteal on, be apprehended, and, if you pleaſe, be hang'd, it ſhall make no breach betwixt us. For my part, I'll keep your Counſel, and ſo good night, Sir. [*Exit* Alonzo.

Mel. Is the Devil in this Old Man; firſt, to give me occaſion to confeſs my Love, and, when he knew it, to promiſe he would keep my Counſel? But, who are theſe? I'll not be ſeen; but to my old Appointment with *Theodoſia*, and deſire her to unriddle it—— [*Exit* Melchor.

Enter Maskal, Jacinta, Beatrix.

Mask. But, Madam, do you take me for a Man of Honour?

Jac. No.

Mask. Why, there's it; if you had, I would have ſworn that my Maſter has neither done nor intended you any Injury; I ſuppoſe you'll grant he knew you in your Diſguiſe?

Beat. Nay, to know her, and uſe her ſo, is an Aggravation of his Crime.

Mask.

Mask. Unconſcionable *Beatrix!* Would you two have all the Carnival to your ſelves? He knew you, Madam, and was reſolv'd to countermine you in all your Plots. But when he ſaw you ſo much piqued, he was too good natur'd to let you ſleep in wrath, and ſent me to you to diſabuſe you: for, if the buſineſs had gone on till to morrow, when *Lent* begins, you would have grown ſo peeviſh (as all good Catholicks are with Faſting) that the quarrel would never have been ended.

Fac. Well; this mollifies a little: I am content he ſhall ſee me.

Mask. But, that you may be ſure he knew you, he will bring the Certificate of the Purſe along with him.

Fac. I ſhall be glad to find him innocent.

Enter Wildblood *at the other end of the Stage.*

Wild. No mortal Man ever threw out ſo often. It could not be me, it muſt be the Devil that did it: he took all the Chances, and chang'd 'em, after I had thrown 'em: but, I'll be even with him; for I'll never throw one of his Dice more.

Mask. Madam, 'tis certainly my Maſter; and he is ſo zealous to make his Peace, that he could not ſtay till I call'd him to you —— Sir.

Wild. Sirrah, I'll teach you more Manners than to leave me another time: you Rogue, you have loſt me two hundred Piſtols, you, and the Devil your Accompliee; you, by leaving me to my ſelf, and he by tempting me to play it off.

Mask. Is the wind in that Door? here's like to be fine doings.

Wild. Oh miſchief! am I fallen into her ambuſh? I muſt face it out with another quarrel. —— [*Aſide.*

Fac. Your Man has been treating your Accommodation; 'tis half made already.

Wild. I, on your part it may be.

Fac. He ſays you knew me.

Wild. Yes; I do know you ſo well, that my poor heart akes for't: I was going to Bed without telling you my mind; but, upon conſideration I am come.

Fac. To bring the Money with you.

Wild. To declare my grievances, which are great, and many.

Mask. Well, for Impudence, let thee alone.

Wild. As in the firſt place ——

Fac. I'll hear no Grievances; where's the Money?

Beat. I; keep to that, Madam.

Wild. Do you think me a Perſon to be ſo us'd?

Fac. We will not quarrel; where's the Money?

Wild. By your favour, we will quarrel.

Beat. Money, Money ——

Wild. I am angry, and can hear nothing.

Beat. Money, Money, Money, Money.

Wild. Do you think it a reaſonable thing to put on two diſguiſes in a night, to tempt a Man? (Help me, *Maskal*, for I want Arguments abominably)

minably) I thank Heaven I was never ſo barbarouſly us'd in all my Life.

Jac. He begins to anger me in good earneſt.

Mask. A thing ſo much againſt the Rules of Modeſty: ſo undecent a thing.

Wild. I, ſo undecent a thing: nay, now I do not wonder at my ſelf for being angry. And then to wonder I ſhould love her in thoſe diſguiſes? to quarrel at the natural deſires of humane kind, aſſaulted by powerful temptations; I am inrag'd at that——

Jac. Hey-day! you had beſt quarrel too, for my bringing you the Money!

Wild. I have a grudging to you for't: (*Maskal*, the Money, *Maskal*; now help or we are gone.)

Mask. Would ſhe offer to bring Money to you? firſt to affront your Poverty.——

Wild. I; to affront my Poverty. But, that's no great matter; and then——

Mask. And then, to bring you Money (I ſtick faſt, Sir.)

Wild. (Forward, you Dog, and invent, or I'll cut your Throat;) and then, as I was ſaying, to bring me Money——

Mask. Which is the greateſt and moſt ſweet of all temptations; and to think you could reſiſt it: being alſo aggravated by her handſomneſs who brought it?

Wild. Reſiſt it? no; I would ſhe would underſtand it, I know better what belongs to fleſh and bloud than ſo.

Beat. to *Jac.* This is plain Confederacy; I ſmoak it; he came on purpoſe to quarrel with you; break firſt with him and prevent it.

Jac. If it be come to that once, the Devil take the hindmoſt; I'll not be laſt in love; for that will be a diſhonour to my Sex.

Wild. And then——

Jac. Hold Sir; there needs no more: you ſhall fall out; and I'll gratify you with a new occaſion: I only try'd you, in hope you would be falſe; and rather than fail of my deſign, brought Gold to bribe you to't.

Beat. As people when they have an ill bargain, are content to loſe by't, that they may get it off their hands.

Mask. *Beatrix*, while our Principals are engag'd, I hold it not for our honour to ſtand idle.

Beat. With all my heart: pleaſe you let us draw off to ſome other ground.

Mask. I dare meet you on any Spot, but one.

Wild. I think we ſhall do well to put it to an Iſſue; this is the laſt time you ſhall ever be troubled with my Addreſſes.

Jac. The favour had been greater to have ſpar'd this too.

Mask. *Beatrix*, let us diſpatch; or they'll break off before us.

Beat. Break as faſt as thou wilt, I am as brittle as thou art for thy heart.

Wild. Becauſe I will abſolutely break off with you, I will keep nothing that belongs to you: therefore take back your Picture, and your Handkerchief.

Jac. I have nothing of yours to keep; therefore take back your liberal Promiſes. Take 'em in imagination.

Wild. Not to be behind hand with you in your frumps, I give you back your Purſe of Gold: take you that —— in imagination.

Jac. To conclude with you, take back your Oaths and Proteſtations; they are never the worſe for the wearing, I aſſure you: therefore take 'em, ſpick and ſpan new, for the uſe of your next Miſtreſs.

Mask. Beatrix, follow your Leader; here's the ſixpenny Whittle you gave me, with the Mutton-Haft: I can ſpare it, for Knives are of little uſe in *Spain*.

Beat. There's your Sciſſors, with the ſtinking Braſs-Chain to 'em: 'tis well there was no love betwixt us; for they had been too dull to cut it.

Mask. There's the Dandriff-Comb you lent me.

Beat. There's your Ferret Riboning for Garters.

Mask. I would never have come ſo near as to have taken 'em from you.

Beat. For your Letter I have it not about me; but upon reputation I'll burn it.

Mask. And for yours, I have already put it to a fitting imployment. —— Courage, Sir; how goes the Battel on your Wing?

Wild. Juſt drawing off on both ſides. Adieu, *Spain*.

Jac. Farewel old *England*.

Beat. Come away in Triumph; the day's your own, Madam.

Mask. I'll bear you off upon my Shoulders, Sir; we have broke their hearts.

Wild. Let her go firſt then; I'll ſtay and keep the honour of the Field.

Jac. I'll not retreat, if you ſtay till midnight.

Wild. Are you ſure then we have done loving?

Jac. Yes, very ſure; I think ſo.

Wild. 'Tis well you are ſo; for otherwiſe I feel my ſtomach a little maukiſh, I ſhould have doubted another fit of Love were coming up.

Jac. No, no; your inconſtancy ſecures you enough for that.

Wild. That's it which makes me fear my own returning: nothing vexes me but that you ſhould part with me ſo ſlightly, as though I were not worth your keeping; well, 'tis a ſign you never lov'd me.

Jac. 'Tis the leaſt of your care whether I did or did not: it may be it had been more for the quiet of my ſelf, if I ——— but 'tis no matter, I'll not give you that ſatisfaction.

Wild. But what's the reaſon you will not give it me?

Jac. For the reaſon that we are quite broke off.

Wild. Why are we quite broke off?

Jac. Why are we not?

Wild. Well, ſince 'tis paſt, 'tis paſt; but a Pox of all fooliſh quarrelling, for my part.

Jac. And a miſchief of all fooliſh diſguiſements, for my part.

Wild. But if it were to do again with another Miſtriſs, I would e'en plainly confeſs I had loſt my Money.

Jac. And if I had to deal with another Servant, I would learn more

Wit

Wit than to tempt him in Diſguiſes: for that's to throw a *Venice*-Glaſs to the ground, to try if it would not break.

Wild. If it were not to pleaſe you, I ſee no neceſſity of our parting.

Jac. I proteſt I do it only out of complaiſance to you.

Wild. But if I ſhould play the Fool, and ask you Pardon, you would refuſe it.

Jac. No, never ſubmit, for I ſhould ſpoil you again with pardoning you.

Mask. Do you hear this, *Beatrix*: they are juſt upon the point of accommodation; we muſt make haſte, or they'll make a Peace by themſelves; and exclude us from the Treaty.

Beat. Declare your ſelf the Aggreſſor then: and I'll take you into mercy.

Wild. The worſt that you can ſay of me is, that I have lov'd you thrice over.

Jac. The prime Articles, between *Spain* and *England*, are ſeal'd; for the reſt, concerning a more ſtrict Alliance; if you pleaſe, we'll diſpute them in the Garden.

Wild. But, in the firſt place, let us agree on the Article of Navigation, I beſeech you.

Beat. Theſe Leagues offenſive and defenſive, will be too ſtrict for us, *Maskal*: a Treaty of Commerce will ſerve our turn.

Mask. With all my heart; and when our Loves are veering,
We'll make no words, but fall to Privateering.

[*Exeunt the Men leading the Women.*

ACT V.

Lopez, Aurelia *and* Camilla.

Lop. 'TIS true, if he had continu'd conſtant to you, I ſhould have thought my ſelf oblig'd in honour to be his Friend; but I could no longer ſuffer him to abuſe a Perſon, of your worth and beauty, with a feign'd affection.

Aur. But is it poſſible Don *Melchor* ſhould be falſe to Love? I'll be ſworn, I did not imagine ſuch a Treachery could have been in nature; eſpecially to a Lady who had ſo oblig'd him.

Lop. 'Twas this, Madam, which gave me the confidence to wait upon you at an hour, which would be otherwiſe unſeaſonable.

Aur. You are the moſt obliging Perſon in the World.

Lop. But to clear it to you that he is falſe; he is at this very minute at an Aſſignation, with your Couſin, in the Garden; I am ſure he was entertaining it not an hour ago.

Aur. I fwear this Evenings Air begins to incommode me extreamly

with a Cold; but yet, in hope of detecting this perjur'd Man, I am content to ſtay abroad.

Lop. But withal, you muſt permit me to tell you, Madam, that it is but juſt I ſhould have ſome ſhare in a Heart which I endeavour to redeem: in the Law of Arms, you know, that they who pay the Ranſom have right to diſpoſe of the Priſoner.

Aur. The Prize is ſo very inconſiderable, that 'tis not worth the claiming.

Lop. If I thought the Boon were ſmall, I would not importune my Princeſs with the asking it: but ſince my Life depends upon thy Grant

Cam. Mam, I muſt needs tell your Laſhip, that Don *Lopez* has deſerv'd you: for he has acted all along like a Cavalier; and more for your Intereſt than his own; beſides, Mam, Don *Melchor* is as poor as he is falſe: for my part, I ſhall ne'er endure to call him Maſter.

Aur. Don *Lopez*, go along with me, I can promiſe nothing; but I ſwear, I will do my beſt, to diſ-ingage my Heart from this furious tender which I have for him.

Cam. If I had been a Man, I could never have forſaken you: Ah, thoſe languiſhing Caſts, Mam; and that pouting Lip of your Laſhip, like a Cherry-bough weigh'd down with the weight of Fruit!

Aur. And that Sigh too, I think, is not altogether diſagreeable; but ſomething *charmante* and *magnonne*.

Cam. Well, Don *Lopez*, you'll be but too happy.

Lop. If I were once Poſſeſſor———

Enter Bellamy *and* Theodoſia.

Theod. O, we are ſurpriz'd!

Bell. Fear nothing, Madam, I think I know 'em: Don *Lopez?*

Lop. Our famous *Aſtrologer*, how came you here?

Bell. I am infinitely happy to have met you with *Donna Aurelia*, that you may do me the favour to ſatisfie this Lady, of a Truth, which I can ſcarce perſwade her to believe.

Lop. I am glad our Concernments are ſo equal: for I have the like Favour to ask from *Donna Theodoſia*.

Theod. Don *Lopez* is too Noble to be refus'd any thing within my Power; and I am ready to do him any Service, after I have asked my Couſin, if ever Don *Melchor* pretended to her?

Aur. 'Tis the very Queſtion, which I was furiouſly reſolv'd to have ask'd of you.

Theod. I muſt confeſs, he has made ſome Profeſſions to me: and withal, I will acknowledge my own weakneſs ſo far, as to tell you, I have given way he ſhould often viſit me, when the World believed him abſent.

Aur. O Cavalier *Aſtrologer*, how have you betray'd me! Did not you aſſure me, that Don *Melchor*'s tender Love and Inclination was for me only?

Bell. I had it from his Star, Madam, I do aſſure you; and if that twinkled falſe, I cannot help it: The truth is, there's no truſting the Planet of

an

an inconstant Man: his was moving to you when I look'd on't, and if since it has chang'd the course, I am not to be blam'd for't.

Lop. Now, Madam, the Truth is evident. And for this Cavalier, he might easily be deceiv'd in Don *Melchor*; for I dare affirm it to you both, he never knew to which of you he was most inclin'd: for he visited one, and writ Letters to the other.

Bell. to *Theod.* Then, Madam, I must claim your Promise: (since I have discover'd to you, that Don *Melchor* is unworthy of your Favours) that you would make me happy, who, amongst my many Imperfections, can never be guilty of such a Falshood.

Theod. If I have been deceiv'd in *Melchor*, whom I have known so long, you cannot reasonably expect I should trust you, at a day's Acquaintance.

Bell. For that, Madam, you may know as much of me in a day, as you can in all your Life: all my Humours circulate like my Blood, at shortest, within 24 hours. I am plain and true, like all my Countrymen; you see to the bottom of me, as easily as you do to the Gravel of a clear Stream in *Autumn*.

Lop. You plead so well, Sir, that I desire you you would speak for me too: my Cause is the same with yours, only it has not so good an Advocate.

Aur. Since I cannot make my self happy, I will have the Glory to felicitate another: and therefore, I declare, I will reward the Fidelity of Don *Lopez*.

Theod. All that I can say, at present, is, That I will never be Don *Melchor*'s: the rest, Time, and your Service must make out.

Bell. I have all I can expect, to be admitted as eldest Servant; as Preferment falls, I hope you will remember my Seniority.

Cam. Mam, Don *Melchor*.

Aur. Cavaliers, retire a little; we shall see to which of us he will make his Court. [*The Men withdraw.*

Enter Don Melchor.

Don *Melchor*, I thought you had been a-bed before this time.

Mel. Fair *Aurelia*, this is a Blessing beyond Expectation to see you agen so soon.

Aur. What important Business brought you hither?

Mel. Only to make my Peace with you before I slept. You know you are the Saint to whom I pay my Devotions

Aur. And yet it was beyond your Expectances to meet me? This is furiously incongruous.

Theod. advancing. Don *Melchor*, whither were you bound so late?

Mel. What shall I say? I am so confounded, that I know not to which of them I should excuse my self. [*Aside.*

Theod. Pray answer me truly to one Question: Did you never make any Addresses to my Cousin?

Mel. Fie, fie, Madam; there's a Question indeed.

Aur. How, Monster of Ingratitude; can you deny the Declaration of your Passion to me?

Mel.

Mel. I say nothing, Madam.

Theod. Which of us is it, for whom you are concern'd?

Mel. For that, Madam, you must excuse me; I have more Discretion than to boast a Lady's Favour.

Aur. Did you counterfeit an Address to me?

Mel. Still I say nothing, Madam; but I will satisfie either of you in private; for these Matters are too tender for publick discourse.

Enter Lopez *and* Bellamy *hastily, with their Swords drawn.*

Bellamy and *Lopez!* This is strange!

Lop. Ladies, we would not have disturb'd you but as we were walking to the Garden door, it open'd suddenly against us, and we confusedly saw, by Moon-light, some Persons entring, but who they were we know not.

Bell. You had best retire into the Garden-house, and leave us to take our Fortunes, without Prejudice to your Reputations.

Enter Wildblood, Maskal, Jacinta, Beatrix.

Wild. to *Jac. entring.* Do not fear, Madam; I think I heard my Friend's Voice.

Bell. Marry hang you! is it you that have given us this hot Alarm?

Wild. There's more in't than you imagine; the whole house is up: for seeing you two, and not knowing you, after I had entred the Garden door, I made too much haste to get out again, and have left the Key broken in it. With the Noise one of the Servants came running in, whom I forc'd back; and doubtless he is gone for Company, for you may see Lights running through every Chamber.

Theod. and *Jac.* What will become of us?

Bell. We must have recourse to our former Resolution. Let the Ladies retire into the Garden-House. And, now I think on't, you, Gentlemen, shall go in with 'em, and leave me and *Maskal* to bear the brunt on't.

Mask. Me, Sir? I beseech you, let me go in with the Ladies too. Dear *Beatrix*, speak a good word for me; I protest, 'tis more out of Love to thy Company, than for any fear I have.

Bell. You, Dog, I have need of your Wit and Counsel. We have no time to deliberate. Will you stay, Sir? [*To* Maskal.

Mask. No, Sir; 'tis not for my Safety.

Bell. Will you in, Sir? [*To* Melchor.

Mel. No, Sir; 'tis not for my Honour, to be assisting to you; I'll to Don *Alonzo*, and help to revenge the Injury you are doing him.

Bell. Then we are lost; I can do nothing.

Wild. Nay, and you talk of Honour, by your leave, Sir.

[*Falls upon him, and throws him down.*

I hate your *Spanish* Honour, ever since it spoil'd our *English* Plays, with Faces about, and t'other side.

Mel. What do you mean, you will not murder me? Must Valour be oppress'd by Multitudes?

Wild.

1 *Wild.* Come yarly, my Mates, every Man to his ſhare of the burthen. Come yarly hay.

[*The four Men take him each by a Limb, and carry him out, he crying murder.*

Theo. If this *Engliſhman* ſave us now, I ſhall admire his Wit.

Beat. Good Wits never think themſelves admir'd till they are well rewarded: you muſt pay him in *ſpecie*, Madam, give him Love for his Wit.

Enter the Men again.

Bell. Ladies fear nothing, but enter into the Garden-Houſe with theſe Cavaliers ——

Mask. Oh that I were a Cavalier too! [*Is going with them.*

Bell. Come you back, Sirrah. [*Stops him.*

Think your ſelves as ſafe as in a Sanctuary, only keep quiet what ever happens.

Jac. Come away then, they are upon us.

[*Exeunt all but* Bell. *and* Mask.

Mask. Hark, I hear the Foe coming: methinks they threaten too, Sir; pray let me go in for a Guard to the Ladies, and poor *Beatrix*. I can fight much better when there is a Wall betwixt me and danger.

Bell. Peace, I have occaſion for your Wit to help me lye.

Mask. Sir, upon the Faith of a Sinner, you have had my laſt lye already; I have not one more to do me Credit, as I hope to be ſav'd, Sir.

Bell. Victore, Victore; knock under you Rogue, and confeſs me Conquerour, and you ſhall ſee I'll bring all off.

Enter Don Alonzo, and ſix Servants, with Lights, and Swords drawn.

Alon. Search about there.

Bell. Fear nothing; do but vouch what I ſhall ſay.

Mask. For a *Paſſive* Lye I can yet do ſomething.

Alon. Stand: who goes there?

Bell. Friends.

Alon. Friends? Who are you?

Bell. Noble Don *Alonzo*, ſuch as are watching for your good.

Alon. Is it you, Sennor *Ingles*? Why all this noiſe and tumult? where are my Daughters and my Neece? But, in the firſt place, though laſt nam'd, how came you hither, Sir.

Bell. I came hither —— by Aſtrology, Sir.

Mask. My Maſter's in, Heavens ſend him good Shipping with his Lye, and all kind Devils ſtand his Friends.

Alon. How, by Aſtrology, Sir; meaning you came hither by Art Magick.

Bell. I ſay, by pure Aſtrology, Sir, I foreſaw, by my Art, a little after I had left you, that your Neece and Daughters would this night run a riſque of being carried away from this very Garden.

Alon. O the wonders of this ſpeculation!

Bell. Thereupon I call'd immediately for my Sword, and came in all haſte

haſte to advertiſe you; but I ſee there's no reſiſting Deſtiny, for juſt as I was entring the Garden-Door I met the Women, with their Gallants, all under Sail, and outward bound.

Mask. Thereupon what does me he but draws by my advice ——

Bell. How now, Mr. Raskal? are you itching to be in?

Mask. Pray, Sir, let me go ſnip with you in this Lye, and be not too covetous of Honour? you know I never ſtood with you; now my Courage is come to me, I cannot reſiſt the temptation.

Bell. Content; tell on.

Mask. So, in ſhort, Sir, we drew, firſt I, and then my Maſter; but, being over-power'd, they have eſcap'd us, ſo that I think you may go to Bed, and trouble your ſelf no further, for gone they are.

Bell. You tell a lye! you have curtail'd my invention: you are not fit to invent a Lye for a Bawd, when ſhe would wheedle a young Squire.

Alon. Call up the Officers of Juſtice, I'll have the Town ſearch'd immediately.

Bell. 'Tis in vain, Sir; I know, by my Art, you'll never recover 'em: beſides, 'tis an affront to my Friends, the Stars, who have otherwiſe diſpos'd of 'em.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. Sir, the Key is broken in the Garden-Door, and the Door lock'd, ſo that of neceſſity they muſt be in the Garden yet.

Alon. Diſperſe your ſelves, ſome into the Wilderneſs, ſome into the Allies, and ſome into the Parterre: you, *Diego*, go try to get out the Key, and run to the Corigidor for his aſſiſtance: in the mean time I'll ſearch the Garden-Houſe my ſelf.

[*Exeunt all the Servants but one.*

Mask. I'll be unbetted again, if you pleaſe Sir, and leave you all the honour of it. [*To* Bellamy *aſide.*

Alon. Come, Cavalier, let us in together.

Bell. holding him. Hold, Sir, for the love of Heaven, you are not mad.

Alon. We muſt leave no place unſearch'd. A Light there.

Bell. Hold, I ſay, do you know what you are undertaking? and have you arm'd your ſelf with reſolution for ſuch an adventure?

Alon. What adventure?

Bell. A word in private —— The place you would go into is full of enchantments; there are at this time, for ought I know, a Legion of Spirits in it

Alon. You confound me with wonder, Sir!

Bell. I have been making there my Magical Operations, to know the event of your Daughter's flight: and, to perform it rightly, have been forc'd to call up Spirits of ſeveral Orders: and there they are humming like a ſwarm of Bees, ſome ſtalking about upon the ground, ſome flying, and ſome flicking upon the Walls like Rear-mice.

Mask. The Devil's in him, he's got off again.

Alon. Now, Sir, I ſhall try the truth of your Friendſhip to me. To confeſs the ſecret of my Soul to you, I have all my Life been curious to ſee a Devil:

Devil: And to that purpoſe have conn'd *Agrippa* through and through, and made Experiment of all his Rules, *Pari die & incremento Lunæ*, and yet could never compaſs the ſight of one of theſe *Damoniums:* if you will ever oblige me, let it be on this Occaſion.

Mask. There's another ſtorm ariſing.

Bell. You ſhall pardon me, Sir, I'll not expoſe you to that Peril for the World, without due Preparations of Ceremony.

Alon. For that, Sir, I always carry a *Taliſman* about me; that will ſecure me: and therefore I will venture in a God's Name, and defie 'em all at once. [*Going in.*

Mask. How the pox will he get off from this?

Bell. Well, Sir, ſince you are ſo reſolv'd, ſend off your Servant, that there may be no noiſe made on't, and we'll take our Venture.

Alon. Pedro, leave your Light, and help the Fellow ſearch the Garden. [*Exit* Servant.

Mask. What does my incomprehenſible Maſter mean?

Bell. Now I muſt tell you, Sir, you will ſee that which will very much aſtoniſh you, if my Art fail me not. [*Goes to the door.*] You, Spirits and Intelligences that are within there, ſtand cloſe, and ſilent, at your peril, and fear nothing; but appear in your own Shapes, boldly —— *Maskal*, open the door.

[Maskal *goes to one ſide of the Scene, which draws and diſcovers* Theod. Jac. Aur. Beat. Cam. Lop. Wild. *ſtanding all without motion in a Rank.*

Now, Sir, what think you?

Alon. They are here, they are here: we need ſearch no farther. Ah, you ungracious Baggages! [*Going toward them.*

Bell. Stay, or you'll be torn in pieces: theſe are the very Shapes I Conjur'd up, and truly repreſent to you in what Company your Niece and Draughters are, this very moment.

Alon. Why, are they not they? I durſt have ſworn that ſome of 'em had been my own Fleſh and Blood —— Look; one of them is juſt like that Rogue your Camrade. [Wildblood *ſhakes his head, and frowns at him.*

Bell. Do you ſee how you have provok'd that *Engliſh* Devil: take heed of him; if he gets you once into his Clutches ——— [Wildblood *embracing* Jacinta.

Alon. He ſeems to have got poſſeſſion of the Spirit of my *Jacinta*, by his hugging her.

Bell. Nay, I imagin'd as much: do but look upon this Phiſiognomy, you have read *Baptiſta Porta*: has he not the Leer of a very lewd, debauch'd Spirit?

Alon. He has indeed: Then there's my Niece *Aurelia*, with the Spirit of Don *Lopez*; but that's well enough; and my Daughter *Theodoſia* all alone: pray how comes that about?

Bell. She's provided for with a Familiar too: one that is in this very Room with you, and by your elbow; but I'll ſhew you him ſome other time.

Alon. And that Beggage, *Beatrix*, how I would ſwinge her if I had her here; I lay my Life ſhe was in the Plot for the flight of her Miſtreſſes.

[Beat. *claps her hands at him.*

Bell. Sir, you do ill to provoke her: for being the Spirit of a Woman, ſhe is naturally miſchievous: you ſee ſhe can ſcarce hold her hands from you already.

Mask. Let me alone to revenge your quarrel upon *Beatrix*: if e'er ſhe come to light, I'll take a courſe with her I warrant you, Sir.

Bell. Now come away, Sir; have you ſeen enough: the Spirits are in pain whilſt we are here, we keep 'em too long condens'd in Bodies: if we were gone, they would ſatisfie into Air immediately. *Maskal*, ſhut the door.

[Maskal *goes to the Scence, and it cloſes.*

Alon. Monſtrum hominis! O Prodigy of Science!

Enter two Servants with Don Melchor.

Bell. Now help me with a Lye, *Maskal*, or we are loſt.

Mask. Sir, I could never lye with Man or Woman in a fright.

Serv. Sir, we found this Gentleman bound and gagg'd, and he deſir'd us to bring him to you with all haſte imaginable.

Mel. O Sir, Sir! your two Daughters and your Niece——

Bell. They are gone, he knows it: but are you mad, Sir, to let this pernicious Wretch at liberty?

Mel. I endeavour'd all that I was able——

Mask. Now, Sir, I have it for you—— [*Aſide to his Maſter.* He was endeavouring indeed to have got away with 'em! for your Daughter *Theodoſia* was his Prize: but we prevented him, and left him in the condition in which you ſee him.

Alon. I thought ſomewhat was the matter, that *Theodoſia* had not a Spirit by her, as her Siſter had.

Bell. This was he I meant to ſhew you.

Mel. Do you believe him, Sir?

Bell. No, no; believe him, Sir: you know his truth, ever ſince he ſtole your Daughter's Diamond.

Mel. I ſwear to you by my Honour.

Alon. Nay, a Thief I knew him, and yet after that, he had the Impudence to ask me for my Daughter.

Bell. Was he ſo impudent? The Cauſe is plain, Sir, put him quickly into Cuſtody.

Mel. Hear me but one word, Sir, and I'll diſcover all to you.

Bell. Hear him not, Sir; for my Art aſſures me, if he ſpeaks one ſyllable more, he will cauſe great miſchief.

Alon. Will he ſo? I'll ſtop my Ears: away with him.

Mel. Your Daughters are yet in the Garden, hidden by this Fellow and his Accomplices.

Alon. *in the ſame time drowning him.* I'll ſtop my ears, I'll ſtop my ears.

Bell. *and* Mask. *at the ſame time alſo.* A Thief, a Thief; away with him.

[*Servants carry* Melchor *off ſtruggling.*

Alon. He thought to have born us down with his Confidence.

Enter another Servant.

Serv. Sir, with much ado we have got out the Key, and open'd the door.

Alon. Then, as I told you, run quickly to the Corrigidor, and desire him to come hither in Person, to examine a Malefactor.

[Wildblood *sneezes within.*

Alon. Hark, what Noise is that within? I think one sneezes.

Bell. One of the Devils, I warrant you, has got a Cold with being so long out of the fire.

Alon. Bless his Devilship, as I may say.

[Wildblood *sneezes again.*

Serv. to Don *Alon.* This is a Man's Voice; do not suffer your self to be deceiv'd so grosly, Sir.

Mask. A Man's Voice, that's a good one indeed! that you should live to these Years, and yet be so silly, as not to know a Man from a Devil.

Alon. There's more in't than I imagin'd: hold up your Torch, and go in first, *Pedro*, and I will follow you.

Mask. No, let me have the Honour to be your Usher.

[*Takes the Torch, and goes in.*

Mask. within.] Help, help, help.

Alon. What's the Matter?

Bell. Stir not upon your Life, Sir.

Re-Enter Maskal, *without the Torch.*

Mask. I was no sooner enter'd, but a huge Giant seiz'd my Torch, and fell'd me all along, with the very Whiff of his breath, as he pass'd by me.

Alon. Bless us!

Bell. at the door to them within. Pass out now while you have time in the dark: the Officers of Justice will be here immediately, the Garden door is open for you.

Alon. What are you muttering there, Sir?

Bell. Only dismissing these Spirits of Darkness, that they may trouble you no further: go out, I say.

[*They all come out upon the Stage, groping their way.* Wildblood *falls into* Alonzo's *hands.*

Alon. I have caught some body; are these your Spirits? Another light quickly, *Pedro.*

Mask. slipping between Alonzo *and* Wildblood. 'Tis *Maskal* you have caught, Sir; do you mean to strangle me, that you press me so hard between your Arms?

Alon. leaving Wildblood *go.* Is it thee, *Maskal?* I durst have sworn it had been another.

Bell. Make haste now, before the Candle comes.

[Aurelia *fall into* Alonzo's *Arms.*

Alon. Now I have another.

Aur. 'Tis *Maskal* you have caught, Sir.

Alon. No, I thank you Niece, this Artifice is too groſs; I know your Voice a little better. What ho, bring Lights there.

Bell. Her impertinence has ruin'd all.

Enter Servants with Lights, and Swords drawn.

Ser. Sir, the Corrigidor is coming according to your deſire: in the mean time we have ſecur'd the Garden-Doors.

Alon. I am glad on't: I'll make ſome of 'em ſevere Examples.

Wild. Nay, then as we have liv'd merrily, ſo let us die together: but we'll ſhew the *Don* ſome ſport firſt.

Theo. What will become of us!

Jac. We'll die for Company: nothing vexes me, but that I am not a Man to have one thruſt at that malicious old Father of mine, before I go.

Lop. Let us break our way through the Corrigidor's Band.

Jac. A match y'faith: we'll venture our Bodies with you, you ſhall put the Baggage in the middle.

Wild. He that pierces thee, I ſay no more, but I ſhall be ſomewhat angry with him: [*To* Alonzo] in the mean time! I arreſt you, Sir, in the behalf of this good Company. As the Corrigidor uſes us, ſo we'll uſe you.

Alon. You do not mean to murder me!

Bell. You murder your ſelf if you force us to it.

Wild. Give me a Razor there, that I may ſcrape his Weeſon, that the Briſtles may not hinder me when I come to cut it.

Bell. What need you bring matters to that extremity? you have your ranſom in your hand: here are three Men, and there are three Women; you underſtand me.

Jac. If not, here's a Sword and there's a Throat: you underſtand me.

Alon. This is very hard!

Theo. The propoſitions are good, and Marriage is as honourable as it us'd to be.

Beat. You had beſt let your Daughters live branded with the name of Strumpets: for what ever befalls the Men, that will be ſure to be their ſhare.

Alon. I can put them into a Nunnery.

All the Women. A Nunnery!

Jac. I would have thee to know, thou graceleſs old Man, that I defy a Nunnery: name a Nunnery once more, and I diſown thee for my Father.

Lop. You know the Cuſtom of the Country, in this caſe, Sir: 'tis either Death or Marriage: the buſineſs will certainly be publick; and if they die, they have ſworn you ſhall bear 'em Company.

Alon. Since it muſt be ſo, run *Pedro*, and ſtop the Corrigidor: tell him it was only a Carnival Merriment, which I miſtook for a Rape and Robbery.

Fac. Why now you are a dutiful Father again, and I receive you into grace.

Bell. Amongst the rest of your mistakes, Sir, I must desire you to let my *Astrology* pass for one: my Mathematicks, and Art Magick, were only a Carnival device; and now that's ending, I have more mind to deal with the Flesh than with the Devil.

Alon. No *Astrologer!* 'tis impossible!

Mask. I have known him, Sir, this seven years, and dare take my Oath he has been always an utter stranger to the Stars: and indeed to any thing that belongs to Heaven.

Lop. Then I have been couzen'd among the rest.

Theo. And I; but I forgive him.

Beat. I hope you will forgive me, Madam; who have been the cause on't; but what he wants in *Astrology* he shall make up to you some other way, I'll pass my word for him.

Alon. I hope you are both Gentlemen?

Bell. As good as the Cid himself, Sir.

Alon. And for your Religion, right *Romans* ——

Wild. As ever was *Marc Anthony*.

Alon. For your Fortunes and Courages ——

Mask. They are both desperate, Sir; especially their Fortunes.

Theo to *Bell.* You should not have my consent so soon, but only to revenge my self upon the falseness of Don *Melchor*.

Aur. I must avow that gratitude, for Don *Lopez* is as prevalent with me as revenge against Don *Melchor*.

Alon. Lent you know begins to morrow; when that's over, Marriage will be proper.

Fac. If I stay till after *Lent*, I shall be to marry when I have no Love left: I'll not bate you an Ace of to night, Father; I mean to bury this Man e'er *Lent* be done, and get me another before *Easter*.

Alon. Well, make a night on't then. [*Giving his Daughters.*

Wild. Jacinta, Wildblood. Welcome to me! since our Stars have doom'd it so, we cannot help it: but 'twas a meen trick of Fate, to catch us thus at unawares: to draw us with a what do you lack, as we pass'd by: had we once separated to Night, we should have had more Wit than ever to have met again to Morrow.

Fac. 'Tis true, we shot each other flying; we were both upon Wing I find; and had we pass'd this Critical Minute, I should have gone for the *Indies*, and you for *Greenland*, e'er we had met in a Bed upon consideration.

Mask. You have quarrell'd twice to Night without Bloodshed, 'ware the third time.

Fac. A propos! I have been retrieving an old Song of a Lover, that was ever quarrelling with his Mistress: I think it will fit our amour so well, that if you please, I'll give it you for an *Epithalamium*, and you shall sing it. [*Gives him a Paper.*

Wild.

Wild. I never sung in all my Life; not ever durst try when I was alone, for fear of braying.

Jac. Just me, up and down; but for a frolick let's sing together: for I am sure if we cannot sing now, we shall never have cause when we are married.

Wild. Begin then; give me my Key, and I'll set my Voice to't.

Jac. Fa la, fa la, fa la.

Wild. Fala, fala, fala. Is this your best, upon the Faith of a Virgin?

Jac. I by the Muses, I am at my pitch.

Wild. Then do your worst: and let the Company be judge who sings worst.

Jac. Upon condition the best Singer shall wear the Breeches: prepare to strip, Sir; I shall put you into your Drawers presently.

Wild. I shall be reveng'd with putting you into your Smock anon; St. *George* for me.

Jac. St. *James* for me: come start, Sir.

SONG.

1.

Damon. *CElimena, of my heart,*
None shall e'er believe you:
If, with your good leave I may
Quarrel with you once a day,
I will never leave you.

2.

Celimena. *Passion's but an empty name*
Where respect is wanting:
Damon you mistake your aim;
Hang your Heart, and burn your Flame,
If you must be ranting.

3.

Damon. *Love as dull and muddy is,*
As decaying Liquor:
Anger sets it on the Lees,
And refines it by degrees,
Till it works it quicker.

4.

Celimena. *Love by quarrels to beget,*
Wisely you endeavour;
With a grave Physitian's Wit,
Who to cure an Ague sit,
Put me in a Feaver.

5.

Damon. *Anger rouzes Love to fight,*
And his only bait is,
To be sparr'd to dull delight;
And is but an eager bite,
When desire at height is.

6. Celi-

6.

Celimena. *If ſuch drops of heat can fall*
In our weeping weather,
If ſuch drops of heat can fall,
We ſhall have the Devil and all,
When we come together.

Wild. Your judgment, Gentlemen: a Man, or a Maid?

Bell. And you make no better Harmony after you are Married than you have before, you are the miſerableſt Couple in Chriſtendom.

Wild. 'Tis no great matter; if I had had a good Voice, ſhe would have ſpoil'd it before to morrow.

Bell. When *Maskal* has married *Beatrix*, you may learn of her.

Mask. You ſhall put her Life into a Leaſe then.

Wild. Upon condition that when I drop into your Houſe from Hunting, I may ſet my Slippers at your Door, as a *Turk* does at a *Jews*, that you may not enter.

Beat. And while you refreſh your ſelf within, he ſhall wind the Horn without.

Mask. I'll throw up my Leaſe firſt.

Bell. Why thou would'ſt not be ſo impudent, to marry *Beatrix* for thy ſelf only.

Beat. For all his ranting and tearing now, I'll paſs my word he ſhall degenerate into as tame and peaceable a Husband as a civil Woman would wiſh to have.

Enter Don Melchor, *with a Servant.*

Mel. Sir ———

Alon. I know what you would ſay, but your diſcovery comes too late now.

Mel Why the Ladies are found.

Aur. But their inclinations are loſt, I can aſſure you.

Jac. Look you, Sir, there goes the Game: your Plate-Fleet is divided; half for *Spain*, and half for *England*.

Theo. You are juſtly puniſh'd for loving two.

Mel. Yet I have the comfort of a caſt Lover: I will think well of my ſelf; and deſpiſe my Miſtreſſes. [*Exit.*

DANCE.

Bell. Enough, enough; let's end the Carnival abed.

Wild. And for theſe Gentlemen, when e'er they try,
May they all ſpeed aſſoon, and well as I. [*Exeunt omnes.*

EPI-

EPILOGUE.

MY Part being ſmall, I have had time to day,
To mark your various Cenſures of our Play:
Firſt, looking for a Judgment, or a Wit,
Like Jews, *I ſaw 'em ſcatter'd through the Pit:*
And where a knot of Smilers lent an Ear
To one that talk'd, I knew the Fop was there.
The Club of Jeſts went round; he who had none,
Borrow'd o' th' next, and told it for his own:
Among the reſt they kept a fearful ſtir,
In whiſp'ring that he ſtole th' Aſtrologer;
And ſaid, betwixt a French *and* Engliſh *Plot,*
He eas'd his half-tir'd Muſe, on Pace and Trot.
Upſtarts a Mounſieur, *new come o'er; and warm*
In the French *ſtoop; and the pull back o' th' Arm;*
Morbleu dit il, *and cocks, I am a Rogue*
But he has quite ſpoil'd the feign'd Aſtrologue.
Pox, ſays another; here's ſo great a ſtir
With a Son of a Whore, Farce that's regular,
A Rule where nothing muſt decorum *ſhock!*
Dam' me 'ts as dull as Dining by the Clock.
An Evening! why the Devil ſhould we be vext
Whether he gets the Wench this night or next?
When I heard this, I to the Poet went,
Told him the Houſe was full of Diſcontent,
And ask'd him what excuſe he could invent.
He neither ſwore nor ſtorm'd as Poets do,
But, moſt unlike an Author, vow'd 'twas true.
Yet ſaid, he us'd the French *like Enemies,*
And did not ſteal their Plots, but made 'em Prize.
But ſhould he all the pains and charges count
Of taking 'em, the Bill ſo high wou'd mount,
That, like Prize-Goods, which through the Office come,
He could have had 'em much more cheap at home.
He ſtill muſt write; and Banquier-like, each day
Accept new Bills, and he muſt break, or pay.
When through his hands ſuch ſums muſt yearly run,
You cannot think the Stock is all his own.
His haſte his other errours might excuſe;
But there's no mercy for a guilty Muſe:
For like a Miſtreſs, ſhe muſt ſtand or fall,
And pleaſe you to a height, or not at all.

FINIS.

Tyrannick Love;

OR, THE

Royal Martyr.

A

TRAGEDY.

As it is Acted by His Majesty's Servants at the

THEATRE ROYAL.

By *JOHN DRYDEN*, Servant to His Majesty.

Non jam prima peto——neq; vincere certo;
Extremum redisse pudet.—— Virg.

LONDON,

Printed for *Henry Herringman*, and are to be sold by *R. Bently, J. Tonson, F. Saunders*, and *T. Bennet*. 1695.

THEATRE ROYAL.

As it is Acted by His Majesty's Servants at the

TRAGEDY.

A

ROYAL MASTER.

OF THE

TYRANNICK LOVE:

TO THE

Most Illustrious Prince,

JAMES,

Duke of *Monmouth and Bucclugh*,

One of His Majestie's most Honourable Privy Council, and Knight of the most Noble Order of the Garter, &c.

SIR,

THE favourable Reception which your Excellent Lady afforded to one of my former Plays, has encouraged me to double my Presumption, in addressing this to your Grace's Patronage. So dangerous a thing it is to admit a Poet into your Family, that you can never afterwards be free from the chiming of ill Verses, perpetually sounding in your Ears, and more troublesom than the Neighbourhood of Steeples. I have been favourable to my self in this expression; a zealous Fanatick would have gone farther, and have called me the Serpent, who first presented the fruit of my Poetry to the Wife, and so gain'd the opportunity to seduce the Husband. Yet I am ready to avow a Crime so advantageous to me; but the World, which will condemn my boldness, I am sure will justifie and applaud my choice. All men will join with me in the Adoration which I pay you, they would wish only I had brought you a more noble Sacrifice. Instead of an Heroic Play, you might justly expect an Heroic

Poem, filled with the paſt Glories of your Anceſtors, and the future certainties of your own. Heaven has already taken care to form you for an Heroe. You have all the Advantages of mind and body, and an Illuſtrious Birth, conſpiring to render you an extraordinary Perſon, The *Achilles* and *Rinaldo* are preſent in you, even above their Originals; you only want a *Homer*, or a *Taſſo*, to make you equal to them. Youth, Beauty and Courage, (all which you poſſeſs in the height of their perfection) are the moſt deſirable gifts of Heaven: and Heaven is never prodigal of ſuch Treaſures but to ſome uncommon purpoſe. So goodly a Fabrick was never framed by an Almighty Architect for a Vulgar Gueſt. He ſhew'd the value which he ſet upon your Mind, when he took care to have it ſo nobly and ſo beautifully lodg'd. To a graceful faſhion and deportment of Body, you have joyned a winning Converſation, and an eaſie Greatneſs, derived you from the beſt, and beſt beloved of Princes. And with a great power of Obliging, the World has obſerved in you, a deſire to oblige, even beyond your power. This, and all that I can ſay on ſo excellent and large a ſubject, is only Hiſtory, in which Fiction has no part; I can employ nothing of Poetry in it, any more than I do in that humble Proteſtation which I make, to continue ever.

Your Grace's moſt obedient
and moſt devoted Servant,

John Dryden.

PREFACE.

I Was mov'd to write this Play by many Reasons: amongst others, the Commands of some Persons of Honour, for whom I have a most particular respect, were daily sounding in my ears, that it would be of good example to undertake a Poem of this Nature. Neither were my own inclinations wanting to second their desires. I considered that pleasure was not the only end of Poesie; and that even the instructions of Morality were not so wholly the business of a Poet, as that the Precepts and Examples of Piety were to be omitted. For to leave that employment altogether to the Clergy, were to forget that Religion was first taught in Verse: (which the laxiness or dulness of succeeding Priesthood, turn'd afterwards into Prose.) And it were also to grant, (which I never shall) that representations of this kind may not as well be conducing to Holiness, as to good Manners. Yet, far be it from me, to compare the use of Dramatique Poesie with that of Divinity: I only maintain, against the Enemies of the Stage, that patterns of Piety, decently represented, and equally removed from the extremes of Superstition and Prophaneness, may be of excellent use to second the Precepts of our Religion. By the Harmony of Words, we elevate the Mind to a sense of Devotion, as our solemn Musick, which is inarticulate Poesie, does in Churches. And by the lively Images of Piety, adorn'd by action, through the senses, allure the Soul: which, while it is charmed in a silent joy of what it sees and hears, is struck at the same time with a secret veneration of things Cœlestial; and is wound up insensibly into the practice of that which it admires. Now, if, instead of this, we sometimes see on our Theatres, the Examples of Vice rewarded, or at least unpunished, yet it ought not to be an Argument against the Art, any more than the Extravagances and Impieties of the Pulpit in the late times of Rebellion, can be against the Office and Dignity of the Clergy.

But many times it happens, that Poets are wrongfully accus'd, as it is my own Case in this very Play, where I am charg'd by some ignorant or malicious Persons, with no less Crimes than Prophaneness and Irreligion.

The

The Part of Maximin, *against which these holy Criticks so much declaim, was design'd by me to set off the Character of* St. Catharine. *And those who read the* Roman *History, may easily remember, that* Maximin *was not only a bloody Tyrant,* vastus corpore, animo ferus, *as* Herodian *describes him; but also a Persecutor of the Church, against which he raised the sixth Persecution. So that whatsoever he speaks or acts in this Tragedy, is no more than a Record of his Life and Manners; a Picture, as near as I could take it, from the Original. If with much pains and some success, I have drawn a deform'd Piece, there is as much of Art, and as near an imitation of Nature, in a* Lazare, *as in a* Venus. Maximin *was an Heathen, and what he speaks against Religion, is in contempt of that which he profess'd. He defies the Gods of* Rome, *which is no more than* St. Catharine *might with decency have done. If it be urged, that a person of such Principles, who scoffs at any Religion, ought not to be presented on the Stage, why then are the Lives and Sayings of so many wicked and prophane persons recorded in the Holy Scriptures? I know it will be answer'd, That a due use may be made of them; that they are remembred with a Brand of Infamy fixt upon them; and set as Sea-marks for those who behold them, to avoid. And what other use have I made of* Maximin? *Have I proposed him as a pattern to be imitated, whom, even for his impiety to his false Gods, I have so severely punish'd? Nay, as if I had foreseen this Objection, I purposely remov'd the Scene of the Play, which ought to have been at* Alexandria *in* Egypt, *(where* St. Catharine *suffer'd) and laid it under the Walls of* Aquileia *in* Italy, *where* Maximin *was slain: that the punishment of his Crime might immediately succeed its Execution.*

This, Reader, is what I ow'd to my just defence, and the due reverence of that Religion which I profess, to which all Men, who desire to be esteemed good or honest, are obliged: I have neither leisure nor occasion to write more largely on this Subject, because I am already justified by the sentence of the best, and most discerning Prince in the World, by the suffrage of all unbyass'd Judges; and, above all, by the Witness of my own Conscience, which abhors the thought of such a Crime; to which I ask leave to add my outward Conversation, which shall never be justly tax'd with the Note of Atheism or Prophaneness.

In what else concerns the Play, I shall be brief; for the faults of

the

the Writing and Contrivance. I leave them to the mercy of the Reader, for I am as little apt to defend my own Errors, as to find those of other Poets: Only I observe, that the great Censors of Wit and Poetry, either produce nothing of their own, or what is more ridiculous than any thing they reprehend. Much of ill Nature, and a very little Judgment, go far in finding the mistakes of Writers.

I pretend not that any thing of mine can be correct: This Poem, especially, which was contrived and written in seven Weeks, though afterwards hindred by many Accidents, from a speedy Representation, which would have been its just excuse.

Yet the Scenes are every where unbroken, and the unities of place and time more exactly kept, than perhaps is requisite in a Tragedy; or at least, than I have since preserv'd them in the Conquest of Granada.

I have not every where observ'd the equality of Numbers in my Verse, partly by reason of my haste; but more especially, because I would not have my Sense a Slave to Syllables.

'Tis easie to discover that I have been very bold in my alteration of the Story, which of it self was too barren for a Play; and that I have taken from the Church two Martyrs, in the persons of Porphyrius and the Empress, who suffer'd for the Christian Faith, under the Tyranny of Maximin.

I have seen a French Play call'd the Martyrdom of St. Catharine: but those who have read it, will soon clear me from stealing out of so dull an Author. I have only borrow'd a mistake from him, of one Maximin for another; for finding him in the French Poet, call'd the Son of a Thracian Herdsman, and an Alane Woman, I too easily believ'd him to have been the same Maximin mention'd in Herodian; till afterwards, consulting Eusebius and Metaphrastes, I found the Frenchman had betray'd me into an Error (when it was too late to alter it) by mistaking that first Maximin for a second, the Contemporary of Constantine the Great, and one of the Usurpers of the Eastern Empire.

But neither was the other Name of my Play more fortunate; for as some, who had heard of a Tragedy of St. Catharine, imagin'd I had taken my Plot from thence; so others, who had heard of another Play, called L'Amour Tyrannique, with the same ignorance, accus'd me to have borrow'd my design from it, because I have accidentally given my Play the same Title, not having to this day seen it; and

and knowing only by report, that such a Comedy is extant in French, *under the Name of Monsieur* Scudery.

As for what I have said of Astral or Aerial Spirits, it is no Invention of mine, but taken from those who have written on that Subject. Whether there are such Beings or not, it concerns not me; 'tis sufficient for my purpose, that many have believ'd the affirmative; and that these Heroick Representations, which are of the same Nature with the Epick, are not limited, but with the extremest bounds of what is credible.

For the little Criticks, who plea'd themselves with thinking they have found a flaw in that line of the Prologue, (And he who servilely creeps after Sense, is safe, &c.) *as if I Patroniz'd my own Nonsence, I may reasonably suppose they have never read* Horace, Serpit humi tutus, &c. *are his words: He who creeps after plain, dull, common Sense, is safe from committing Absurdities, but can never reach any height, or excellence of Wit; and sure I could not mean that any excellence were to be found in Nonsence. With the same ignorance, or malice, they would accuse me for using* empty Arms, *when I writ of a Ghost or Shadow: which has only the appearance of a Body or Limbs, and is empty or void of flesh and blood; and* vacuis amplectitur ulnis, *was an Expression of* Ovid's *on the same Subject. Some Fool before them, had charg'd me in the* Indian Emperor *with Nonsence, in these words,* And follow Fate which does too fast pursue; *which was borrow'd from* Virgil *in the* 11th *of his* Æneids, Eludit gyro interior, sequiturque sequentem. *I quote not these to prove that I never writ Nonsence, but only to shew that they are so unfortunate as not to have found it.*

VALE.

Prologue.

PROLOGUE.

SELF-Love (which never rightly underſtood)
Makes Poets ſtill conclude their Plays are good:
And malice in all Criticks reigns ſo high,
That for ſmall Errours, they whole Plays decry;
So that to ſee this fondneſs, and that ſpite,
You'd think that none but mad men judge or write.
Therefore our Poet, as he thinks not fit
T'impoſe upon you what he writes for Wit,
So hopes that leaving you your cenſures free,
You equal Judges of the whole will be:
They Judge but half who only faults will ſee.
Poets, like lovers, ſhould be bold and dare,
They ſpoil their buſineſs with an over-care:
And he who ſervilely creeps after ſenſe,
Is ſafe, but n'er will reach an Excellence.
Hence 'tis, our Poet in his conjuring,
Allow'd his Fancy the full ſcope and ſwing.
But when a Tyrant for his Theme he had,
He loos'd the reins and bid his Muſe run mad:
And though he ſtumbles in a full Career;
Yet Raſhneſs is a better fault than Fear.
He ſaw his way; but in ſo ſwift a Pace,
To chuſe the Ground, might be to loſe the Race.
They then who of each Trip th' advantage take,
Find but thoſe faults which they want Wit to make.

Perſons Repreſented.

Maximin, *Tyrant of* Rome,	By Major	*Mohun.*
Porphyrius, *Captain of the Pretorian Bands,*		Mr. *Hart.*
Charinus, *The Emperor's Son,*		Mr. *Harris.*
Placidius, *a great Officer,*		Mr. *Kynaſton.*
Valerius, *Tribunes of the Army,*		Mr. *Lydall.*
Albinus, *Tribunes of the Army,*		Mr. *Littlewood.*
Nigrinus, *a Tribune and Conjurer,*		Mr. *Beeſton.*
Ameriel, *Guardian Angel to S.* Catharine,		Mr. *Bell.*
Apollonius, *a Heathen Philoſopher,*		Mr. *Cartwright.*
Berenice, *Wife to* Maximin,	By	Mrs. *Marſhall.*
Valeria, *Daughter to* Maximin,		Mrs. *Ellen Gwyn.*
S. Catharine, *Princeſs of* Alexandria,		Mrs. *Bowtell.*
Felicia, *her Mother,*		Mrs. *Knepp.*
Erotion, *Attendants,*		Mrs. *Uphill.*
Cydnon, *Attendants,*		Mrs. *Eaſtland.*

SCENE, *The Camp of* Maximin, *under the Walls of Aquileia.*

Tyrannick

Tyrannick Love;

OR, THE

Royal Martyr.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Camp, or Pavilion-Royal.

Maximin, Charinus, Placidius, Albinus, Valerius, Apollonius, *Guards.*

Max. THUS far my Arms have with ſucceſs been crown'd;
And found no ſtop, or vanquiſh'd what they found.
The German Lakes my Legions have o're-paſt,
With all the Bars which Art or Nature caſt:
My Foes in watry Faſtneſſes inclos'd,
I ſought, alone, to their whole War expos'd
Did firſt the Depth of trembling marſhes ſound,
And fix'd my Eagles in unfaithful Ground;
By force ſubmitted to the Roman ſway
Fierce Nations, and unknowing to obey:
And now, for my reward, ungrateful *Rome*,
For which I fought abroad, rebels at home.

Alb. Yet tis their fear which does this War maintain:
They cannot brook a Martial Monarch's Reign:
Your valour would too much their Sloth accuſe;
And therefore, like themſelves, they Princes chuſe.

Placid. Two, tame, gown'd Princes, who at eaſe debate
In lazy Chairs the buſineſs of the State:
Who reign but while the people they can pleaſe,
And only know the little Arts of Peace.
Clar. In Fields they dare not Fight where Honour calls;
But breath a faint defiance from their Walls,
The very noiſe of War their Souls does wound;
They quake, but hearing their own Trumpets ſound.
Val. An eaſie Summons but for form they wait,
And to your fame will open wide the Gate.
Placid. I wiſh our Fame that ſwift ſucceſs may find;
But Conqueſts, Sir, are eaſily deſigned:
However ſoft within themſelves they are,
To you they will be valiant by deſpair.
For having once been guilty well they know
To a revengeful Prince they ſtill are ſo.
Alb. 'Tis true, that ſince the Senate's Succours came,
They grow more bold.
Max. ——That Senate's but a name;
Or they are Pageant Princes which they make;
That power they give away they would partake.
Two equal powers, two different ways will draw,
While each may check and give the other Law.
True, they ſecure Propriety and Peace;
But are not fit an Empire to encreaſe.
When they ſhould aid their Prince, the Slaves diſpute;
And fear ſucceſs ſhould make him abſolute.
They let Foes conquer to ſecure the State,
And lend a Sword, whoſe edge themſelves rebate.
Char. When to encreaſe the Gods you late are gone,
I'll ſwiftly chuſe to dye, or reign alone:
But theſe half-Kings our Courage cannot fright;
The thrifty State will bargain e're they fight:
Give juſt ſo much for every Victory;
And rather loſe a Fight, than over-buy.
Max. Since all delays are dangerous in War,
Your men, *Albinus*, for aſſault prepare:
Criſpinus and *Menephilus*, I hear
Two Conſulars, theſe *Aquileians* cheer;
By whom they may, if we protract the time,
Be taught the courage to defend their crime.
Placid. Put off th'aſſault but only for this day:
No loſs can come by ſuch a ſmall delay.
Char. We are not ſure to-morrow will be ours:
Wars have, like Love, their favourable hours:

Let

Let us uſe all: for if we loſe one day,
That white one in the Crowd may ſlip away.
Max. Fates dark receſſes we can never find;
But fortune, at ſome hours, to all is kind;
The lucky have whole days, which ſtill they chooſe;
Th'unlucky have but hours, and thoſe they loſe.
Placid. I have conſulted one who reads Heav'ns doom,
And ſees, as preſent, things which are to come.
'Tis that *Nigrinus*, made by your Command
A Tribune in the new Panonian Band.
Him have I ſeen, (on *Iſter*'s Banks he ſtood,
Where laſt we winter'd) bind the head-long flood
In ſudden Ice; and where moſt ſwift it flows,
In Cryſtal nets, the wondring Fiſhes cloſe.
Then, with a moments Thaw, the ſtreams inlarge,
And from the meſh the twinckling Gueſts diſcharge.
In a deep Vale or near ſome ruin'd Wall,
He would the Ghoſts of ſlaughter'd Soldiers call;
Who ſlow, to wounden Bodys did repair,
And loath to enter, ſhiver'd in the air;
Theſe his dreadful Wand did to ſhort life compel,
And forc'd the Fates of Battle to foretel.
Max. 'Tis wond'rous ſtrange! But good *Placidius*, ſay,
What propheſies *Nigrinus* of this day?
Placid. In a lone Tent, all hung with black, I ſaw,
Where in a Square he did a Circle draw:
Four Angels, made by that Circumference,
Bore Holy words inſcrib'd, of myſtick ſenſe,
When firſt a hollow Wind began to blow,
The Skie grew black, and belli'd down more low,
Around the field did nimble Lightning Play,
Which offer'd us by fits, and ſnatch'd the day.
'Midſt this, was heard the ſhrill and tender cry
Of well-pleas'd Ghoſts, which in the ſtorm did fly;
Danc'd to and fro, and skim'd along the ground,
Till to the Magick Circle they were bound.
They courſing it, while we were fenc'd within,
We ſaw this dreadful Scene of Fate begin.
Char. Speak without fear; what did the viſion ſhew?
Placid. A Curtain drawn preſented to our view,
A Town beſieg'd and on the Neighbouring Plain,
Lay heaps of Viſionary Soldiers ſlain.
A riſing miſt obſcur'd the Gloomy head
Of one, who in Imperial Robes lay dead.
Near this, in Fetters, ſtood a Virgin crown'd;

Whom many *Cupids* ſtrove in vain to wound:
A voice to morrow, ſtill to morrow rung:
Another *Io*; *Io*, *Pæan*, ſung.
Char. Viſions and Oracles ſtill doubtful are,
And n'er expounded till th'event of War.
The Gods fore-knowledge on our Swords will wait:
If we fight well they muſt foreſhow good Fate.
[*To them a Centurion.*
Cent. A riſing duſt which troubles all the Air,
And this way travels, ſhows ſome Army near.
Char. I hear the ſound of Trumpets from afar. [*Exit Albinus.*
Max. It ſeems the voice of Triumph not of War.
[*To them* Albinus *again.*
Alb. Health and Succeſs our Emperour attends;
The Forces marching on the plain are Friends.
Porphyrius, whom you *Ægypt*'s Prætor made,
Is come from *Alexandria* to your aid.
Max. It well becomes the Conduct and the Care
Of one ſo fam'd and fortunate in War.
You muſt reſign *Placidius*, your command,
To him I promis'd the Prætorian Band.
Your Duty in your ſwift Compliance ſhow,
I will provide ſome other Charge for you.
Placid. May *Cæſar*'s pleaſure ever be obéy'd,
With that ſubmiſſion which by me is paid.
Now all the Curſes Envy ever knew,
Or could invent, *Porphyrius* purſue. [*Aſide.*
Alb. Placidius does too tamely bear his loſs;
This new pretender will all power ingroſs:
All things muſt now by his Direction move;
And you, Sir, muſt reſign your Father's love.
Char. Yes; every name to his repute muſt bow;
There grow no Bays for any other Brow.
He blaſts my early Honour in the bud,
Like ſome tall Tree the Monſter of the Wood.
O'r ſhading all which under him would grow,
He ſheds his venom on the Plants below.
Alb. You muſt ſome noble action undertake;
Equal with his your own renown to make.
Char. I am not for a ſloathful envy born,
I'll do't this day, in the dire Viſions ſcorn.
He comes: We two, like the Twin-Stars appear;
Never to ſhine together in one Sphere. [*Exit cum* Alb.

Enter

Enter Porphyrius *attended.*

Max. Porphyrius, welcome, welcome as the light
To cheerful Birds; or as to Lovers, night.
Welcome as what thou bring'ſt me, Victory.
Per. That waits, Sir, on your Arms, and not on me.
You left a Conqueſt more than half atchiev'd;
And for whoſe eaſineſs I almoſt griev'd.
Yours only the *Ægyptian* Laurels are;
I bring you but the reliques of your War.
The Chriſtian Princeſs to receive your doom,
Is from her Conquer'd *Alexandria* come.
Her Mother in another Veſſel ſent,
A Storm ſurpriz'd; nor know I the event:
Both from your Bounty muſt receive their ſtate;
Or muſt on your Triumphant Chariot wait.
Max. From me they can expect no grace, whoſe minds
An execrable Superſtition Blinds.
Apoll. The Gods who rais'd you to the Worlds Command,
Require theſe Victims from your grateful Hand.
Por. To minds reſolv'd, the threats of Death are vain;
They run to fires, and there enjoy their pain:
Not *Mucius* made more haſt his hand t'expoſe
To greedy flames, than their whole Bodies thoſe.
Max. How, to their own deſtruction, they are blind!
Zeal is the Pious madneſs of the mind.
Por. They all our fam'd Philoſophers defie;
And would our Faith by force of reaſon try.
Apoll. I beg it, Sir, by all the Powers Divine,
That in their right this Combat may be mine.
Max. It ſhall and fifty Doctors of our Laws,
Be added to you to maintain the Cauſe.

Enter Berenice *the Empreſs*, Valeria *Daughter to the Emperour*, Erotion.

Placid. The Empreſs and your Daughter, Sir, are here.
Por. What dangers in theſe charming eyes appear?
[*Looking on the Empreſs.*
How my old wounds are open'd at this view?
And in my murd'rers preſence bleed anew?
Max. I did expect your coming to partake [*To the Ladies.*
The general gladneſs which my Triumphs make.
You did *Porphyrius* as a Courtier know,
But as a Conqueror behold him now.
Ber. You know (I read it in your bluſhing face) [*To Por.*

To

To merit, better than receive a Grace:
And I know better silently to own,
Than with vain words to pay your service done.
Por. Princes, like Gods, reward e're we deserve;
[*Kneeling to kiss her Hand.*
And pay us in permitting us to serve.
Oh might I still grow here, and never move! [*lower.*
Ber. How dangerous are these Ecstasies of Love!
He shows his passion to a Thousand Eyes!
He cannot stir, not can I bid him rise!
That word my heart refuses to my tongue! [*Aside.*
Max. Madam you let the General kneel too long.
Por. Too long as if Eternity were so! [*Aside.*
Ber. Rise, good *Porphyrius*, (since it must be so.) [*Aside.*
Por. Like Hermits, from a Vision, I retire; [*Rising.*
With Eyes too Weak to see what I admire. [*Aside.*
Val. The Empress knows your worth; but, Sir, there be
[*To* Porphyrius, *who kisses her Hand.*
Those who can value it as high as she.
And 'tis but just (since in my Fathers cause,
You fought) your Valour should have my Applause.
Placid. O Jealousie, how art thou Eagle-ey'd!
She loves; and would her Love in Praises hide:
How am I bound this Rival to pursue,
Who ravishes my Love and Fortune too! [*Aside.*
A dead March within, and Trumpets.
Max. Somewhat of mournful, sure, my Ears does wound;
Like the hoarse murmers of a Trumpets sound,
And Drums unbrac'd, with Soldiers broken cry.
Enter Albinus
Albinus, whence proceeds this dismal noise?
Alb. Too soon you'll know what I want words to tell.
Max. How fares my Son? Is my *Charinus* well?
Not answer me! Oh my Prophetick fear!
Alb. How can I speak; or how, Sir, can you hear?
Imagine that which you would most deplore,
And that which I would speak, is it, or more?
Max. Thy mournful message in thy locks I read:
Is he (Oh that I live to ask it) dead?
Alb. Sir.——
Max. Stay; if thou speak'st that word, thou speak'st thy last:
Some God now, if he dares, relate what's past:
Say but he's dead, that God shall mortal be.
Alb. Then what I dare not speak, look back and see.
[*Charinus borne in dead by Soldiers.*
Max.

Max. See nothing, Eyes, henceforth but death and wo,
You've done me the worſt office you can do.
You've ſhown me Deſtinies prepoſt'rous crime;
An unripe Fate; diſclos'd e're Nature's time.
Placid. Aſſwage, great Prince, your paſſion, leſt you ſhow
There's ſomewhat in your Soul which Fate can bow.
Por. Fortune ſhould by your greatneſs be controul'd;
Arm your great mind, and let her take no hold.
Max. To tame Philoſophers teach Conſtancy;
There is no farther uſe of it in me.
Gods (but why name I you!
All that was worth a Pray'r to you, is gone:)
I ask not back my Vertue, but my Son.
Alb. His too great thirſt of Fame his ruine brought,
Though, Sir, beyond all humane force he fought.
Placid. This was my Viſion of this fatal day!
Alb. With a fierce haſte he led our Troops the way:
While fiery ſhow'rs of Sulphur on him rain'd;
Nor left he, till the Battlements he gain'd:
There with a Forreſt of their Darts he ſtrove;
And ſtood like *Capaneus* defying *Jove*.
With his broad Sword the boldeſt beating down,
While Fate grew pale leſt he ſhould win the Town,
And turn'd the Iron Leaves of its dark Book,
To make new dooms, or mend what it miſbook.
Till fought by many Deaths, he ſunk, though late,
And by his fall aſſerted doubtful Fate.
Valer. Oh my dear Brother! whom Heaven let us ſee,
And would not longer ſuffer him to be!
Max. And didſt not thou a Death with Honour chuſe, [*To* Alb.
But impudently liv'ſt to bring this News?
After his loſs, how didſt thou dare to breath?
——But thy baſe Ghoſt ſhall follow him in death.
A decimation I will ſtrictly make
Of all who my *Charinus* did forſake,
And of each Legion, each Centurion
Shall die:——*Placidius*, ſee my pleaſure done.
Por. Sir, you will loſe by this ſeverity
Your Soldiers hearts.
Max. ——Why, they take Pay to die.
Por. Then ſpare *Albinus* only.
Max. ——I conſent
To leave his life to be his puniſhment.
Diſcharg'd from truſt; branded with infamy;
Let him live on, till he ask leave to die.

Ber. Let me Petition for him.
Max. ——— I have ſaid;
And will not be intreated, but obey'd;
But, Empreſs, whence does your compaſſion grow?
Ber. You need not ask it, ſince my birth you know,
The Race of *Antonin*'s was nam'd the Good:
I draw my pity from my Royal Blood.
Max. Still muſt I be upbraided with your Line?
I know you ſpeak it in contempt of mine.
But your late Brother did not prize me leſs,
Becauſe I could not boaſt of Images.
And the Gods own'd me more, when they decreed
A Thracian Shepherd ſhould your Line ſucceed.
Ber. The God's! O do not name the Pow'rs Divine,
They never mingled their Decrees with thine.
My Brother gave me to thee for a Wife,
And for my Dowry thou didſt take his Life.
Max. The Gods by many Victories have ſhown,
That they my merits and his death did own.
Ber. Yes: they have own'd it; witneſs this juſt day;
When they begin thy miſchiefs to repay.
See the reward of all thy wicked care,
Before thee thy Succeſſion ended there,
Yet but in part my Brothers Ghoſt is pleas'd:
Reſtleſs till all the groaning World be eas'd.
For me; no other happineſs I own
Than to have born no Iſſue to thy Throne.
Max. Provoke my rage no farther, leſt I be
Reveng'd at once upon the Gods and thee.
Por. aſide.] What horrid tortures ſeize my lab'ring mind!
O, only excellent of all thy kind!
To hear thee threatned while I idle ſtand:
Heaven! was I born to fear a Tyrants hand?
Max. to Ber.] Hence from my ſight—thy blood, if thou doſt ſtay—
Ber. Tyrant! too well to that thou know'ſt the way. [*Going.*
Por. Let baſer Souls from falling Fortunes fly:
I'll pay my duty to her though I die. [*Exit leading to her.*
Max. What made *Porphyrius* ſo officious be?
The action look'd as done in ſcorn of me.
Val. It did indeed ſome little freedom ſhow;
But ſomewhat to his ſervices you owe.
Max. Yet if I thought it his preſumption were——
Placid. Perhaps he did not your diſpleaſure hear.
Max. My anger was too loud, not to be heard.
Placid. I'm loath to think he did it not regard.
Max. How, not regard!

Kal

Val. Placidius, you foment,
On too light grounds, my Father's discontent.
But when an action does two faces wear,
'Tis Justice to believe what is most fair.
I think that knowing what respect there rests
for her late Brother in the Soldiers Breasts,
He went to serve the Emp'ror: and design'd
Only to calm the tempest in her mind,
Lest some Sedition in the Camp should rise.
Max. I ever thought him loyal as he's wise.
Since therefore all the Gods their spite have shown,
To rob my Age of a Successive Throne;
And you who now remain,
The only issue of my former Bed,
In Empire cannot by your Sex succeed:
To bind *Porphyrius* firmly to the State,
I will this day my *Cæsar* him create:
And, Daughter, I will give you him for Wife.
Val. O day the best and happiest of my Life!
Placid. O day the most accurst I ever knew! [*Aside.*
Max, See to my Son perform'd each Funeral due:
Then to the toils of War we will return;
And make our Enemies our losses mourn. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

The Royal Camp.

Berenice, Porphyrius.

Ber. *Porphyrius*, you too far did tempt your Fate,
In owning her the Emperour does hate.
'Tis true, your Duty to me it became;
But praising that, I must your Conduct blame.
Por. Not to have own'd my zeal at such a time,
Were to sin higher than your Tyrant's crime.
Ber. 'Twas too much my disgrace t'accompany;
A silent wish had been enough for me.
Por. Wishes are aids, faint Servants may supply,

Who ask Heav'n for you what themſelves deny,
Could I do leſs than my reſpect to pay
Where I before had given my heart away?
Ber. You fail in that reſpect you ſeem to bear,
When You ſpeak words unfit for me to hear.
Por. Yet you did once accept thoſe vows I paid.
Ber. Thoſe vows were then to *Berenice* made;
But cannot now be heard without a ſin,
When offer'd to the Wife of *Maximin*.
Por. Has, then, the change of Fortune chang'd your Will
Ah! why are you not *Berenice* ſtill?
To *Maximin* you once declared your hate;
Your Marriage was a Sacrifice to th'State:
Your Brother made it to ſecure his Throne,
Which this man made a ſtep to mount it on.
Ber. Whatever *Maximin* has been, or is,
I am to bear ſince Heav'n has made me his.
For Wives who muſt themſelves of pow'r deveſt,
When they love blindly, for their peace love beſt.
Por. If mutual love be vow'd when Faith you plight,
Then he, who forfeits firſt, has loſt his Right.
Ber. Husbands a forfeiture of Love may make;
But what avails the forfeit none can take?
As in a General Wreck
The Pyrates ſinks with his ill gotten Gains,
And nothing to anothers uſe remains:
So, by his loſs, no gain to you can fall;
The Sea, and vaſt deſtruction ſwallows all.
Por. Yet he, who from the Shore the Wreck deſcries,
May unlawfully enrich him with the Prize.
Ber. Who ſees the wreck, can yet no title plead,
Till he be ſure the owner firſt is dead.
Por. If that be all the claim I want to love,
This Pyrate of your heart I'll ſoon remove;
And, at one ſtroak, the World and you ſet free.
Ber. Leave to the care of Heav'n that World and me.
Por. Heav'n, as Its inſtrument, my Courage ſends.
Ber. Heav'n n'er ſends thoſe who fight for private ends;
We both are bound by truſt, and muſt be true;
I to his Bed, and to his Empire you.
For he who to the bad betrays his truſt,
Though he does good, becomes himſelf unjuſt.
Por. When *Brutus* did from *Cæſar Rome* redeem,
The Act was good.
Ber. ——— But 'twas not good in him.

You

You see the Gods adjudg'd it Parricide,
By dooming the Event on *Cæsar*'s side.
'Tis Virtue not to be oblig'd at all;
Or not conspire our Benefactor's Fall.
Por. You doom me then to suffer all this ill,
And yet I doom my self to love you still.
Ber. Dare not *Porphyrius* suffer then with me,
Since what for him I for my self decree?
Por. How can I bear those griefs you disapprove?
Ber. To ease 'em, I'll permit you still to love.
Por. That will but hast my death, if you think fit
Not to reward but barely to permit.
Love without hope does like a torture wound,
Which makes me reach in pain to touch the ground.
Ber. If hope, then, to your life so needful be,
Hope still.
Por. ——————Bless'd News!
Ber. ——————But hope, in Heav'n, not me.
Por. Love is too noble such deceits to use,
Referring me to Heav'n, your gift I lose.
So Princes cheaply may our wants supply,
When they give that their Treasurers deny.
Ber. Love blinds my virtue: If I longer stay,
It will grow dark, and I shall lose my way.
Por. One kiss from this fair hand can be no sin
I ask not that you gave to *Maximin*.
In full reward of all the pains I've past,
Give me but one.
Ber. ——Then let it be your last.
Por. 'Tis gone!
Like Souldiers prodigal of their Arrears,
One minute spends the Pay of many years.
——————Let but one more be added to the Sum,
And pay at once for all my pains to come.
Ber. Unthrifts will starve if we before-hand give. [pulling back her hand.
I'll see you shall have just enough to live.

Enter Eration.

Era. Madam, the Emperor is drawing near;
And comes, they say, to seek *Porphyrius* here.
Ber. Alas!
Por. ——I will not ask what he intends;
My Life, or Death, alone, on you depends.

Ber.

Ber. I muſt withdraw but muſt not let him know [*Aſide.*
How hard the Precepts of my Virtue grow:
But what e're Fortune is for me deſign'd,
Sweet Heav'n, be ſtill to brave *Porphyrius* kind! [*Exit cum* Erotio.

Por. She's gone unkindly, and refus'd to caſt,
One glance to feed me for ſo long a Faſt.

Enter Maximin, Placidius, *Guards.*

Max. Porphyrius, ſince the Gods have raviſh'd one,
I come in you to ſeek another Son.
Succeed him then in my Imperial ſtate;
Succeed in all, but his untimely Fate.
If I adopt you with no better grace,
Pardon a Fathers Fears upon my face,
And give 'em to *Charinus* memory:
May they not prove as ominous to thee.

Por. With what misfortunes Heav'n torments me ſtill!
Why muſt I be oblig'd to one ſo ill? [*Aſide.*

Max. Thoſe offers which I made you Sir were ſuch,
No private man ſhould need to ballance much.

Por. Who durſt his thought to ſuch ambitious life; [*Kneeling.*
The greatneſs of it made me doubt the gift.
The diſtance was ſo vaſt, that to my view
It made the object ſeem at firſt untrue:
And now 'tis near, the ſudden excellence
Strikes through, and flaſhes on my tender ſenſe.

Max. Yet Heav'n and Earth, which ſo remote appear [*raiſing him.*
Are by the Air, which flows betwixt 'em, near.
And 'twixt us two, my Daughter be the Chain,
One end with me, and one with you remain.

Por. You preſs me down with ſuch a glorious fate, [*Kneeling again.*
I cannot riſe againſt the mighty weight.
Permit I may retire ſome little ſpace,
And gather ſtrength to bear ſo great a grace, [*Exit bowing.*

Placid. How Love and Fortune for him contend,
Which ſhould *Porphyrius* wiſhes moſt befriend!
The Midſtream's his; I, creeping by the ſide,
Am Shoulder'd off by his impetuous Tide. [*Aſide.*

Enter Valerius *haſtily.*

Val. I hope my buſineſs may my haſt excuſe,
For, Sir, I bring you moſt ſurprizing news.
The Chriſtian Princeſs in her Tent confers
With fifty of your learn'd Philoſophers; Whom

Whom with such Eloquence she does perſwade,
That they are Captives to her reaſons made.
I left 'em yielding up their vanquiſh'd Cauſe,
And all the Souldiers ſhouting her Applauſe;
Even *Apollonius* does but faintly ſpeak,
Whoſe voice the murmers of th' aſſiſtance break.

Max. Conduct this Captive Chriſtian to my Tent;
She ſhall be brought to ſpeedy puniſhment.
I muſt in time ſome remedy provide,
Leſt this contagious Error ſpread too wide. [*Exit* Valerius.

Placid. T'infected Zeal you muſt no mercy ſhow:
For, from Religion, all Rebellions grow.

Max. The ſilly crowd, by factious teachers, brought
To think that Faith untrue their youth was taught,
Run on in new opinions blindly bold;
Neglect, contemn, and then aſſault the old.
Th' infectious madneſs ſeizes every party,
And from the head diſtills upon the heart.
And firſt, they think their Prince's Faith not true,
And then to offer him anew;
Which if refus'd, all duty from 'em caſt,
To their new Faith, they make new Kings at laſt.

Placid. Thoſe ills by Male contents are often wrought,
That by their Prince their duty may be bought.
They head thoſe holy Factions which they hate,
To ſell their Duty at a dearer rate.
But, Sir, the Tribune is already here
With your fair Captive.

Max. ——————Bid 'em both appear.

Enter S. Catherine, Valerius, Apollonius, *Guards*.

See where ſhe comes with that high Air and Meen,
Which Marks in Bonds, the greatneſs of a Queen.
What pity 'tis——but I no charms muſt ſee
In her, who to our Gods is enemy——
Fair Foe of Heav'n, whence comes this haughty pride, [*To her.*
Or is it Frenzy does your mind miſguide
To ſcorn our Worſhip; and new Gods to find?

S. Cath. Nor pride, nor frenzy, but a ſettled mind;
Enlightned from above, my way does mark.

Max. Though Heaven be clear, the way to it is dark.

S. Cath. But where our Reaſon with our Faith does go,
We're both above enlightned, and below.

But

But Reason with your fond Religion fights,
For many Gods are many Infinites:
This to the first Philosophers was known,
Who, under various names, ador'd but one.
Though your vain Poets after did mistake,
Who every Attribute a God did make.
And so obscene their Ceremonies be,
As good men loath, and *Cato* blush'd to see.

Max. War is my Province; Priest, why stand you mute?
You gain by Heaven, and therefore should dispute.

Apol. In all Religions, as in ours, there are
Some Solid truths and some things popular.
The popular in pleasing Fables lie,
The truths in Precepts of Morality.
And these to humane life are of such use,
That no Religion can such Rules produce.

S. Cath. Then let the whole dispute concluded be
Betwixt these Rules and Christianity.

Apol. And what more noble can your Doctrine preach,
Than Virtues which Philosophy does teach?
To keep the passions in severest awe,
To live to Reason (Nature's greatest Law,)
To follow Virtue, is its own reward,
And good and ill, as things without regard.

S. Cath. Yet few could follow those Strict Rules they gave;
For humane Life, will humane frailties have:
And love of Virtue is but barren praise,
Airy as Fame; not strong enought to raise
The actions of the Soul above the sense.
Virtue grows cold without a recompence.
We virtuous Acts as Duty do regard,
Yet are permitted to expect reward.

Apol. By how much nicer your Faith reward assures,
So much more frank our Virtue is than yours.

S. Cath. Blind men! you seek even those rewards you blame,
But ours are solid, yours an empty name.
Either to open praise your Acts you guide,
Or else reward your selves with secret pride.

Apol. Yet still our Moral Virtues you obey:
Ours are the Precepts, though apply'd your way.

S. Cath. 'Tis true, your Riches are the fame we teach;
But in our practice they much higher reach.
You but forbid to take another's due,
But we forbid even to desire it too.
Revenge of injuries you Virtue call,
But we forgiveness of our wrongs extol:

Immodeſt Deeds you hinder to be wrought,
But we proſcribe the leaſt immodeſt thought.
So much your Virtues are in ours refin'd
That yours but reach the Actions, ours the mind.
Max. Anſwer in ſhort to what you heard her ſpeak. [*To* Apol.
Apol. Where truth prevails all arguments are weak.
To that convincing power I muſt give place:
And with that Truth, that Faith I will embrace.
Max. O Traytor to our Gods, but more to me;
Dar'ſt thou of any Faith, but of thy Prince's be?
But ſure thou rav'ſt; thy fooliſh error find:
Caſt up the poiſon that infects thy mind;
And ſhun the torments thou art ſure to feel.
Apol. Nor fire, nor torture, nor revenging Steel
Can on my Soul the leaſt impreſſion make:
How gladly, Truth, I ſuffer for thy ſake!
Once I was ignorant of what was ſo;
But never can abandon Truth I know:
My Martyrdom I to thy Crown prefer;
Truth is a Cauſe for a Philoſopher.
S. Cath. Loſe not that Courage which Heaven does inſpire;
[*To* Apollonius.
But fearleſs go to be baptiz'd in fire.
Think 'tis a Triumph not a danger near:
Give him your blood; but give him not a tear.
Go, and prepare my Seat: and hovering be
Near that bright ſpace which is reſerv'd for me.
Max. Hence with the Traytor; bear him to his Fate.
Apol. Tyrant, I fear thy pity, not thy hate:
A Life Eternal I by Death obtain.
Max. Go, carry him, where he that Life may gain.
Exeunt Apollonius, Valerius *and Guards.*
Placid. from the Enchantreſs all theſe ills are come.
You are not ſafe till you pronounce her doom.
Each hour ſhe lives a Legion ſweeps away;
She'll make your Army Martyrs in a day.
Max. 'Tis juſt: this Chriſtian Sorcereſs ſhall dye:
(Would I had never prov'd her Sorcery:)
Not that her charming tongue this change has bred;
I fear 'tis ſomething that her eyes have fed.
I love: and am aſham'd it ſhould be ſeen. [*Aſide.*
Placid. Sir, ſhall ſhe dye?
Max. ——— Conſider ſhe's a Queen.
Placid. Thoſe Claims in *Cleopatra* ended were.
Max. How many *Cleopatra*s live in her? [*Aſide.*
Placid.

Placid. When you condemn'd her, Sir, she was a Queen.
Max. No, Slave; she only was a Captive then.
S. Cath. My joyful Sentence you defer too long.
Max. I never knew that Life was such a wrong,
But if you needs will dye.—it shall be so.
——Yet think it does from your perverseness flow.
Men say, indeed, that I in Blood delight;
But you shall find——Hast take her from my sight.
——For *Maximin* I have too much confess'd:
And for a Lover not enough express'd.
Absent, I may her Martyrdom decree;
But one look more will make that Martyr me. *Exit.* S. Cath *guard.*
Placid. What is it, Sir, that shakes your mighty mind?
Max. Somewhat I am asham'd that thou should'st find.
Placid. If it be love that does your Soul possess——
Max. Are you my Rival that so soon you guess?
Placid. Far, mighty Prince, be such a Crime from me, [*Kneeling.*
Which, with the pride, includes impiety.
Could you forgive it, yet the Gods above
Would never pardon me a Christian Love.
Max. Thou li'st——there's not a God inhabits there,
But for this Christian would all Heav'n forswear.
Ev'n *Jove* would try more shapes her Love to win:
And in new Birds, and unknown Beasts would sin:
At least, if *Jove* could Love like *Maximin.*
Placid. A Captive, Sir, who would a Martyr die?
Max. She courts not Death, but shuns Captivity.
Great gifts, and greater promises i'll make;
And what Religion is't, but they can shake?
She shall live high: Devotion in distress
Is born, but vanishes in happiness. [*Exit.* Maximin
Placid. solus. His Son forgot, his Empress unappeas'd;
How soon the Tyrant with new love is seiz'd!
Love, various minds does variously inspire:
He stirs in gentle Natures, gentle fire;
Like that of incense on the Altars laid:
But raging flames tempestuous Souls invade.
A fire which every windy passion blows;
With pride it mounts, and with revenge it glows.
But I accurs'd who servilely must move;
And sooth his passion for his Daughters Love?
Small hope, 'tis true, attends my mighty care.
But of all passions, Love does last despair. [*Exit.*

ACT

ACT III. SCENE I.

The Royal Pavillion.

Maximin, Placidius, *Guards and Attendants.*

Max. THis Love that never could my youth engage,
Peeps out his Coward Head to dare my age,
Where haſt thou been thus long, thou ſleeping form,
That wak'ſt like drowſie Sea-men in a ſtorm?
A ſullen hour thou choſeſt for thy Birth:
My Love ſhoots up in tempeſts, as the Earth
Is ſtirr'd and looſen'd in a bluſtring Wind,
Whoſe blaſts to waiting Flowers her Womb unbind.
Placid. Forgive me, if I ſay your paſſions are
So rough, as if in Love you would make War.
But Love is ſoft———
And with ſoft beauty tenderly complies;
In Lips it laughs, and languiſhes in Eyes.
Max. There let it laugh or like an infant weep:
I cannot ſuch a ſupple paſſion keep.
Mine, ſtiff with Age, and ſtubborn as my Arms,
Walks upright; ſtoops not to, but meets her Charms.
Placid. Yet fierceneſs ſuits not with her gentle kind:
They brave aſſaults but may be undermin'd.
Max. Till I in thoſe mean Arts am better read,
Court thou, and fawn, and flatter in my ſtead.

Enter S. Catharine.

She comes, and now, methinks, I could obey:
Her Form glides through me and my heart gives way:
This Iron heart which no impreſſion took
From Wars, melts down and runs, if ſhe but look [*Exit* Maximin.
Placid. Madam, I from the Emperor am come
T'applaud your Virtue, and reverſe your Doom.
He thinks, whatever your Religion be,
This Palm is owing to your conſtancy.
S. Cath. My conſtancy from him ſeeks no Renown;
Heaven, that propos'd the Courſe, will give the Crown.

Placid. But Monarchs are the Gods Vicegerents here;
Heav'n gives rewards; but what it gives they bear:
From Heav'n to you the Ægyptian Crown is sent,
Yet 'tis a Prince who does the Gift present.
S. Cath. The Deity I serve, had he thought fit,
Could have preserv'd my Crown unconquer'd yet:
But when his secret Providence design'd
To level that, he level'd too my mind;
Which by contracting its desires, is taught
The humble quiet of possessing naught.
Placid. To Stoicks leave a happiness so mean:
Your Virtue does deserve a nobler Scene.
You are not for obscurity design'd:
But, like the Sun, must cheer all humane kind.
S. Cath. No happiness can be where is no rest:
Th' unknown, untalk'd of man is only blest.
He, as in some safe Cliff, his Cell does keep,
From thence he views the labours of the Deep:
The Gold-fraught Vessel which mad Tempests beat,
He sees now vainly make to his retreat:
And, when from far, the tenth Wave does appear,
Shrinks up in silent joy that he's not there.
Placid. You have a Pilot who your Ship secures;
The Monarch both of Earth and Seas is yours.
He who so freely gives a Crown away,
Yet askt no tribute but what you may pay.
One smile on him a greater wealth bestows,
Than *Ægypt* yields, when *Nilus* overflows.
S. Cath. I cannot wholly innocent appear,
Since I have liv'd such words as these to hear.
O Heav'n, which dost of chastity take care!——
Placid. Why do you lose an unregarded Pray'r?
If happiness, as you believe, be rest,
That quiet sure is by the Gods possest:——
'Tis greatness to neglect, or not to know
The little business of the World below.
S. Cath. This Doctrin well-befitted him, who thought
A casual World was from Wild Atomes wrought:
But such an Order in each chance we see,
(Chain'd to its Cause, as that to its Decree,)
That none can think a Workmanship so rare,
Was built or kept without a Workman's care.

[*To them* Maximin, *Attendants and Guards.*

Max. Madam, you from *Placidius* may have heard
Some News, which will your happiness regard.

For

For what a greater happineſs can be,
Than to be courted and be lov'd by me?
The Ægyptian Crown I to your hands remit;
And, with it, take his heart who offers it. [*She turns aſide.*
Do you my Perſon and my Gift contemn?
S. Cath. My hopes purſue a brighter Diadem.
Max. Can any brighter than the Roman be?
I find my proffer'd Love has cheapen'd me:
Since you neglect to anſwer my deſires,
Know, Princes, you ſhall burn in other Fires.
——Why ſhould you urge me to ſo black a deed?
Think all my anger did from Love proceed.
S. Cath. Nor threats, nor promiſes my mind can move
Your furious anger, nor your impious Love.
Max. The Love of you can never impious be;
You are ſo pure——
That in the Act 'twou'd change th' impiety.
Heav'n would unmake it ſin——
S. Cath. I take my ſelf from thy deteſted ſight:
To my reſpect thou haſt no longer right:
Such pow'r in Bonds true Piety can have,
That I command and thou art but a Slave. [*Exit* S. Cath.
Max. To what a height of arrogance ſhe ſwells!
Pride or ill Nature ſtill with Virtue dwells;
Her Death ſhall ſet me free this very hour;
——But is her Death within a Lovers pow'r?
Wild with my rage, more Wild with my deſire,
Like meeting Tides—but mine are Tides of fire.
What petty promiſe was't that caus'd this frown?
Placid. You heard: no leſs than the Ægyptian Crown.
Max. Throw *Egypt*'s by, and offer in the ſtead;
Offer——the Crown of *Berenice*'s Head.
I am reſolv'd to double till I win;
About it ſtraight, and ſend *Porphyrius* in.
We look like Eagles tow'ring in the Sky;
While her high flight, ſtill raiſes mine more high.
[*To him* Porphyrius.

Por. I come, Sir, to expect your great Commands.
Max. My happineſs lies only in thy hands.
And, ſince I have adopted thee my Son,
I'll keep no Secret from thy breaſt unknown;
Led by the int'reſt of my riſing Fate,
I did eſpouſe this Empreſs whom I hate:
And therefore with leſs ſhame I may declare,
That I the Fetters of thy Captive wear.

Por.

Por. Sir, you amaze me with ſo ſtrange a Love.
Max. Pity, my Son, thoſe flames you diſapprove.
The cauſe of Love can never be aſſign'd;
'Tis in no Face, but in the Lovers mind.
Por. Yet there are Beauties which attract all Hearts;
And all mankind lies open to their Darts,
Whoſe Soveraignity, without diſpute, we grant;
Such Graces, ſure, your Empreſs does not want.
Max. Beauty has bounds,——
And can no more to every Heart be ſo,
Than any Coin through every Land can go.
Some ſecret Grace, which is but ſo to me.
Though not ſo great, may yet more pow'rful be:
All guard themſelves when ſtronger Foes invade;
Yet, by the weak ſurprizes may be made:
But you, my Son, are not to judge, but aid.
Por. What is it, Sir, you can require of me?
Max. I would from *Berenice*'s Bonds be free,
This Yoke of Marriage from us both remove,
Where two are bound to draw, though neither Love.
Por. Neither the Gods nor Man will give conſent,
To put in practice your unjuſt intent.
Max. Both muſt conſent to that which I decree.
Por. The Souldiers love her Brother's memory;
And for her ſake ſome mutiny will ſtir.
Max. Our parting therefore —— ſhall be fought by her,
Go, bid her ſue for a divorce, or die;
I'll cut the knot if ſhe will not unty:
Haſt to prepare her, and thy ſelf return;
Thy *Hymen*'s Torch this day with mine ſhall burn. [*Exit.*
Por. Rather my Funeral Torch;—— for though I know
Valeria's fair, and that ſhe loves me too.
'Gainſt her my Soul is arm'd on every part:
Yet there are Secret Rivets to my heart;
Where *Berenice*'s Charms have found the way;
Subtile as Lightnings, but more fierce than they.
How ſhall I this avoid, or gain that Love!
So near the Rock, I to the Port muſt move.

[*To him*, Valeria *attended.*

For *Val. Porphyrius*, now my joy I may expreſs,
Nor longer hide the Love I muſt poſſeſs,
Should I have ſtaid till Marriage made us one,
You might have thought it was by duty done;
But of my Heart I now a Preſent make;
And give it you, e'er it be yours to take.

Accept

Accept it as when early fruit we send:
And let the rareneſs the ſmall gift commend.
Por. Great Monarchs, like your Father, often give
What is above a Subject to receive:
But faithful Officers ſhould countermand,
And ſtop the gift that paſſes through their hand:
And to their Prince, that maſs of Wealth reſtore,
Which laviſh'd thus, would make whole nations Poor.
Val. But to this gift, a double right you have:
My Father gives but what before I gave.
Por. In vain you ſuch unequal Preſents make,
Which I ſtill want capacity to take.
Such fatal bounty once the *Gauls* did ſhow;
They threw their Rings, but threw their Targets too.
Bounty ſo plac'd, does more like ruin look;
You pour the Ocean on a narrow Brook.
Val. Yet if your Love before prepares a Boat,
The ſtream ſo pour'd, drowns not, but makes it float.
Por. But when the Veſſel is on Quick-ſands caſt,
The flowing Tide does more the ſinking haſt.
Val. And on what Quick-ſands can your heart be thrown?
Can you a Love beſides *Valeria's* own?
Por If he who at your feet his heart would lay,
Be met with firſt, and robb'd upon the way.
You may indeed the Robbers ſtrength accuſe,
But pardon him who did the preſent loſe.
Val. Who is this Thief that does my right poſſeſs?
Name her, and then we of her ſtrength may gueſs——
From whence does your unwonted ſilence come?
Por. She bound and gagg'd me, and has left me dumb.
Val. But of my wrongs I will aloud complain;
Falſe man thou would'ſt excuſe thy ſelf in vain:
For thee I did a Maidens bluſh forſake,
And own'd a Love thou haſt refus'd to take.
Por. Refus'd it!——like a Miſer midſt his ſtore,
Who graſps, and graſps, till he can hold no more;
And when his ſtrength is wanting to his mind,
Looks back and ſighs on what he left behind.
Val. No, I reſume that heart thou didſt poſſeſs;
My Father ſhall my injuries redreſs:
With me thou loſeſt his Imperial Crown,
And ſpeedy Death attends upon his frown.
Por. You may revenge your wrongs a nobler way;
Command my Death and I will ſoon obey:
Val. No, live; for on thy Life my Cure depends:
In Debtors Deaths all obligation ends: 'Twill

Twill be ſome eaſe ungrateful thee to call;
And Bankrupt-like, ſay, Truſting him loſt all.
Por. Upbraided thus what gen'rous man would live!
But fortune will revenge what you forgive.
When I refuſe; (as in few hours I muſt)
This offer'd grace, your Father will be juſt.
Val. Be juſt! ſay rather he will cruel prove,
To kill that only perſon I can love.
Yet ſo it is!——
Your int'reſt in the Army is ſo high;
That he muſt make you his or you muſt die!
It is reſolv'd! whoe'er my Rival be,
I'll ſhow that I deſerve him more than ſhe. [*Aſide after a pauſe.*
And if at laſt he does ingrateful prove,
My conſtancy it ſelf rewards my Love. [*Exit.*
Por. She's gone, and gazing round about, I ſee
Nothing but death, or glorious miſery;
Here Empire ſtands, if I could Love diſplace;
There, hopeleſs Love, with more imperial grace;
Thus as a ſinking Hero compaſs'd round,
Beckons his braveſt Foe for his laſt wound,
And him into his part of Fame does call,
I'll turn my Face to love, and there I'll fall.

To him Berenice, Erotion.

Ber. I come, *Porphyrius* to congratulate
This happy change of your exalted Fate:
You to the Empire are, I hear, deſign'd
And fair *Valeria* muſt th' Alliance bind.
Por. Would Heav'n had my ſucceſſion ſo decreed,
That I in all might *Maximin* ſucceed!
He offers me th' Imperial Crown, it is true:
I would ſucceed him, but 'tis in you.
Ber. In me! I never did accept your Love;
But you, I ſee, would handſomly remove:
And I can give you leave without a frown:
I always thought you merited a Crown.
Por. I never ſought that Crown but on your brow;
But you with ſuch indifference would allow
My change, that you have kill'd me with that breath:
I feel your ſcorn cold as the hand of Death.
Ber. You'll come to life in your *Valeria*'s arms:
'Tis true, I cannot boaſt of equal charms;
Or if I could, I never did admit
Your Love to me, but only ſuffer'd it.
I am a Wife, and can make no return;
And 'twere but vain, in hopeleſs fires to burn.

Por.

Por. Unkind! can you, whom only I adore,
Set open to your Slave the prison-door?
You use my heart just as you would afford
A fatal freedom to some harmless bird,
Whom, breeding, you ne'er taught to seek its food,
And now let flie to perish in the Wood.

Ber. Then, if you will love on, and disobey,
And lose an Empire for my sake, you may.
Will a kind look from me pay all this score,
For you well know you must expect no more?

Por. All I deserve it will, not all I wish;
But I will brave the Tyrants rage for this.
If I refuse, my death must needs ensue;——
But you shall see that I dare die for you.

Ber. Would you for me,
A Beauty, and an Empire too deny?
I love you now so well——that you shall die,
Die mine; 'tis all I can with honour give,
Nor should you die, if after, I would live.
But when your marriage, and your death I view,
That makes you false, but this will keep you true.

Por. Unbind thy brows, and look abroad to see,
O mighty Love, thy mightiest Victory!

Ber. And yet——is there no other way to try
'Tis hard to say I love, and let you die.

Por. Yes, there remains some help which you might give.
If you, as I would die for Love, would live.

Ber. If death for Love be sweet, sure life is more:
Teach me the means your safety to restore.

Por. Your Tyrant the Ægyptian Princess loves;
And to that height his swelling passion moves,
That, fearing in your death the Soldiers force,
He from your bed does study a Divorce.

Ber. Th'Ægyptian Princes I disputing heard,
And as a Miracle her mind regard,
But yet I wish that this Divorce be true.

Por. 'Tis, Madam, but it must be sought by you.
By this he will all mutinies prevent;
And this, as well, secures your own content.

Ber. I hate this Tyrant, and his bed I loath;
But, once submitting, I am ty'd to both:
Ti'd to that honour, which all Women owe,
Though not their Husbands person, yet their vow.
Something so Sacred in that Bond there is,
That none should think there could be ought amiss:

And if there be, we ſhould in ſilence hide
Thoſe faults, which blame our choice when they are ſpi'd.
Por. But, ſince to all the World his crimes are known,
And, by himſelf the Civil War's begun,
Would you th' advantage of the fight delay,
If, ſtriking firſt, you were to win the day?
Ber. I would, like Jews upon their Sabbath fall:
And, rather than ſtrike firſt, not ſtrike at all.
Por. Againſt your ſelf you fatly propheſie:
You either this Divorce muſt ſeek or die.
Ber. Then death from all my griefs ſhall ſet me free.
Por. And would you rather chuſe your death, than me.
Ber. My earthy part———
Which is my Tyrants right, death will remove,
I'll come all Soul and Spirit to your Love.
With ſilent ſteps I'll follow you all day;
Or elſe before you in the Sun-beams, play.
I'll lead you thence to melancholly Groves,
And there repeat the Scenes of our paſt Loves.
At night, I will within your Curtains peep;
With empty arms embrace you while you ſleep.
In gentle dreams I often will be by;
And ſweep along, before your cloſing eye.
All dangers from your Bed I will remove;
But guard it moſt from any future Love.
And when at laſt, in pity you will die:
I'll watch your birth of Immortality:
Then, Turtle-like, I'll to my mate repair;
And teach you your firſt flight in open Air. [*Exit* Berenice *cum*
Por. She has but done what honour did require: [*Erotio.*
Nor can I blame that Love, which I admire.
But then her death!
I'll ſtand betwixt, it firſt ſhall pierce my heart:
We will be ſtuck together on his dart.
But yet the danger not ſo high does grow:
I'll charge death firſt, perhaps repoſſe him too.
But if o'r-power'd, I muſt be over-come;
Forc'd back, I'll fight each inch into my Tomb. [*Exit.*

ACT.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Indian Cave.

Placidius, Nigrinus. Nigrinus *with two drawn Swords, held upwards in his hands.*

Placid. ALL other means have fail'd to move her heart;
Our laſt recourſe is therefore to your Art.
Nig. Of Wars, and Bloodſhed, and of dire Events,
Of Fates, and fighting Kings, their Inſtruments,
I could with greater certainty foretel;
Love only does in doubts and darkneſs dwell:
For, like a Wind, it in no quarter ſtays;
But points and veers each hour a thouſand ways.
On Women Love depends, and they on Will;
Chance turns their Orb, while Deſtiny ſits ſtill.
Placid. Leave nothing unattempted in your power:
Remember you oblige an Emperour.
Nig. An earthy Fiend by compact me obeys;
But him to light intents I muſt not raiſe.
Some Aſtral forms I muſt invoke by pray'r,
Fram'd all of pureſt Atoms of the Air;
Not in their Natures ſimply good or ill;
But moſt ſubſervient to bad Spirits will.
Nakar of thoſe does lead the mighty band,
For eighty Legions move at his Command:
Gentle to all, but far above the reſt,
Mild *Nakar* loves his ſoft *Damilcar* beſt.
In Aery Chariots they together ride;
And ſip the dew as through the Clouds they glide:
Theſe are the Spirits which in Love have pow'r.
Placid. Haſte, and invoke 'em in a happy hour.
Nig. And ſo it proves: for, counting Sev'n from Noon,
'Tis *Venus* hour, and in the wexing Moon.
With Chalk I firſt deſcribe a circle here,
Where theſe Ætherial Spirits muſt appear.
Come in, come in, for here they will be ſtrait:
Around, around, the place I fumigate:
My fumigation is to *Venus*, juſt:
The Souls of Roſes, and red Corals duſt:

A lump of *Sperma Ceti*; and to theſe
The ſtalks and chips of *Lignum Aloes*.
And, laſt, to make my fumigation good,
'Tis mixt with Sparrows brains, and Pigeons blood.

Nigrinus *takes up the Swords.*

They come, they come, they come! I hear 'em now.

Placid. A death like damp ſits cold upon my brow:
And miſty vapours ſwim before my ſight.

Nig. They come not in a ſhape to cauſe your fright.

Nakar *and* Damilcar, *deſcend in Clouds, and ſing.*

Nakar. *Hark my* Damilcar, *we are call'd below!*

Dam. *Let us go, let us go!*
Go to relieve the care
Of longing Lovers in Deſpair!

Nakar. *Merry, merry, merry, we ſail from the Eaſt,*
Half tipled at a Rain-bow Feaſt.

Dam. *In the Bright Moon-ſhine, while winds whiſtle loud,*
Tivy, tivy, tivy, we mount and we fly,
All racking along in a Downy white Cloud:
And leſt our leap from the Skie ſhould prove too far,
We ſlide on the back of a new falling Star.

Nakar. *And drop from above,*
In a Gelly of Love!

Dam. *But now the Sun's down, and the Elements red,*
The Spirits of Fire againſt us make head!

Nakar. *They muſter, they maſter, like Gnats in the Air:*
Alas! I muſt leave thee my Fair:
And to my light Horſe-men repair.

Dam. *O ſtay for you need not to fear 'em to night;*
The wind is for us, and blows full in their ſight:
And o'r the wide Ocean we fight:
Like leaves in the Autumn our foes will fall down;
And hiſs in the Water———

Both. *And hiſs in the Water, and drown!*

Nakar. *But their Men lie ſecurely intrench'd in a Cloud:*
And a Trumpeter-Hornet to Battle ſounds loud,

Dam. *Now Mortals that ſpie,*
How we tilt in the Skie
With wonder will gaze;
And fear ſuch events as will ne'er come to paſs!

Nakar. *Stay you to perform what the man will have done.*

Dam. *Then call me again when the Battle is won.*

Both. *So ready and quick is a Spirit of Air*
To pity the Lover, and ſuccour the fair,
That, ſilent and ſwift, that little ſoft God,
Is here with a wiſh, and is gone with a nod.

The

The Clouds part, Nakar *flies up, and* Damilicar *down.*

Nig. I charge thee, Spirit, ſtay; and by the pow'r — *To* Damil.
Of *Nakar*'s Love, and of this Holy wand,
On the North quarter of my Circle ſtand.
(Sev'n foot around for my defence I take!)
To all my queſtions faithful anſwers make;
So may'ſt thou live thy thouſand years in peace,
And ſee thy Aery Progeny encreaſe:
So may'ſt thou ſtill continue young and fair,
Fed by the blaſt of pure Ætherial Air.
And, thy full term expir'd, without all pain,
Diſſolve into thy Aſtral Source again.

Dam. Name not my hated Rival *Gemory*,
And I'll ſpeak true whate'er thy queſtions be.

Nig. Thy Rivals hated name I will refrain:
Speak, ſhall the Emperour his Love obtain?

Dam. Few hours ſhall paſs before your Emperour ſhall be
Poſſeſs'd of that he loves, or from that love be free.

Placid. Shall I enjoy that Beauty I adore?

Dam. She Suppliant like, e'r long, thy Succour ſhall implore:
And thou with her thou lov'ſt in happineſs may'ſt live:
If ſhe not dies before, who all thy joys can give.

Nig. Say, what does the Ægyptian Princeſs now?

Dam. A gentle ſlumber ſits upon her brow.

Nig. Go, ſtand before her in a Golden dream:
Set all the pleaſures of the World to ſhow,
And in vain joys let her looſe Spirit flow.

Dam. Twice fifty Tents remove her from your ſight,
But I'll cut through them all with rays of light:
And covering other objects to your eyes,
Show where intranc'd in ſilent ſleep ſhe lies.

Damilcar *ſtamps, and the Bed ariſes with* St. Catharine *in it.*

Dam. ſinging. *You pleaſing Dreams of Love and ſweet delight,*
Appear before this ſlumbring Virgins ſight:
Soft Viſions ſet her free
From mournful Piety.
Let her ſad thoughts from Heav'n retire;
And let the melancholly Love
Of thoſe remoter joys above
Give place to your more ſprightly fire.
Let purling Streams be in her fancy ſeen;
And flow'ry Meads, and Vales of cheerful Green:
And in the midſt of deathleſs Groves
Soft ſighing wiſhes ly,
And ſmiling hopes faſt by,

And

And just beyond 'em ever-laughing loves.
A Scene of a Paradise *is discovered.*

Placid. Some pleasing objects do her mind employ;
For on her face I read a wandring joy.

SONG.

Dam. *Ah how sweet it is to love,*
Ah how gay is young desire!
And what pleasing pains we prove
When we first approach Loves fire!
Pains of Love be sweeter far
Than all other pleasures are.

Sighs which are from Lovers blown,
Do but gently heave the Heart:
Ev'n the Tears they shed alone
Cure, like trickling Balm their smart.
Lovers when they lose their breath,
Bleed away in easy Death

Love and Time with Reverence use,
Treat 'em like like a parting Friend:
Nor the Golden gifts refuse
Which in youth sincere they send:
For each year their price is more,
And they less simple than before.

Love. like Spring-Tides full and high,
Swells in every youthful vein:
But each Tide does less supply,
Till they quite shrink in again:
If a flow in age appear,
'Tis but rain, and runs not clear.

At the end of the Song, a Dance of Spirits. After which Amariel, *the Guardian-Angel of* St. Catharine, *descends to soft Musick, with a flaming Sword. The Spirits crawl off the Stage amazedly, and* Damilcar *runs to a corner of it.*

Amar. From the bright Empire of Eternal Day,
Where waiting minds for Heav'ns Commission stay,
Amariel flies: (a darted Mandate came
From that great Will which moves this mighty frame,

Bid

Bid me to thee, my Royal Charge, repair,
To guard thee from the Dæmons of the Air;
My flaming Sword, above 'em to diſplay,
(All keen and ground upon the edge of day;)
The flat to ſweep the Viſions from thy mind,
The edge to cut 'em through that ſtay behind.)
Vain Spirits, you that ſhunning Heav'ns high noon,
Swarm here beneath the concave of the Moon,
What folly, or what rage your duty blinds,
To violate the ſleep of Holy minds?
Hence to the task aſſign'd you here below:
Upon the Ocean make loud tempeſts blow:
Into the Wombs of hollow Clouds repair,
And cruſh out Thunder from the bladder'd Air.
From pointed Sun-beams take the miſts they drew,
And ſcatter them again in pearly dew:
And of the bigger drops they drain below,
Some mould in Hail, and others ſtamp in Snow.
Dam. Mercy, bright Spirit, I already feel:
The piercing edge of thy immortal Steel:
Thou Prince of Day, from Elements Art free;
And I all body when compar'd to thee.
Thou tread'ſt the Abyſs of light!
And where it ſtreams with open eyes canſt go:
We wander in the fields of Air below:
Changlings and Fools of Heav'n: and thence ſhut out,
Wildly we roam in diſcontent about:
Groſs-heavy-fed, next man in ignorance and ſin,
And ſpotted all without, and dusky all within.
Without thy Sword I periſh by thy ſight.
I reel, I ſtagger, and am drunk with light.
Ama. If e'er again thou on this place art found;
Full fifty years I'll chain thee under ground;
The damps of earth ſhall be thy daily food;
All ſwoln and bloated like a dungeon toad:
And when thou ſhalt be freed, yet thou ſhalt ly
Gaſping upon the Ground, too faint to fly;
And lag below thy fellows in the ſky.
Dam. O pardon, pardon, this accurſed deed,
And I no more on Magick fumes will feed;
Which drew me hither by their pow'rful ſtreams.
Ama. to S. Cath.] Go expiate thy Guilt in holy dreams [*Ex. Dam.*
But thou ſweet Saint, henceforth diſturb'd no more
With dreams not thine, thy thoughts to Heav'n reſtore.
The Angel aſcends, and the Scene ſhuts.

Night

Nig. Some holy being does in vade this place,
And from their duty does my Spirits chase:
I dare no longer near it make abode:
No Charms prevail against the Christian's God.

Placid. How doubtfully these Spectres Fate foretel!
In double sense, twi-light truth they dwell:
Like fawning Courtiers, for success they wait,
And then come smiling and declare for fate.

Enter Maximin *and* Porphyrius, *attended by* Valerius *and Guards.*

But see, the Tyrant and my Rival come:
I, like the Fiends, will flatter in his Doom:
None but a Fool distastful truth, will tell,
So be it new, and please, 'tis full as well.

Placid. *whispers with the Emperour who seems pleased.*

Max. You charm me with your News, which I'll reward:
By hopes we are for coming joys prepar'd:
Possess her love, or from that love be free——
Heav'n speaks me fair: if she as kind can prove,
I shall possess, but never quit my Love.
Go, tell me when she wakes—— [*Exit* Placidius.

Porphyrius *seems to beg something of him.*

——*Porphyrius*, no;
She has refus'd, and I will keep my vow.

Por. For your own sake, your cruel vow defer;
The time's unsafe, your Enemies are near.
And to displease your Men when they should fight——

Max. My looks alone my Enemies will fright;
And o'r my men I'll set my careful Spies,
To watch Rebellion in their very Eyes.
No more, I cannot bear the least reply.

Por. Yet, Tyrant, thou shalt perish e'er she dye. [*Aside.*

Enter Valeria.

Valeria here! how Fortune treats me still
With various harms, magnificently ill!

Max. Valeria, I was sending to your Tent, [*To* Valeria.
But my Commands your presence does prevent.
This is the Hour wherein the Priest shall joyn
Your holy Loves, and make *Porphyrius* mine.

[*Val. aside.*] Now hold, my heart, and *Venus* I implore,
Be judge, if she he loves deserves no more.

[*Por. aside.*] Past hope! and all in vain I would preserve
My Life, not for my self, but her I serve.

Val. I come, Great Sir, your Justice to demand. [*To the Emp.*

Max. You cannot doubt it from a Father's hand.

Por.

Por. Sir, I confeſs before her Suit be known;
And, by my ſelf condemn'd, my crime I own.
I have refus'd———
Val. ——Peace, Peace, while I confeſs
I have refus'd thee for unworthineſs.
Por. I am amaz'd
Max. ——What Riddles do you uſe?
Dare either of you my Commands refuſe?
Val. Yes, I dare own howe'er 'twas wiſely done
T'adopt ſo mean a Perſon for your Son;
So low you ſhould not for your Daughter chuſe:
And therefore, Sir, this marriage I refuſe.
Max. You lik'd the Choice when firſt I thought it fit.
Val. I had not then enough conſider'd it.
Max. And you have now conſider'd it too much:
Secrets of Empire are not ſafe to touch.
Por. Let not your mighty anger riſe too high:
'Tis not *Valeria* merits it, but I.
My own unworthineſs ſo well I knew,
That from her Love I conſciouſly withdrew.
Val. Thus rather than endure the little ſhame
To be refus'd, you blaſt a Virgin's name.
You to refuſe, and I to be deny'd!
Learn more diſcretion, or be taught leſs pride.
Por. O Heav'n, in what a Lab'rinth am I led!
I could get out, but ſhe detains the Thread!
Now I muſt wander on till I can ſee,
Whether her pity or revenge it be! [*Aſide.*
Max. With what Child's anger do you think you play?
I'll puniſh both, if either diſobey.
Val. Since all the fault was mine, I am content
Porphyrius ſhould not ſhare the puniſhment.
Por. Blind that I was till now, that could not ſee,
'Twas all th' effects of generoſity.
She loves me, e'en to ſuffer for my ſake;
And on her ſelf would my refuſal take. [*Aſide.*
Max. Children to ſerve their Parents int'reſt live. *To Val.*
Take heed what doom againſt your ſelf you give.
Por. Since ſhe muſt ſuffer, if I do not ſpeak,
'Tis time the Laws of Decency to break.
She told me, Sir, that ſhe your choice approv'd,
And (though I bluſh to own it) ſaid ſhe lov'd,
Lov'd me deſertleſs, who with ſhame, confeſt
Another Flame had ſeiz'd upon my Breſt.

Which when, too late, the generous Princess knew,
And fear'd your Justice would my Crime pursue,
Upon her self she makes the Tempests fall,
And her refusal her contempt would call.
Val. He raves, Sir, and to cover my disdain,
Unhandsomly would his denial feign.
And all means failing him, at last would try
T'usurp the credit of a scorn, and die.
But——let him live——his punishment shall be
The grief his pride will bring for losing me.
Max. You both obnoxious to my Justice are;
And, Daughter, you have not deserv'd my care.
'Tis my command you strictly guarded be,
Till your fantastick Quarrel you agree.
Por. Sir——
Max. I'll not hear you speak, her crime is plain,
She owns her pride which you perhaps may feign:
She shall be Prisoner till she bend her mind
To that which is for both of you design'd.
Val. You'll find it hard my free-born Will to bound.
Max. I'll find that pow'r o'r Wills which Heav'n n'er found.
Free Will's a Cheat in any one but me;
In all but Kings 'tis willing Slavery.
An unseen Fate which forces the desire,
The Will of Puppets dane'd upon a Wire.
A Monarch is
The Spirit of the World in every mind;
He may match Wolves to Lambs, and make it kind.
Mine is the business of your little Fates;
And though you War, like petty wrangling States,
You're in my hand; when I bid you cease,
You shall be crush'd together into peace.
Val. aside. Thus by the World my courage will be priz'd;
Seeming to scorn, who am, alas, despis'd:
Dying for Love's, fulfilling Honour's Laws;
A secret Martyr while I own no cause. [*Exit* Valeria.
Max. Porphyrius, stay; there's something I would hear:
You said you lov'd, and you must tell me where.
Por. All Heav'n is to my sole destruction bent. [*Aside.*
Max. You would, it seems have leisure to invent.
Por. Her name in pity, Sir, I must forbear,
Lest my offences you revenge on her.
Max. My promise for her Life I do engage.
Por. Will that, Sir, be remembred in your rage?
Max. Speak, or your silence more my rage will move;
'T will argue, that you rival me in Love.

Por.

Por. Can you believe that my ambitious Flame
Should mount so high as *Berenice*'s name?
Max. Your guilt dares not approach what it would hide;
But draws me off, and (Lapwing-like) flies wide.
'Tis not my Wife, but Mistress you adore:
Though that affronts yet this offends me more.
Who courts my Wife ——
Does to my Honour more injurious prove;
But he who courts my mistress, wrongs my Love.
Por. Th' Ægyptian Princes n'er could move my heart.
Max. You could not perish by a nobler dart.
Por. Sir, I presume not beauties to compare:
But in my eye my Princess is as fair.
Max. Your Princess! then it seems, though you deny
Her name you love, you own her Quality.
Por. Though not by birth or Title so; yet she
Who rules my heart, a Princess is to me.
Max. No, no ——
'Tis plain that word you unawares did use,
And told a truth which now you would excuse.
Besides my Wife and Mistress, here are none
Who can the Title of a Princess own.
Por. There is one more ——
Your Daughter, Sir: let that your doubt remove.
Max. But she is not that Princess whom you love.
Por. I nam'd not love, though it might doubtful seem;
She's fair; and is that Princess I esteem.
Max. Go, and to passion your esteem Improve,
While I command her to receive your Love. [*Exit* Por.

Enter S. Catherine.

S. Cath. I come not now as Captive to your powr,
To beg; but as high Heav'ns Ambassadour,
The Laws of my Religion to fulfil;
Heav'n sends me to return you Good for Ill.
Your Empress to your Love I would restore;
And to your mind the Peace it had before.
Max. While in anothers name you Peace declare,
Princess, you in your own proclaim a War.
Your too great pow'r does your design oppose;
You make those Breaches which you strive to close,
S. Cath. That little Beauty which too much you prize,
Seeks not to move your Heart, or draw your Eyes:
Your love to *Berenice* is vile alone;
Love, like that pow'r which I adore, is one.

When fixt to one, it ſafe at Anchor rides,
And dares the fury of the Winds and Tides:
But loſing once that hold, to the wide ocean born,
It drives away at will, to every Wave a ſcorn.

Max. If to new perſons I my Love apply,
The Stars and Nature are in fault, not I;
My Loves are like my old Prætorian Bands,
Whoſe Arbitrary Pow'r their Prince Commands;
I can no more make Paſſion come or go,
Than you can bid your *Nilus* ebb or flow.
'Tis lawleſs, and will love, and where it liſt:
And that's no ſin which no man can reſiſt:
Thoſe who impute it to me as a Crime,
Would make a God of me before my time.

S. Cath. A God, indeed, after the Roman Style,
An Eagle mounting from a kindled Pile:
But you may make your ſelf a God below:
For Kings who rule their own deſires are ſo.
You roam about, and never are at reſt;
By new deſires, that is, new Torments, ſtill poſſeſt.
Qualmiſh and loathing all you had before:
Yet with a ſickly appetite to more.
As in a Fev'riſh dream you ſtill drink on;
And wonder why your thirſt is never gone.
Love, like a Ghoſtly Viſion, haunts your mind;
'Tis ſtill before you what you left behind.

Max. How can I help thoſe faults which Nature made?
My Appetite is ſickly and decay'd,
And you forbid me change (the ſick Mans eaſe)
Who cannot Cure, muſt humour his Diſeaſe.

S. Cath. Your mind ſhould firſt the remedy begin;
You ſeek without, the Cure that is within.
The vain Experiments you make each day,
To find content, ſtill finding it decay,
Without attempting more ſhould let you ſee
That you have ſought it where it n'er could be.
But when you place your Joyes on things above,
You fix the wandring Planet of your Love:
Thence you may ſee
Poor humane kind all daz'd in open day,
Err after Bliſs, and blindly miſs their way:
The greateſt happineſs a Prince can know,
Is to love Heav'n above, do good below.

To them Berenice *and Attendants.*

Ber. That happineſs may *Berenice* find,
Leaving theſe empty joyes of Earth behind:

And

And this frail being, where ſo ſhort a while
Th' unfortunate lament, and proſp'rous ſmile.
Yet a few days, and thoſe which now appear
In youth and Beauty like the blooming Year,
In life's ſweet Scene ſhall change; and cares ſhall come,
In heavy Age, and Death's relentleſs doom.
S. Cath. Yet Man, by pleaſures ſeeks that Fate which he would (ſhun;
And, ſuck'd in by the ſtream, does to the Whirl-pool run.
Max. How, Madam, are you to new ways inclin'd? [*To* Ber.
I fear the Chriſtian Sect perverts your mind.
Ber. Yes, Tyrant, know that I their Faith embrace,
And own it in the midſt of my diſgrace.
That Faith, which abject as it ſeems to thee,
Is Nobler than thy Purple Pageantry;
A Faith, which ſtill with Nature is at ſtrife;
And looks beyond it to a future life.
A Faith which vicious Souls abhor and fear,
Becauſe it ſhews Eternity too near.
And therefore every one———
With ſeeming ſcorn of it the reſt deceives:
All joyning not to own what each believes.
S. Cath. O happy Queen! whom Pow'r leads not aſtray,
Nor Youth's more powerful baniſhments betray.
Ber. Your arguments my reaſon firſt inclin'd,
And then your bright Example fix'd my mind.
Max. With what a holy Empreſs am I bleſt,
What ſcorn of Earth dwels in her heav'nly breſt!
My Crown's too mean; but he whom you adore,
Has one more bright, of Martyrdom in ſtore.
She dies, and I am from the Envy freed: [*Aſide.*
She has, I thank her, her own Death decreed.
No Souldier, now, will in her reſcue ſtir;
Her death is but in complaiſance to her.
I'll haſt to gratify her holy Will;
Heav'n grant her Zeal may but continue ſtill.
To Val. Tribune, a Guard to ſeize the Empreſs ſtrait,
Secure her perſon Priſoner to the State. [*Ex.* Maxim.
Val. going to her. Madam, believe 'tis with regret I come
To execute my angry Prince's doom.
Enter Porphyrius.
Por. What is it I behold! Tribune from whence
Proceeds this more than barbarous inſolence?
Val. Sir, I perform the Emperours Commands.
Por. Villain, hold off thy Sacrilegious hands,

Or

r by the Gods —— retire without reply.
And, if he asks who bid thee, say 'twas I.

[*Valetius retires to a distance.*

Ber. Too generously your safety you expose
To save one moment her whom you must lose.
Por. 'Twixt you and death ten thousand lives there stand;
Have Courage, Madam, the *Prætorian* Band
Will all oppose your Tyrants Cruelty.
S. Cath. And I have Heav'n implor'd she may not die.
As some to witness truth, Heav'ns call obey;
So some on earth must, to confirm it, stay.
Por. What Faith, what Witness is it that you name?
Ber. Knowing what she believes, my Faiths the same.
Por. How am I cross'd what way soe'er I go!
To the unlucky every thing is so
Now, Fortune, thou hast shewn thy utmost spight:
The Souldiers will not for a Christian fight.
And, Madam, all that I can promise now,
Is but to die before death reaches you.
Ber. Now Death draws near, a strange perplexity
Creeps coldly on me, like a fear to die.
Courage, uncertain dangers may abate;
But who can bear th'approach of certain Fate?
S. Cath. The wisest and the best some fear may shew;
And wish to stay, though they resolve to go.
Ber. As some faint Pilgrim standing on the shore,
First views the Torrent he would venture o'er;
And then his Inn upon the farther ground:
Loth to wade through, and lother to go round:
Then dipping in his Staff do's trial make,
How deep it is; and, sighing, pulls it back,
Sometimes resolv'd to fetch his leap; and then
Runs to the bank, but there stops short agen;
So I at once——
Both Heav'nly Fath, and human Fear obey;
And feel before me in an unknown way.
For this blest Voyage I will with Joy prepare;
Yet am asham'd to be a stranger there.
S. Cath. You are not yet enough prepar'd to die:
Earth hangs too heavy for your Soul to flie.
Por. One way (and Heav'n, I hope, inspires my mind)
I for your safety in this straight can find:
But this fair Queen must farther my intent.
S. Cath. Name any way your reason can invent.
Por. to Ber. Though your Religion (which I cannot blame,
Because my secret Soul avows the same) Has

Has made your life a forfeit to the Laws,
The Tyrant new-born passion is the cause.
Were this bright Princess once remov'd away,
Wanting the Food, the flame would soon decay.
And I'll prepare a faithful Guard this night
T' attend her person, and secure her flight.
Ber. to S. Cath. By this way I shall both from death be free'd,
And you unforc'd to any wicked deed.
S. Cath. Madam, my thoughts are with themselves at strife;
And Heav'n can witness how I prize your life:
But 'tis a doubtful Conflict I must try
Betwixt my Pity and my Piety.
Staying, your precious Life I must expose:
Going, my Crown of Martyrdom I lose.
Por. Your equal choice when Heav'n does thus divide,
You should, like Heav'n, still lean on Mercy's side.
S. Cath. The Will of Heaven, judg'd by a private Breast,
Is often what's our private interest.
And therefore those who would that will obey,
Without their int'rest must their Duty weigh.
As for my self, I do not life Despise;
But as the greatest gift of nature prize.
My Sex is weak, my fears of Death are strong;
And whate'er is, its being would prolong.
Were there no sting in Death, for me to die
Would not be Conquest, but Stupidity.
But if vain Honour can confirm the Soul,
And sense of shame the fear of Death controul,
How much more then should Faith uphold the mind,
Which, shewing Death, shews future Life behind?
Ber. Of Death's contemp Heroick Proofs you give:
But, Madam, let my weaker Virtue live.
Your faith may bid you your own life resign:
But not when yours must be involv'd with mine.
Since, then, you do not think me fit to die,
Ah, how can you that Life I beg, deny!
S. Cath. Heav'n does in this my greatest trial make;
When I for it, the care of you forsake.
But I am plac'd as on a Theatre,
Where all my Acts to all Mankind appear,
To imitate my constancy or fear.
Then, Madam, judge what course I should pursue,
When I must either Heav'n forsake, or you.
Por. Were saving *Berenice*'s Life a sin,
Heav'n had shut up your flight from *Maximin*.

S. Cath. Thus with ſhort Plummets Heav'ns deep Will we ſound
That Vaſt Abyſs where humane wit is drown'd!
In our ſmall Skiff we muſt not launch too far;
We here but Coaſters, not diſcoverers are.
Faith's neceſſary Rules are plain and few;
We many, and thoſe needleſs Rules purſues
Faith from our hearts into our heads we drive;
And make Religion all Contemplative.
You, on Heav'ns Will may witty Gloſſes feign;
But that which I muſt practiſe here, is plain:
If the All-great Decree her Life to ſpare,
He will, the means, without my Crime prepare. [*Exit S. Cath.*

Por. Yet there is one way left: it is decreed
To ſave your Life, that *Maximin* ſhall bleed.
'Mid'ſt all his Guards I will his Death purſue,
Or fall a Sacrifice to Love and you.

Ber. So great a fear of Death I have not ſhown,
That I would ſhed his blood to ſave my own.
My fear is but from human frailty brought,
And never mingled with a wicked thought.

Por. 'Tis not a Crime, ſince one of you muſt die;
Or is excus'd by the neceſſity.

Ber. I cannot to a Husbands Death conſent;
But, by revealing, will your crime prevent:
The horrour of this deed———
Againſt the fear of Death has arm'd my mind;
And now leſs guilt in him than you I find:
If I a Tyrant did deteſt before,
I hate a Rebel and a Traytor more:
Ungrateful man———
Remember whoſe Succeſſor thou art made,
And then thy Benefactors Life invade.
Guards to your Charge, I give your Priſ'ner back:
And will from none but Heav'n my ſafety take.

Exit with Valerius *and Guards.*

Por. ſolus.] 'Tis true, what ſhe has often urg'd before;
He's both my Father and my Emperour!
O Honour, how can'ſt thou invent a way
To ſave my Queen, and not my truſt betray?
Unhappy I, that e'er he truſted me!
As well his Guardian-Angel may his murd'rer be.
And yet—— let Honour, Faith, and Virtue flie,
But let not Love in *Berenice* die.
She lives!———
That's put beyond diſpute as firm as Fate:
Honour and Faith let Argument debate.

Enter

Enter Maximin *and* Valerius *talking, and Guards.*

Max. 'Tis said, but I am loth to think it true, [*To* Porph.
That my late Orders were contemn'd by you:
That *Berenice* from her Guards you freed.

Por. I did it and I glory in the deed.

Max. How, glory my Commands to disobey?

Por. When those Commands would your Renown betray.

Max. Who should be judge of that Renown you name
But I?

Por. ——— Yes I, and all who love your Fame,

Max. Porphyrius, your replies are insolent.

Por. Sir, they are just, and for your service meant.
If, for Religion, you our lives will take;
You do not the Offenders find, but make.
All Faiths are to their own Believers just;
For none Believe, because they will, but must.
Faith is a force from which there's no defence;
Because the Reason it does first convince,
And Reason Conscience into Fetters brings;
And Conscience is without the pow'r of Kings.

Max. Then Conscience is a greater Prince than I:
At whose each erring call a King may die.
Who Conscience leaves to its own free Command,
Puts the worst Weapon in the Rebel's hand.

Por. Its Empire, therefore, Sir, should bounded be;
And but in Acts of its Religion free:
Those who ask Civil Pow'r and Conscience too,
Their Monarch to his own Destruction woo.
With needful Arms let him rescue his Peace;———
Then, that wild Beast he safely may release.

Max. I can forgive these liberties you take,
While but my Counsellour your self you make:
But you first act your sense and then advise:
That is, at my expence you will be wise.
My Wife, I for Religion do not kill;
But she shall die——— because it is my Will.

Por. Sir, I acknowledge I too much have done;
And therefore merit not to be your Son:
I render back the Honours which you gave;
My Liberty's the only gift I crave.

Max. You take too much: ——but e'er you lay it down.
Consider what you part with in a Crown:
Monarchs of Cares in Policy complain,
Because they would be pity'd while they Reign;

For ſtill the greater troubles they confeſs,
They know their pleaſures will be envy'd leſs.
Por. Thoſe joys I neither envy nor admire;
But beg I from the troubles may retire.
Max. What Soul is this which Empire cannot ſtir!
Supine and tame as a Philoſopher!
Know then, that thou were adopted to a Throne,
Not for thy ſake ſo much as for my own.
My thoughts were once about thy Death at ſtrife;
And thy Succeſſion's thy Reprieve for Life.
Por. My Life ahd Death are ſtill within thy pow'r:
But your Succeſſion I renounce this hour.
Upon a Bloody Throne I will not ſit;
Nor ſhare the guilt of Crimes which you commit.
Max. If you are not my *Cæſar*, you muſt die.
Por. I take it as a nobler Deſtiny.
Max. I pity thee and would thy faults forgive:
But thus preſuming on, thou canſt not live.
Por. Sir, with your Throne your pity I reſtore;
I am your Foe; nor will I uſe it more.
Now all my Debts of Gratitude are paid,
I cannot truſted be, nor you betray'd. [*Is going.*
Max. Stay, ſtay! in threatning me to be my Foe,
You give me warning to conclude you ſo.
Thou to ſucceed a Monarch in his Seat!
Enter Placidius.
No, Fool, thou art too honeſt to be Great!
Placidius, on your Life this Priſ'ner keep:
Our enmity ſhall end before I ſleep.
Placid. I ſtill am ready, Sir, whene'r you pleaſe. [*To* Porph.
To do you ſuch ſmall ſervices as theſe.
Max. The ſight with which my eyes ſhall firſt be fed,
Muſt be my Empreſs, and this Traytor's Head.
Por. Where e'r thou ſtand'ſt, I'll level at that place
My guſhing Blood, and ſpout it at thy face.
Thus, not by Marriage, we our Blood will joyn:
Nay, more, my Arms ſhall throw my Head at thine.
Max. There: go Adoption:——I have now decreed,
That *Maximin* ſhall *Maximin* ſucceed:
Old as I am in pleaſures I will try
To waſt an Empire yet before I die:
Since Life is fugitive, and will not ſtay,
I'll make it fly more pleaſantly away, [*Exit.*

ACT.

ACT V. SCENE I.

Valeria, Placidius.

Val. IF, as you ſay, you ſilently have been
So long my Lover, let my pow'r be ſeen:
One hours diſcourſe before *Porphyrius* die,
Is all I ask, and you too may be by.
Placid. I muſt not break
The Order, which the Emperour did ſign.
Val. Has then his hand more pow'r with you than mine?
Placid. This hand if given, would far more pow'rful be,
Than all the Monarchs of the World to me:
But 'tis a Bait which would my heart betray;
And, when I'm faſt, will ſoon be ſnatch'd away.
Val. O ſay not ſo, for I ſhall ever be
Oblig'd to him who once obliges me.
Placid. Madam, I'll wink, and favour your deceit:
But know, fair Coz'ner, that I know the Cheat:
Though to theſe eyes I nothing can refuſe,
I'll not the merit of my ruine loſe:
It is enough I ſee the hook, and bite:
But firſt I'll pay my Death with my delight. [*Kiſſes her hand, and Exit.*
Val. What can I hope from this ſad interview!
And yet my brave deſign I will purſue.
By many ſigns I have my Rival found:
But fortune him as deep as me does wound.
For, if he loves the Empreſs, his ſad Fate
More moves my pity, than his ſcorn my hate.
To her Placidius *with* Porphyrius,
Placid. I am, perhaps, the firſt
Who forc'd by Fate, and in his own deſpite,
Brought a lov'd Rival to his Miſtriſs ſight.
Val. But, in revenge, let this your comfort be,
That you have brought a man who loves not me.
However, lay your cauſeleſs envy by;
He is a Rival who muſt quickly die.
Por. And yet I could with leſs concernment bear
That death of which you ſpeak, than ſee you here.
So much of guilt in my refuſal lies,
That Debtor-like, I dare not meet your eyes.

Val. I do not blame you if you love elſe-where:
And, would to Heav'n, I could your ſuffrings bear;
Or once again could ſome new way invent
To take upon my ſelf your puniſhment;
I ſent for you, to let you know that ſtill
(Though now I want the pow'r) I have the will.
Placid. Can all this Ocean of your kindneſs be
Pour'd upon him, and not one drop on me?
Val. 'Tis pour'd; but falls from this ungrateful man,
Like drops of water from a riſing Swan.
Upon his Breaſt no ſign of wet remains;
He bears his Love more proudly than his Chains.
Por. This thankleſs man his death will ſoon remove,
And quickly end ſo undeſerv'd a Love.
Val. Unthankful as you are, I know not why,
But ſtill I love too well to ſee you die.
Placidius, can you love, and ſee my grief,
And for my ſake not offer ſome relief?
Placid. Not all the Gods his ruine ſhall prevent;
Your kindneſs does but urge his puniſhment.
Beſides, what can I for his ſafety do?
He has declar'd himſelf your Fathers Foe.
Val. Give out he is eſcap'd, and ſet him free:
And, if you pleaſe, lay all the fault on me.
Por. O do not on thoſe terms my freedom name:
Freed by your danger I ſhould die with ſhame.
Placid. I muſt not farther by your Prayers be won: [*To her.*
All I could do I have already done.
Val. To bring *Porphyrius* only to my ſight,
Was not to ſhow your pity, but your ſpight:
Would you but half oblige her you adore?
You ſhould not have done this, or ſhould do more.
Placid. Alas, what hope can there be left for me,
When I muſt ſink into the mine I ſee?
My heart will fall before you, if I ſtay;
Each word you ſpeak ſaps part of it away.——
——Yet all my Fortune on his Death is ſet:
And he may love her, though he loves not yet.
He muſt——and yet ſhe ſays he muſt not die.
O, if I could but wink, I could deny,
To them Albinus.
Alb. The Emperour expects your Priſ'ner ſtrait:
And, with impatience, for his death does wait.
Placid. Nay, then it is too late my love to weigh. [*Exit Alb.*
Your Pardon, Madam, if I muſt obey.

Por.

Por. I am prepar'd, he shall not long attend.
Val. Then here my Pray'rs, and my submissions end.
Placidius know, that hour in which he dies,
My death (so well I love) shall wait on his.
Placid. O, Madam, do not fright me with your Death!
Val. My Life depends alone upon his Breath.
But, if I live in him, you do not know
How far my gratitude to you may go.
I do not promise——but it so may prove,
That gratitude, in time, may turn to Love.
Try me——
Placid. —— Now I consider it, I will: [*Musing a little.*
'Tis in your pow'r to save him or to kill.
I'll run the hazard to preserve his Life,
If, after that, you vow to be my Wife.
Val. Nay, good *Placidius*, now you are too hard:
Would you do nothing but for meer reward?
Like Usurers to men in want you prove,
When you would take Extortion for my Love.
Placid. You have concluded then that he must die. [*Going with*
Val. O stay, if no price else his Life can buy, (*Porph.*
My Love a ransom for his Life I give: [*Holding her Handkerchief*
Let my *Porphyrius* for another live. *before her Face.*
Por. You too much value the small Merchandize:
My Life's o'er rated, when your Love's the price.

Enter Albinus.

Alb. I long have list'ned to your generous strife,
As much concern'd for brave *Porphyrius* Life.
For mine I to his favour ow'd this day;
Which with my future service I will pay.
Placid. Lest any your intended flight prevent,
I'll lead you first the back way to my Tent:
Thence, in disguise, you may the City gain,
While some excuse for your escape I feign.
Val. Farewel, I must not see you when you part: *Turning her*
For that last look would break my tender heart. (*Face away.*
Yet ——let it break—I must have one look more: [*Looking on him.*
Nay, now I'm less contented than before,
For that last look draws on another too;
Which sure I need not to remember you.
For ever——yet I must once glance repeat;
But quick and short as starving people eat.
So much humanity dwells in your breast,
Sometimes to think on her who loves you best.

[*Going, he takes her Hand and kisses it.*

Por.

Por. My wandring ſteps where ever Fortune bear,
Your memory I in my breaſt will wear.
Which, as a precious amulet I ſtill
Will carry, my defence and guard from ill.
Though to my former vows I muſt be true,
I'll ever keep one Love entire for you.
That Love which Brothers with chaſte Siſters make:
And by this Holy Kiſs which now I take
From your fair hand——
This common Sun which abſent, both ſhall ſee,
Shall ne'r behold a breach of Faith in me.

Val. Go, go, my Death will your ſhort vows reſtore:
You've ſaid enough, and I can hear no more.
[*Exit* Valeria *one way, and* Porph. *and* Alb. *another.*

Placid. Love and good Nature, how do you betray!
Miſleading thoſe who ſee and know their way!
I, whom deep Arts of State could ne'er beguile,
Have ſold my ſelf to ruine for a ſmile.
Nay, I am driven ſo low, that I muſt take
That ſmile, as Alms, giv'n for my Rival's ſake.

Enter Maximin *talking with* Valerius.

Max. And why was I not told of this before?

Val. Sir, ſhe this Evening landed on the ſhore.
For with her Daughter being Priſ'ner made,
She in another Veſſel was convey'd.

Max. Bring hither the Ægyptian Princeſs ſtrait. [*To* Placid.
And you, *Valerius* on her Mother wait. [*Exit* Valerius.

Placid. The Mother of th' Ægyptian Princeſs here!

Max. Porphyrius's Death I will a while defer;
And this new opportunity improve
To make my laſt effort upon her Love—— [*Exit* Placid.
Thoſe who have youth may long endure to court;
But he muſt quickly catch whoſe Race is ſhort.
I in my Autumn do my Siege begin;
And muſt make haſt ere Winter comes, to win.
This hour —— no longer ſhall my pains endure:
Her Love ſhall eaſe me, or her Death ſhall cure.

Enter at one Door Felicia *and* Valerius, *at the other* S. Catherine *and* Placidius.

S. Cath. O, my dear Mother!

Fel. —— With what joy I ſee
My deareſt Daughter from the Tempeſt free.

S. Cath. Dearer then all the joys vain Empire yields,
Or than to youthful Monarchs conquer'd Fields
Before you came——my Soul

All

All fill'd with Heav'n did Earthly Joys disdain,
But you pull back some part of me again.
Placid. You see, Sir, she can own a joy below.
Max. It much imports me that this truth I know.
Fel. How dreadful Death does on the Waves appear!
Where Seas we only see, and Tempests shear.
Such frightful Images did then pursue
My trembling Soul, that scarce I thought of you.
Placid. All circumstances to your wish combine:
Her fear of Death advances your design.
Fel. But to that only pow'r we serve I pray'd,
Till he, who bid it rise, the Tempest laid. [*To Felicia*
Max. You are a Christian then!
For Death this very hour you must prepare:
I have decreed no Christian's Life to spare.
Fel. For Death! I hope you but my Courage try:
What ever I believe, I dare not die,
Heav'n does not, sure, that Seal of Faith require;
Or, if he did, would firmer thoughts inspire.
A Womans Witness can no credit give
To Truths Divine, and therefore I would live.
Max. I cannot give the life which you demand:
But that and mine are in your Daughter's hand:
Ask her, if she will yet her Love deny;
And bid a Monarch and her Mother die.
Fel. Now, mighty Prince, you cancel all my Fear:
My Life is safe when it depends on her. [*To S. Cath.*
How can you let me languish thus in pain!
Make haste to cure those doubts which yet remain.
Speak quickly, speak, and ease me of my fear.
S. Cath. Alas, I doubt it is not you I hear.
Some wicked Fiend assumes your Voice and Face,
To make frail Nature Triumph over Grace.
It cannot be——
That she who taught my Childhood Piety,
Should bid my riper Age my Faith deny:
That she who bid my hopes this Crown pursue,
Should snatch it from me when 'tis just in view.
Fel. Peace, peace, too much my Age's shame you show:
How easie 'tis to teach! how hard to do!
My lab'ring thoughts are with themselves at strife:
I dare not die, nor bid you save my Life.
Max. You must do one and that without delay;
Too long already for your Death I stay;

I cannot with your ſmall concerns diſpence;
For Death's of more importance call me hence.
Prepare to execute your office ſtrait. [*To his Guards.*
Fel. O ſtay, and let 'em but one minute wait.
Such quick Commands for Death you would not give,
If you but knew how ſweet it were to live.
Max. Then bid her love.
Fel. ——Is duty grown ſo weak, [*To* S. Cath.
That Love's a harder word then Death to ſpeak?
S. Cath. Oh!
Fel. Miſtake me not, I never can approve [*Privately to* S. Cath.
A thing ſo wicked as the Tyrants Love.
I ask you would but ſome promiſe give,
Only to gain me ſo much time to live.
S. Cath. That promiſe is a ſtep to greater ſin:
The hold once loſt, we ſeldom take again.
Each bound to Heav'n we ſainter Eſſays make;
Still loſing ſomewhat till we quite go back.
Max. Away, I grant no longer a Reprieve
Fel. O do but beg my life, and I may live. [*To* S. Cath.
Have you not ſo much pity in your Breaſt?
He ſtays to have you make it your requeſt.
S. Cath. To beg your life——
Is not to ask a grace of *Maximin*:
It is a ſilent bargain for a Sin.
Could we live always, Life were worth our coſt;
But now we keep with care what muſt be loſt.
Here we ſtand ſhiv'ring on the Bank, and cry,
When we ſhould plunge into Eternity.
One moment ends our pain;
And yet the ſhock of Death we dare not ſtand,
By thought ſcarce meaſur'd, and too ſwift for hand:
'Tis but becauſe the living death n'er knew,
They fear to prove it as a thing that's new.
Let me th' Experiment before you try,
I'll ſhow you firſt how eaſie 'tis to die.
Max. Draw then that Curtain, and let Death appear,
And let both ſee how eaſie 'twill be there.

The Scene opens, and ſhews the Wheel.

Fel. Alas, what torment I already feel!
Max. Go, bind her Hand and Foot beneath that Wheel:
Four of you turn that dreadful Engine round;
Four others hold her faſt'ned to the ground:
That by degrees her tender Breaſts may feel,
Firſt the rough razings of the pointed ſteel:

Her

Her Paps then let the bearded Tenters ſtake,
And on each Hook a gory Gobbet take.
Till th'upper fleſh by piece-meal torn away,
Her beating Heart ſhall to the Sun diſplay.
Fel. My deareſt Daughter at your Feet I fall; [*Kneeling.*
Hear, O yet hear your wretched Mother's call.
Think, at your Birth, Ah think what pains I bore,
And can your Eyes behold me ſuffer more?
You were the Child which from your Infancy
I ſtill lov'd beſt, and then you beſt lov'd me.
About my Neck your little Arms you ſpred,
Nor could you ſleep without me in the Bed;
But ſought my Boſom when you went to reſt,
And all night long would lie acroſs my breſt.
Nor without cauſe did you that fondneſs ſhow:
You may remember when our *Nile* did flow;
While on the Bank you innocently ſtood,
And with a Wand made Circles in the Flood,
That roſe, and juſt was hurrying you to Death,
When I, from far, all pale, and out of breath,
Ran and ruſh'd in——
And from the Waves my floating pledge did bear;
So much my Love was ſtronger than my Fear.
But you———
Max. Woman, for theſe long Tales your Life's too ſhort;
Go, bind her quickly, and begin the ſport.
Fel. No, in her Arms my Sanctuary's plac'd: [*Running to her*
Thus I will cling for ever to her waſte. *Daughter.*
Max. What, muſt my Will by Women be controll'd?
Haſte, draw your Weapons, and cut off her hold.
S. Cath. Thus my laſt duty to you let me pay: [*Kiſſing her Mother.*
Yet, Tyrant, I to thee will never pray.
Though her's to ſave I my own Life would give,
Yet by my ſin, my Mother ſhall not live.
To thy foul Luſt I never can conſent;
Why doſt thou then defer my puniſhment?
I ſcorn thoſe Gods thou vainly doſt adore:
Contemn thy Empire, but thy Bed abhor.
If thou wouldſt yet a bloodier Tyrant be,
I will inſtruct thy rage, begin with me.
Max. I thank thee that thou doſt my anger move:
It is a Tempeſt that will wreck my Love.
I'll pull thee hence, cloſe hidden as thou art,
[*Claps his hand to his Breaſt.*
And ſtand with my drawn Sword before my Heart.

Yes, you ſhall be obey'd, though I am loth,
Go, and while I can bid you, bind 'em both.
Go, bind 'em ere my fit of Love return:
Fire ſhall quench Fire, and Anger Love ſhall burn:
Thus I prevent thoſe Follies I ſhould do;
And 'tis the nobler Fever of the two.

Fel. Torn piece by piece, alas, what horrid pains!

S. Cath. Heav'n is all Mercy, who that Death ordains.
And that which Heav'n thinks beſt is ſurely ſo:
But bare and naked, ſhame to undergo,
'Tis ſomewhat more than Death!
Expos'd to lawleſs Eyes I dare not be,
My modeſty is ſacred, Heav'n, to thee.
Let not my Body be the Tyrant's Spoil;
Nor hands, nor eyes thy purity defile.

Amariel *deſcends ſwiftly with a flaming Sword, and ſtrikes at the Wheel, which breaks in pieces; then he aſcends again.*

Max. Is this th' effect of all your boaſted skill?
Theſe brittle Toys to execute my Will;
A Puppet-ſhow of Death I only find,
Where I a ſtrong and ſinew pain deſign'd.
By what weak Infant was this Engine wrought?

Val. From *Bilbilis* the temper'd Steel was brought:
Metal more tough the Anvil ne'er did beat,
Nor from the Forge did hiſſing Waters heat.

Placid. I ſaw a Youth deſcend all Heav'nly fair,
Who in his hand a flaming Sword did bear,
And, Whirlwind-like, around him drove the Air.
At his rais'd Arm the rigid Iron ſhook,
And, bending backwards, fled before the ſtroke.

Max. What! Miracles, the tricks of Heav'n to me!
I'll try if ſhe be wholly Iron-free,
If not by Sword, then ſhe ſhall dye by Fire;
And, one by one, her Miracles I'll tire.
If proof againſt all kind of Deaths ſhe be,
My Love's immortal, and ſhe's fit for me.

S. Cath. No, Heav'n has ſhown its pow'r, and now thinks fit
Thee to thy former fury to remit.
Had Providence my longer life decreed,
Thou from thy paſſion hadſt not yet been freed.
But Heav'n, which ſuffer'd that, my Faith to prove,
Now to it ſelf does vindicate my Love.
A pow'r controlls thee which thou doſt not ſee;
And that's a Miracle it works in thee.

Max.

Max. The truth of this new Miracle we'll try;
To prove it, you muſt take the pains to dye.
Bring me their Heads———

Fel. That mercy, Tyrant, thou deny'ſt to me,
At thy laſt breath may Heav'n refuſe to thee.
My fears are going, and I Death can view:
I ſee, I ſee, him there thy ſteps purſue.
And with a lifted Arm, and ſilent Pace,
Stalk after thee, juſt aiming in his Chaſe.

S. Cath. No more, dear Mother, ill in Death it ſhows
Your Peace of Mind by rage to diſcompoſe:
No ſtreak of Blood (the Reliques of the Earth)
Shall ſtain my Soul in her Immortal Birth;
But ſhe ſhall mount all pure, a white, and Virgin mind;
And full of all that Peace which there ſhe goes to find.

Exeunt S. Catharine *and* Felicia, *with* Valerius *and Guards. The Scene ſhuts.*

Max. She's gone, and pull'd my heart-ſtrings as ſhe went.
Were penitence no ſhame, I cou'd repent.
Yet 'tis of bad Example ſhe ſhould live;
For I might get th'ill habit to forgive.
Thou ſoft Seducer of my heart, away———
Who lingring would about its Confines ſtay,
To watch when ſome Rebellion would begin?
And ready at each ſigh to enter in.
In vain; for thou
Doſt on the outſide of the Body play,
And, when drawn neareſt, ſhalt be whirl'd away.
What ails me, that I cannot loſe thy thought?
Command the Empreſs hither to be brought; [*To* Placi lius.
I in her Death ſhall ſome diverſion find,
And rid my thoughts at once of Woman kind.

Placid. *aſide.*] 'Tis well he thinks not of *Porphyrius* yet. [*Exit.*

Max. How hard it is this beauty to forget!
My ſtormy Rage has only ſhook my Will:
She crept down lower, but ſhe ſticks there ſtill.
Fool that I am to ſtruggle thus with Love!
Why ſhould I that which pleaſes me remove?
True, ſhe ſhould dye, were ſhe concern'd alone;
But I love, not for her ſake, but my own.
Our Gods are Gods 'cauſe they have pow'r and will
Who can do all things, can do nothing ill.
Ill is Rebellion 'gainſt ſome higher pow'r,
The World may ſin, but not its Emperour.

My Empreſs then ſhall die, my Princeſs live;
If this be ſin, I do my ſelf forgive.

[*To him* Valeria

Val. Your will's obey'd; for, mighty Emperor,
The Princeſs and her Mother are no more.
Max. She is not dead!
Val. —— Great Sir, your will was ſo.
Max. That was my will of half an hour ago.
But now 'tis alter'd; I have chang'd her Fate,
She ſhall not die.
Val. ——— Your pity comes too late.
Betwixt her Guards ſhe ſeem'd by Bride-men led,
Her cheeks with cheerful bluſhes were o'r-ſpread,
When, ſmiling, to the Ax ſhe bow'd her head.
Juſt at the ſtroke ——
Ætherial Muſick did her death prepare;
Like joyful ſounds of Spouſals in the air.
A radiant light did her crown'd Temples gild,
And all the place with fragrant ſcents was fill'd.
The Balmy miſt came thick'ning to the ground,
And Sacred ſilence cover'd all around,
But when (its work perform'd) the Cloud withdrew,
And day reſtor'd us to each others view,
I ſought her Head to bring it on my Spear;
In vain I ſought it, for it was not there.
No part remain'd; but from afar our ſight
Diſcover'd in the Air long tracts of light,
Of charming Notes we heard the laſt rebounds,
And Muſick dying in remoter ſounds.
Max. And doſt thou think
This lame account fit for a Love-ſick King?
Go— from the other World a better bring.

[*Kills him, then ſets his foot on him, and ſpeaks*

When in my breaſt two mighty paſſions ſtrove,
Thou had'ſt err'd better in obeying Love.
'Tis true, that way thy death had follow'd too,
But I had then been leſs diſpleas'd than now.
Now I muſt live unquiet for thy ſake;
And this poor recompence is all I take. [*Spurns the body*

Here the Scene opens, and diſcovers Berenice *on a Scaffold, the Guard by her, and amongſt them* Porphyrius *and* Albinus, *like Moors, all the Guards are.* Placidius *enters, and whiſpers the Emperour whilſt* Porphyrius *ſpeaks.*

Por. From *Berenice* I cannot go away;
But, like a Ghoſt, muſt near my Treaſure ſtay.

Alb.

Alb. Night and this ſhape ſecure us from their Eyes.
Por. Have courage then for our bold Enterpriſe.
Duty and Faith no tie on me can have,
Since I renounc'd thoſe Honours which he gave.
Max. The time is come we did ſo long attend, [*To* Ber.
Which muſt theſe diſcords of our Marriage end.
Yet, *Berenice*, remember you have been
An Empreſs, and the Wife of *Maximin.*
Ber. I well remember I have been your Wife;
And therefore, dying, beg from Heav'n your Life.
Be all the Diſcords of our Bed forgot,
Which, Virtue witneſs, I did never ſpot.
What errors I have made, though while I live
You cannot pardon, to the Dead forgive.
Max. How much ſhe is to Piety inclin'd!
Behead her while ſhe's in ſo good a mind.
Por. Stand firm, *Albinus*, now the time is come.
To free the Empreſs.
Alb. ——— And deliver *Rome.*
Por. Within I feel my hot Blood ſwell my heart,
And generous tremblings in each outward part,
'Tis done—— Tyrant, this is thy lateſt hour.
Porphyrius *and* Albinus *draw, and are making at the Emperor.*
Ber. Look to your ſelf, my Lord the Emperor:
Treaſon, help, help, my Lord!
Maximin *turns and defends himſelf, the Guards ſet on* Porphyrius *and* Albinus.
Max. Diſarm 'em, but their Lives I charge you ſpare.
[*After they are diſarm'd.*
Unmask 'em, and diſcover who they are.
Good Gods! Is it *Porphyrius* whom I ſee?
Placid. I wonder how he gain'd his Liberty.
Max. Traytor!
Por. —— Know, Tyrant, I can hear that Name
Rather than Son, and bear it with leſs ſhame.
Traytor's a Name, which, were my Arm yet free,
The Roman Senate would beſtow on thee.
To Ber. Ah, Madam, you have ruin'd my deſign,
And loſt your Life; for I regard not mine.
Too ill a Miſtriſs, and too good a Wife.
Ber. It was my Duty to preſerve his life.
Max. Now I perceive [*To* Porphyrius
In what cloſe Walk your mind ſo long did move:
You ſcorn'd my Throne, aſpiring to her Love.

Ber. In Death I'll own a Love to him so pure,
As will the Test of Heav'n it self endure.
A Love so chaste, as Conscience could not chide;
But cherish it, and kept it by its side.
A Love which never knew a hot desire,
But flam'd as harmless as a lambent Fire.
A Love which pure from Soul to Soul might pass
As Light transmitted through a Chrystal Glass.
Which gave *Porphyrius* all without a sin;
Yet kept entire the Right of *Maximin*.
Max. The best return that I to both can make,
Shall be to suffer for each others sake.
Por. Barbarian, do not dare her blood to shed,
Who from my vengeance sav'd thy cursed Head.
A flight no Honour ever reach'd before,
And which succeeding Ages will adore.
Ber. Porphyrius, I must die!
That common debt to Nature paid must be;
But I have left a Debt unpaid to thee.
To *Maximin*——
I have perform'd the Duty of a Wife,
But, saving his, I cast away thy Life.
Ah, what ill Stars upon our Loves did shine,
That I am more thy Murd'rer than he mine.
Max. Make haste.
Por. So hasty none in Execution are,
But they allow the dying time for Pray'r.
Farewel, sweet Saint, my Prayer shall be to you:
My love has been unhappy, but 'twas true.
Remember me! Alas, what have I said?
You must die too!
But yet remember me when you are dead.
Ber. If I die first, I will——
Stop short of Heav'n, and wait you in a Cloud;
For fear we lose each other in the crowd.
Por. Love is the only Coin in Heav'n will go,
Then take all with you, and leave none below.
Ber. 'Tis want of knowledge, not of Love, I fear,
Lest we mistake when Bodies are not there,
O as a mark that I could wear a Scroul,
With this Inscription, *Berenice*'s Soul.
Por. That needs not, sure, for none will be so bright,
So pure, or with so small allays of light.
Max. From my full Eyes fond Tears begin to start;
Dispatch, they practise Treason on my Heart.

Por.

Por. Adieu, this Farewel ſigh, I as my laſt bequeath,
Catch it, 'tis Love expiring in a breath.
Ber. This ſigh of mine ſhall meet it half the way,
As pledges given that each for other ſtay.

Enter Valeria *and* Cydon.

Val. What diſmal Scene of Death is here prepar'd!
Max. Now ſtrike.
Val. They ſhall not ſtrike till I am heard.
Max. From whence does this new impudence proceed,
That you dare alter that which I decreed?
Val. Ah, Sir, to what ſtrange courſes do you fly,
To make your ſelf abhorr'd for Cruelty!
The Empire groans under your bloody Reign,
And its vaſt Body bleeds in every Vein.
Gaſping and pale, and fearing more, it lies,
And now you ſtab it in the very Eyes;
Your *Cæſar* and the Part'ner of your Bed;
Ah who can wiſh to live when they are dead?
If ever gentle pity touch'd your Breaſt——
——I cannot ſpeak——my Tears ſhall ſpeak the reſt.

[*Weeping and ſobbing.*

Por. She adds new grief to what I felt before,
And Fate has now no room to put in more.
Max. Away, thou ſhame and ſlander of my blood. [*To* Val.
Who taught thee to be pitiful or good?
Val. What hope have I
The name of Virtue ſhould prevail with him,
Who thinks ev'n it, for which I plead, a Crime?
Yet Nature, ſure, ſome Argument may be;
If them you cannot pity, pity me.
Max. I will, and all the World ſhall judge it ſo;
I will th'exceſs of pity to you ſhow.
You ask to ſave
A dangerous Rebel, and diſloyal Wife,
And I in mercy——will not take your Life.
Val. You more than kill me by this Cruelty,
And in their perſons bid your Daughter dye.
I honour *Berenice*'s Virtue much;
But for *Porphyrius* my love is ſuch,
I cannot, will not live when he is gone.
Max. I'll do that Cure for you which on my ſelf is done.
You muſt, like me, your Lover's Life remove;
Cut off your hope, and you deſtroy your Love,
If it were hard, I would not bid you try
The Med'cine: but 'tis but to let him dye.

Yet ſince you are ſo ſoft, (which you call good)
And are not yet confirm'd enough in blood
To ſee his Death;
Your frailty ſhall be favour'd with this grace,
That they ſhall ſuffer in another place.
If after they are dead, their memory,
By any chance into your mind be brought,
Laugh, and divert it with ſome other thought.
Away with 'em.

[*Exeunt* Berenice, Porphyrius, Albinus, *carried off by Guards.*

Val. Since Pray'rs nor Tears can bend his cruel mind, [*Looking*
Farewel, the beſt and braveſt of Mankind; *after* Porph.
How I have lov'd Heav'n knows; but there's a Fate,
Which hinders me from being fortunate.
My Father's crimes hang heavy on my head,
And like a gloomy Cloud about me ſpread;
I would in vain be pious, that's a grace
Which Heav'n permits not to a Tyrant's Race

Max. Hence to her Tent the fooliſh Girl convey.

Val. Let me be juſt before I go away:
Placidius, I have vow'd to be your Wife;
Take then my hand, 'tis yours while I have Life.
One moment here, I muſt anothers be:
But this *Porphyrius* gives me back to thee.

[*Stabs her ſelf twice, and then* Placidius *wreſts the Dagger from her.*

Placid. Help, help the Princeſs, help!

Max. What rage has urg'd this act which thou haſt done?

Val. Thou, Tyrant, and thy Crimes have pull'd it on.
Thou who canſt Death with ſuch a pleaſure ſee,
Now take thy fill, and glut thy ſight in me.
But——I'll the occaſion of my Death forget;
Save him I love, and be my Father yet:
I can no more——*Porphyrius*, my dear——

Cyd. Alas, ſhe raves, and thinks *Porphyrius* here.

Val. Have I not yet deſerv'd thee now I die?
Is *Berenice* ſtill more fair than I?
Porphyrius, do not ſwim before my ſight;
Stand ſtill, and let me, let me aim aright.
Stand ſtill but while thy poor *Valeria* dies,
And ſighs her Soul into her Lovers Eyes. [*Dies.*

Placid. She's gone from Earth, and with her went away
All of the Tyrant that deſerv'd to ſtay:
I've loſt in her all joys that life can give;
And only to revenge her death would live—— [*Aſide.*

Cyd.

Cyd. The Gods have clam'd her, and we muſt reſign.
Max. What had the Gods to do with me or mine?
Did I moleſt your Heav'n?
Why ſhould you then make *Maximin* your Foe,
Who paid you tribute which he need not do?
Your Altars I with ſmoak of Gumms did crown:
For which you lean'd your hungry Noſtrils down:
All daily gaping for my incenſe there,
More than your Sun could draw you in a Year.
And you for this theſe Plagues on me have ſent;
But by the Gods (by *Maximin* I meant)
Henceforth I and my World
Hoſtility with you and yours declare:
Look to it, Gods, for you th' Aggreſſors are.
Keep you your Rain and Sun ſhine in your Skies,
And I'll keep back my Flame and Sacrifice.
Your Trade of Heav'n ſhall ſoon be at a ſtand,
And all your Goods lye dead upon your hand.
Placid. Thus, Tyrant, ſince the Gods th'Aggreſſors are, [*Stabbing him.*
Thus by this ſtroke they have begun the War.
Maximin *Struggels with him, and gets the dagger from him.*
Max. Thus I return the Strokes which they have giv'n; [*Stabbing Placid.*
Thus, Traytor, thus; and thus I would to Heav'n.
Placidius *falls, and the Emperour ſtaggers after him, and ſits down upon him; the Guards come to help the Emperour.*
Max. Stand off, and let me, ere my ſtrength be gone,
Take my laſt pleaſure of revenge, alone.
Enter a Centurion
Cen. Arm, Arm, the Camp is in a mutiny:
For Room and Liberty the Souldiers cry.
Porphyrius mov'd their pity as he went,
To reſcue *Berenice* from puniſhment.
And now he heads their new attempted crime.
Max. Now I am down, the Gods have watch'd their time.
You think——
To ſave your Credit, feeble Deities;
But I will give my ſelf the Strength to riſe.
He ſtrives to get up, and being up, ſtaggers.
It wonnot be——
My Body has not pow'r my mind to bear.
I muſt return again— and conquer here. [*Sits down upon the Body.*
My coward Body does my Will controul;
Farwel thou baſe deſerter of my Soul.

I Fa

I'll shake this Carcass off, and be obey'd,
Reign an Imperial Ghost without its aid.
Go, Souldiers, take my Ensigns with you, fight,
And vanquish Rebels in your Sovereign's Right:
Before I die———
Bring me *Porphyrius* and my Empress dead:
I would brave Heav'n, in my each hand a Head.

Placid. Do not regard a dying Tyrants Breath, [*To the Souldiers.*
He can but look revenge on you in Death.

Max. Vanquish'd, and dar'st thou yet a Rebel be?
Thus—I can more than look revenge on thee. [*Stabs him again.*

Placid. Oh, I am gone! [*Dies.*

Max. ———And after thee I go,
Revenging still, and following ev'n to the other World my Blow.
[*Stabs him again.*
And shoving back this Earth on which I sit,
I'll mount——and scatter all the Gods I hit. [*Dies.*

Enter Porphyrius, Berenice, Albinus, *Souldiers.* Porphyrius *looks on the Bodys entring, and speaks*

Por. 'Tis done before, (this mighty work of Fate!)
And I am glad our Swords are come too late.
He was my Prince, and though a Bloody one,
I should have conquer'd, and have mercy shown.
Sheath all your Swords, and cease your enmity;
They are not Foes, but *Romans* whom you see.

Ber. He was my Tyrant, but my Husband too;
And therefore Duty will some tears allow.

Por. Placidius here!
And fair *Valeria* new depriv'd of Breath?
Who can unriddle this Dumb show of Death?

Cyd. When, Sir, her Father did your Life deny,
She kill'd her self that she with you might die.
Placidius made the Emperor's Death his crime;
Who, dying, did revenge his Death on him.
[Porphyrius *kneels, and takes* Valeria's *hand*

Por. For thy dear sake, I vow each Week I live,
One Day to fasting and just grief I'll give:
And what hard Fate did to thy Life deny,
My Gratitude shall pay thy memory.

Cent. Mean time to you belongs the Imperial pow'r:
We with one voice salute you Emperour.

Souldiers. Long live *Porphyrius* Emperour of the *Romans.*

Por. Too much, my Country-men, your love you show.
That you have thought me worthy to be so.
But, to requite that Love, I must take care
Not to engage you in a Civil War.

Two

Two Emperors at *Rome* the Senate choſe,
And whom they chuſe no *Roman* ſhould oppoſe.
In Peace or War let Monarchs hope or fear;
All my Ambition ſhall be bounded here. [*Kiſſing* Berenice's *hand*
Ber. I have too lately been a Prince's Wife,
And fear th' unlucky Omen of the Life.
Like a rich Veſſel beat by Storms to Shore,
'Twere madneſs ſhould I venture out once more.
Of glorious trouble I will take no part,
And in no Empire reign, but of your heart.
Por. Let to the Winds your Golden Eagles fly, [*To the Soldiers.*
Your Trumpets ſound a bloodleſs Victory:
Our Arms no more let *Aquileia* fear,
But to her Gates our peaceful Enſigns bear.
While I mix Cypreſs with my Myrtle Wreath,
Joy for your Life, and mourn *Valeria*'s Death. [*Exeunt omnes.*

F I N I S.

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by Mrs. *Ellen*, when she was to be carried off dead by the Bearers.

To the Bearer. *Hold, are you mad? you damn'd confounded Dog,*
I am to rise and speak the Epilogue.

To the Audience] *I come, kind Gentlemen, strange News to tell ye,*
I am the Ghost of poor departed Nelly.
Sweet Ladies, be not frighted, I'll be civil,
I'm what I was, a little harmless Devil.
For after Death, we Sprights have just such natures,
We had, for all the World, when human Creatures;
And therefore I, that was an Actress here,
Play all my tricks in Hell, a Goblin there.
Gallant's look to't, you say there are no Sprights;
But I'll come dance about your Beds at Nights.
And 'faith you'll be in a sweet kind of taking,
When I surprize you between sleep and waking.
To tell you true, I walk because I die
Out of my calling in a Tragedy.
O Poet, damn'd dull Poet, who could prove
So senseless to make Nelly *die for Love?*
Nay, what's yet worse, to kill me in the prime
Of Easter-*Term, in Tart and Cheesecake-time!*
I'll sit the Fop, for I'll not one word say
T' excuse his godly, out of fashion, Play.
A Play, which if you dare but twice sit out,
You'll all be slander'd, and be thought devout.
But farewel, Gentlemen, make hast to me,
I'm sure e'r long to have your company.
As for my Epitaph when I am gone,
I'll trust no Poet, but will write my own.

Here *Nelly* lies, who, though she liv'd a Slater'n,
Yet di'd a Princess acting in St. *Cathar'n*.

The Conqueſt
OF
GRANADA
BY THE
SPANIARDS.

In Two Parts.

Acted at the *Theatre-Royal.*

Written by *JOHN DRYDEN* Servant to His MAJESTY.

The Fifth Edition.

——Major rerum mihi naſcitur Ordo;
Majus Opus moveo. Virg. Æneid. 7.

LONDON,

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SPANIARDS

BY THE

CANADA

OF

THE COUNCIL

TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUKE.

SIR,

HEroick Poesie has always been Sacred to Princes and to *Heroes*. Thus *Virgil* inscrib'd his *Æneides* to *Augustus Cæsar*; and of latter Ages, *Tasso*, and *Arioſto* Dedicated their Poems to the Houſe of *Eſt*. 'Tis indeed, but Juſtice, that the moſt excellent and moſt profitable kind of Writing, ſhould be addreſs'd by Poets to ſuch Perſons whoſe Characters have, for the moſt part, been the Guides and Patterns of their imitation. And Poets, while they imitate, inſtruct. The feign'd Heroe inflames the true: and the dead Virtue animates the living. Since, therefore, the World is govern'd by Precept and Example; and both theſe can only have influence from thoſe perſons who are above us, that kind of Poeſie which excites to Virtue the greateſt Men, is of greateſt uſe to Human kind.

'Tis from this conſideration, that I have preſum'd to Dedicate to your Royal Highneſs theſe faint Repreſentations of your own Worth and Valour in Heroick Poetry; or, to ſpeak more properly, not to Dedicate, but to reſtore to you thoſe Ideas, which in the more perfect part of my Characters, I have take from you. Heroes may lawfully be delighted with their own praiſes, both as they are farther incitements to their Virtue, and as they are the higheſt returns which Mankind can make them for it.

And certainly, if ever Nation were oblig'd, either by the Conduct, the Perſonal Valour, or the good Fortune of a

Leader, the *Engliſh* are acknowledging, in all of them, to your Royal Highneſs. Your whole Life has been a continued Series of Heroick Actions; which you began ſo early, that you were no ſooner nam'd in the World, but it was with Praiſe and Admiration. Even the firſt bloſſoms of your Youth paid us all that could be expected from a ripening Manhood. While you practis'd but the Rudiments of War, you out-went all other Captains: and have ſince found none to ſurpaſs, but your ſelf alone. The opening of your Glory was like that of Light: you ſhone to us from afar; and diſclos'd your firſt beams on diſtant Nations: yet ſo, that the luſtre of them was ſpread abroad, and reflected brightly on your Native Country. You were then an Honour to it, when it was a reproach to it ſelf: and when the fortunate Uſurper ſent his Arms to *Flanders*, many of the adverſe Party were vanquiſh'd by your Fame, e're they try'd your Valour. The report of it drew over to your Enſigns whole Troops and Companies of converted Rebels: and made them forſake ſucceſsful Wickedneſs, to follow an oppreſs'd and exil'd Virtue. Your Reputation wag'd War with the Enemies of your Royal Family, even within their Trenches; and the more obſtinate, or more guilty of them, were forc'd to be Spies over thoſe whom they Commanded, leſt the name of *YORK* ſhould disband that Army in whoſe Fate it was to defeat the *Spaniards*, and force *Dunkirk* to ſurrender. Yet, thoſe victorious Forces of the Rebels were not able to ſuſtain your Arms. Where you charg'd in Perſon you were a Conqueror. 'Tis true, they afterwards recover'd Courage; and wreſted that Victory from others, which they had loſt to you. And it was a greater action for them to rally, than it was to overcome. Thus, by the preſence of your Royal Highneſs, the *Engliſh* on both ſides remain'd victorious: and that Army which was broken by your Valour, became a terror to thoſe for whom they conquer'd. Then it was, that at the coſt of other Nations you inform'd and cultivated that Valour which was to defend your Native Country, and to vindicate its Honour from the inſolence of our incroaching Neighbours. When the *Hollanders* not contented to withdraw themſelves from the Obedience which they ow'd their lawful Sovereign, affronted thoſe by

whoſe

whose Charity they were first protected; and, (being swell'd up to a pre-eminence of Trade, by a supine negligence on our side, and a sordid parsimony on their own,) dar'd to dispute the Sovereignty of the Seas; the Eyes of three Nations were then cast on you: and by the joynt suffrage of King and People, you were chosen to revenge their common injuries; to which, though you had an undoubted Title by your Birth, you had a greater by your Courage. Neither did the success deceive our hopes and expectations: the most glorious victory which was gain'd by our Navy in that War, was in that first Engagement: wherein, even by the confession of our enemies, who ever palliate their own losses, and diminish our advantages, your absolute Triumph was acknowledg'd: you conquer'd at the *Hague* as intirely as at *London*; and the return of a shatter'd Fleet, without an Admiral, left not the most impudent among them the least pretence for a false Bonfire, or a dissembled day of publick Thanksgiving. All our atchievements against them afterwards, tho' we sometimes conquer'd, and were never overcome, were but a Copy of that Victory and they still fell short of their Original: somewhat of Fortune was ever wanting, to fill up the title of so absolute a defeat. Or, perhaps the Guardian Angel of our Nation was not enough concern'd when you were absent: and would not employ his utmost vigor for a less important stake, than the Life and Honour of a Royal Admiral.

And, since that memorable day, you have had leisure to enjoy in peace, the fruits of so glorious a reputation, 'twas occasion only, has been wanting to your courage; for, that can never be wanting to occasion. The same ardor still incites you to Heroick Actions: and the same concernment for all the Interests of your King and Brother, continue to give you restless nights, and a generous emulation for your own Glory. You are still meditating on new labours for your self, and new triumphs for the Nation; and when our former enemies again provoke us, you will again solicite Fate to provide you another Navy to overcome, and another Admiral to be slain. You will then lead forth a Nation eager to revenge their past injuries: and, like the *Romans*, inexorable to Peace, till they have fully vanquish'd

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Let our Enemies make their boaſt of a ſurprize, as the *Sabinites* have of a ſucceſsful ſtratagem: but the *Furcæ Caudinæ* will never be forgiven till they are reveng'd. I have always obſerv'd in your Royal Highneſs, an extream concernment for the Honour of your Country: 'tis a paſſion common to you with a Brother, the moſt excellent of Kings: and in your two Perſons are eminent the Characters which *Homer* has given [illegible] Heroick Virtue: the commanding part in *Agamemnon*, the executive in *Achilles*. And I doubt not, from both your Actions, but to have abundant matter to fill the Annals of a glorious Reign; and to perform the part of a juſt Hiſtorian to my Royal Maſter, without intermixing with it any thing of the Poet.

In the mean time while your Royal Highneſs is preparing freſh employments for our Pens, I have been examining my own Forces, and making tryal of my ſelf, how I ſhall be able to tranſmit you to Poſterity. I have form'd a Heroe, I confeſs, not abſolutely perfect, but of an exceſſive and over-boiling Courage: but *Homer* and *Taſſo* are my precedents. Both the *Greek* and the *Italian* Poet had well conſider'd, that a tame Heroe who never tranſgreſſes the bounds of moral Virtue, would ſhine but dimly in an Epick Poem; the ſtrictneſs of thoſe Rules might well give precepts to the Reader, but would adminiſter little of occaſion to the Writer. But a character of an excentrique virtue is the more exact Image of humane life, becauſe he is not wholly exempted from its frailties; ſuch a perſon is *Almanzor*: whom I preſent, with all humility, to the Patronage of your Royal Highneſs. I deſign'd in him a roughneſs of Character, impatient of Injuries; and a confidence of himſelf, almoſt approaching to an arrogance. But theſe errors are incident only to great Spirits; they are Moles and Dimples which hinder not a face from being beautiful, though that beauty be not regular; they are of the number of thoſe amiable imperfections which we ſee in Miſtreſſes: and which we paſs over, without a ſtrict examination, when they are accompanied with greater Graces. And ſuch in *Almanzor*, are a frank and noble openneſs of Nature: and eaſineſs to forgive his conquer'd enemies; and to protect them in diſtreſs; and above all, an inviolable Faith in his affection.

This,

This, Sir, I have briefly ſhadow'd to your Royal Highneſs, that you may not be aſham'd of that Heroe, whoſe protection you undertake. Neither would I dedicate him to ſo illuſtrious a Name, if I were conſcious to my ſelf that he did or ſaid any thing which was wholly unworthy of it. However, ſince it is not juſt that your Royal Highneſs ſhou'd defend, or own what, poſſibly, may be my error, I bring before you this accus'd *Almanzor* in the nature of a ſuſpected Criminal. By the ſuffrage of the moſt and beſt he already is acquitted; and by the ſentence of ſome, condemn'd. But, as I have no reaſon to ſtand to the award of my Enemies, ſo neither dare I truſt the partiality of my Friends. I make my laſt appeal to your Royal Highneſs, as to a Sovereign Tribunal. Heroes ſhou'd only be judg'd by Heroes; becauſe they only are capable of meaſuring great and Heroick Actions by the Rule and Standard of their own. If *Almanzor* has fail'd in any point of Honour, I muſt therein acknowledge that he deviates from your Royal Highneſs, who are the pattern of it. But, if at any time he fulfils the parts of perſonal Valour, and of Conduct, of a Soldier and of a General; or, if I could yet give him a Character more advantageous than what he has; of the moſt unſhaken friend, the greateſt of Subjects, and the beſt of Maſters, I ſhou'd then draw all the World, a true reſemblance of your Worth and Virtues; at leaſt as far as they are capable of being copied by the mean abilities of,

SIR,

Your Royal Highneſſe's

Moſt Humble and moſt

Obedient Servant,

J. DRYDEN.

OF HEROICK PLAYS.

An ESSAY.

WHether Heroick Verse ought to be admitted into serious Plays, is not now to be disputed: 'tis already in possession of the Stage, and I dare confidently affirm, that very few Tragedies, in this Age, could be receiv'd without it. All the arguments which are found against it, can amount to no more than this, that it is not so near Conversation as Prose, and therefore not so natural. But it is very clear to all who understand Poetry, that serious Plays ought not to imitate Conversation too nearly. If nothing were to be rais'd above that level, the foundation of Poetry would be destroy'd. And, if you once admit of a latitude, that Thoughts may be exalted, and that fancied and Actions may be rais'd above the Life, and describ'd in measure without Rhyme, that leads you insensibly from your own Principles to mine: You are already so far onward of your way, that you have forsaken the imitation of ordinary converse. You are gone beyond it; and to continue where you are, is to lodge in the open field, between two Inns. You have lost that which you call natural, and have not acquir'd the last perfection of Art. But it was only custom, which couzen'd us so long: we thought, because Shakespear and Fletcher went no farther, that there the Pillars of Poetry were to be erected. That, because they excellently describ'd Passion without Rhyme, therefore Rhyme was not capable of describing it. But time has now convinc'd most Men of that error. 'Tis indeed so difficult to write Verse, that the adversaries of it have a good plea against many who undertake that task, without being form'd by Art or Nature for it. Yet, even they who have written worst in it, would have written worse without it. They have couzen'd many with their sound, who never took the pains to examine their Sense. In fine, they have succeeded: though 'tis true, they have more dishonour'd Rhyme by their good success, than they have done by their Ill. But I am willing to let fall this Argument: 'tis free for every Man to write, or not to write, in Verse, as he judges it to be, or not to be his Talent; or as he imagines the Audience will receive it.

For Heroick Plays, (in which I have only us'd it without the mixture of Prose) the first light we had of them on the English Theatre, was from the late Sir William D'Avenant: it being forbidden him in the rebellious times to Act Tragedies and Comedies, because they contain'd some matter of scandal to those good People, who could more easily dispossess their lawful Sovereign, than endure a wanton Jest; he was forc'd to turn his Thoughts another way: and to introduce the examples of Moral Virtue, writ in Verse, and perform'd in Recitative Musick. The Original of this Musick, and of the Scenes which adorn'd this Work, he had from the Italian Opera's: but he heighten'd his Characters (as I may probably imagine) from the example of Corneille and some French Poets. In this condi-

tion

dition did this part of Poetry remain at His Majesties Return. When growing bolder, as being now own'd by a publick Authority, he review'd his Siege of Rhodes, and caus'd it to be Acted as a just Drama. But as few Men have the happiness to begin and finish any new project, so neither did he live to make his design perfect: There wanted the fulness of a Plot, and the variety of Characters to form it as it ought: and perhaps, something might have been added to the beauty of the stile. All which he would have perform'd with more exactness, had he pleas'd to have given us another work of the same nature. For my self and others who come after him, we are bound, with all veneration to his memory, to acknowledge what advantage we receiv'd from that excellent groundwork which he laid: and since it is an easy thing to add to what already is invented, we ought all of us, without envy to him, or partiality to our selves, to yield him the precedence in it.

Having done him this justice, as my Guide; I may do my self so much, as to give an account of what I have perform'd after him. I observ'd then, as I said, what was wanting to the perfection of the Siege of Rhodes; which was Design, and variety of Characters. And in the midst of this consideration, by meer accident, I opened the next Book that lay by me, which was an Arioſto in Italian; and the very first two lines of that Poem gave me light to all I could desire.

Le Donne, I Cavalier, L'arme, gli amori.
Le Cortesie, l'audaci imprese jo canto, &c.

For the very first reflexion which I made, was this, That an Heroick Play, ought to be an imitation, (In Little) of an Heroick Poem, and consequently, that Love and Valour ought to be the subject of it. Both these, Sir William D'Avenant had begun to shadow: but it was so, as first Discoverers draw their Maps, with Head-lands, and Promontaries, and some few out-lies of somewhat taken at a distance, and which the Designer saw not clearly. The common Drama obliged him to a Plot well form'd and pleasant, or as the Ancients call'd it, One entire and great Action. But this he afforded not himself in a story, which he neither fill'd with Persons, nor beautified with Characters, nor varied with Accidents. The Laws of an Heroick Poem did not dispence with those of the other, but rais'd them to a greater height: and indulg'd him a farther liberty of Fancy, and of drawing all things as far above the ordinary proportion of the Stage, as that is beyond the common words and actions of human life: and therefore in the scanning of his Images, and Design, he comply'd not enough with the Greatness and Majesty of an Heroick Poem.

I am sorry I cannot discover my Opinion of this kind of Writing without dissenting much from him, whose memory I love and honour. But I will do it with the same respect to him, as if he were now alive; and

ever-looking my Paper while I write, his judgment of an Heroick Poem was this, That it ought to be dreſs'd in a more familiar and eaſie ſhape: more fitted to the common actions and Paſſions of Humane life: and, in ſhort, more like a Glaſs of Nature, ſhewing us our ſelves in our ordinary Habits: and figuring a more practicable Virtue to us, than was done by the Ancients or Moderns. *Thus he takes the Image of an Heroick Poem from the* Drama, *or Stage Poetry: and accordingly to divide it into five Books, repreſenting the ſame number of Acts; and every Book into ſeveral* Canto's, *imitating the Scenes which compoſe our Acts.*

But this, I think, is rather a Play, in Narration (as I may call it) than an Heroick Poem. If at leaſt, you will not prefer the Opinion of a ſingle Man, to the practice of the moſt excellent Authors, both of Ancient and later Ages. I am no admirer of Quotations; but you ſhall hear, if you pleaſe, one of the Antients delivering his judgment on this Queſtion: 'tis Petronius Arbiter, *the moſt elegant, and one of the moſt judicious Authors of the* Latine *Tongue: who, after he had given many admirable Rules for the ſtructure, and beauties of an Epick Poem, concludes all in theſe following words:*

Non enim res geſtæ verſibus comprehendendæ ſunt; quod longè melius Hiſtorici faciunt: ſed, per ambages, Deorumque miniſteria, præcipitandus eſt liber Spiritus, ut potius furentis animi vaticinatio appareat, quam religioſæ orationis, ſub teſtibus, fides.

In which ſentence, and his own Eſſay of a Poem, which immediately he gives you, it is thought he taxes Lucan, *who follow'd too much the truth of Hiſtory; crowded Sentences together; was too full of points; and too often offer'd at ſomewhat which had more of the ſting of an Epigram, than of the dignity and ſtate of an Heroick Poem. Lucan* (*it's not much the help of his Heathen Deities: there was neither the Miniſtry of the Gods, nor the precipitation of the Soul, nor the fury of a Prophet: (of which my Author ſpeaks) in his* Pharſalia: *he treats you more like a Philoſopher, than a Poet: and inſtructs you in Verſe, with what he had been taught by his Uncle* Seneca *in Proſe. In one word, he walks ſoberly afoot, when he might fly. Yet* Lucan *is not always this Religious Hiſtorian. The Oracle of* Appius, *and the Witcheraft of* Erictho *will ſomewhat atone for him, who was, indeed, bound up by an ill-choſen and known argument, to follow Truth with great exactneſs. For my part, I am of opinion, that neither* Homer, Virgil, Statius, Arioſto, Taſſo, *nor our* Engliſh Spencer *could have form'd their Poets halfe ſo beautiful, without thoſe Gods and Spirits, and thoſe Enthuſiaſtick parts of Poetry, which compoſe the moſt noble parts of all their writings. And I will aske any Man who loves Heroick Poetry, (for I will not diſpute their Taſtes, who do not) if the Ghoſt of* Polydorus *in* Virgil, *the enchanted Wood in* Taſſo, *and the Bower of Bliſs in* Spencer,

(which

(which he borrows from that admirable Italian) could have been omitted without taking from their Works some of the greatest beauties in them. And if any Man object the improbabilities of a Spirit appearing, or of a Palace rais'd by Magick; I boldly answer him, That an Heroick Poet is not tied to a bare Representation of what is true, or exceeding probable: but that he might let himself loose to visionary Objects, and to the Representation of such things as depending not on Sense, and therefore not to be comprehended by Knowledge, may give him a freer scope for Imagination. 'Tis enough that in all Ages and Religions, the greatest part of Mankind have believ'd the power of Magick, and that there are Spirits or Spectres which have appear'd. This, I say, is foundation enough for Poetry: and I dare farther affirm, that the whole Doctrine of separated Beings, whether those Spirits are incorporeal substances, (which Mr. Hobbs, with some reason, thinks to imply a contradiction,) or that they are a thinner and more Aerial sort of bodies (as some of the Fathers have conjectur'd) may better be explicated by Poets, than by Philosophers or Divines. For their speculations on this subject are wholly Poetical, they have only their fancy for their guide, and that, being sharper in an excellent Poet, than it is likely it should in a Phlegmatick, heavy Gownman, will see farther in its own Empire, and produce more satisfactory notions on those dark and doubtful Problems.

Some Men think they have rais'd a great Argument against the use of Spectres and Magick in Heroick Poetry, by saying, they are unnatural: but, whether they or I believe there are such things, is not material: 'tis enough, that for ought we know, they may be in nature: and whatever is, or may be, is not properly unnatural. Neither am I much concern'd at Mr. Cowley's Verses before Gondibert; (though his Authority is almost Sacred to me:) 'Tis true, he has resembled the old Epick Poetry to a Fantastick Fairy-land: but he has contradicted himself by his own example. For, he has himself made use of Angels, and Visions in his Davideis, as well as Tasso in his Godfrey.

What I have written on this subject will not be thought digression by the Reader, if he please to remember what I said in the beginning of this Essay, that I have modell'd my Heroick Plays by the rules of an Heroick Poem. And, if that be the most noble, the most pleasant, and the most instructive way of writing in Verse, and, withal, the highest pattern of Humane Life, as all Poets have agreed, I shall need no other argument to justifie my choice in this imitation. One advantage the Drama has above the other, namely, that it represents to view, what the Poem only does relate, and, Segnius irritant animum demissa per aures, Quam quæ sunt oculis subjecta fidelibus, as Horace tells us.

To those who object my frequent use of Drums and Trumpets, and my representations of Battels; I answer, I introduc'd them not on the English stage; Shakespear us'd them frequently: and though Johnson shews

no Battel in his Cataline; yet you hear from behind the Scenes, the sounding of Trumpets, and the shouts of fighting Armies. But, I add farther; that these warlike Instruments, and, even their presentations of fighting on the Stage, are no more than necessary to produce the effects of an Heroick Play; That is, to raise the imagination of the Audience, and to perswade them, for the time, that what they behold on the Theatre is really perform'd. The Poet is, then, to endeavour an absolute Dominion over the Minds of the Spectators: for, though our fancy will contribute to its own deceit, yet a Writer ought to help its operation. And that the Red Bull has formerly done the same, is no more an Argument against our practice, than it would be for a Physician to forbear an approv'd Medicine, because a Mountebank has us'd it with success.

Thus I have given a short account of Heroick Plays. I might now, with the usual eagerness of an Author, make a particular defence of this. But the common opinion, (how unjust soever,) has been so much to my advantage, that I have reason to be satisfy'd: and to suffer with patience all that can be urg'd against it.

For, otherwise, what can be more easie for me, than to defend the character of Almanzor, which is one great exception that is made against the Play? 'Tis said, that Almanzor is no perfect pattern of Heroick Vitue: that he is a contemner of Kings; and that he is made to perform impossibilities.

I must therfore avow, in the first place, from whence I took the Character. The first Image I had of him, was from the Achilles of Homer, the next from Tasso's Rinaldo, (who was a Copy of the former) and the Third from the Artaban of Monsieur Calpranede: (who has imitated both.) The Original of these, (Achilles) is taken by Homer for his Heroe: and is described by him as one, who in strength and courage, surpass'd the rest of the Grecian Army: but, withal, of so fiery a temper, so impatient of an injury, even from his King, and General, that when his Mistress was to be forc'd from him by the Command of Agamemnon, he not only disobey'd it; but return'd him an answer full of contumely; and in the most opprobrious terms he could imagine: they are Homer's words which follow, and I have cited but some few amongst a multitude.

Οἰνοβαρές, κυνὸς ὄμματ' ἔχων, κραδίην δ' ἐλάφοιο. Il. α. v. 225.
Δημοβόρος βασιλεύς, Il. α. v. 321.

Nay, he proceeded so far in his Insolence, as to draw out his Sword, with intention to kill him.

Ἕλκετο δ' ἐκ κολεοῖο μέγα ξίφος. Il. α. v. 194.

and

and if Minerva had not appear'd, and held his hand, he had executed his design; and 'twas all she could do to dissuade him from it. The event was, that he left the Army, and would fight no more. Agamemnon gives his Character thus to Nestor.

Αλλ' ὅδ' ἀνὴρ ἐθέλῃ σὺν πάντων ἔμμεναι ἄλλων. Il. α. v. 287, 288.
Πάντων μὲν κεφαλὴν ἐθέλει, πάντεσσι δ' ἀνάσσειν.

and Horace gives the same description of him in his Art of Poetry.

——Honoratum si forte reponis Achillem,
Impiger, Iracundus, Inexorabilis, Acer,
Jura neget sibi nata, nihil non arroget armis.

Tasso's chief Character, Rinaldo, was a Man of the same temper: for, when he had slain Gernando in his heat of passion, he not only refus'd to be judg'd by Godfrey, his General, but threaten'd, that if he came to seize him, he would right himself by Arms upon him: witness these following lines of Tasso.

Venga, egli omandi, jo terro fermo il piede;
Giudici fian tra noi la sorte, e'l, arme
Fera tragedia vuol che s'appresenti
Per los diporti a le Nemiche genti.

You see how little these great Authors did esteem the point of Honour, so much magnify'd by the French, and so ridiculously Ap'd by us. They made their Hero's Men of Honour; but so, as not to divest them quite of humane Passions and Frailties: they content themselves to shew you, what Men of great spirits would certainly do, when they were provok'd, not when they were oblig'd to do by the strict Rules of Moral Virtue; for my own part, I declare my self for Homer and Tasso and am more in love with Achilles and Rinaldo, than with Cyrus and Oroondates. I shall never subject my Characters to the French Standard; where Love and Honour are to be weigh'd by Drams and Scruples: yet, where I have design'd the patterns of exact Virtues, such as in this Play are the Parts of Almahide, of Ozmyn, and Benzayda, I may safely challenge the best of theirs.

But Almanzor is tax'd with changing sides: And what tye has he on him to the contrary? he is not born their Subject whom he serves: and he is injur'd by them to a very high degree. He threatens them, and speaks insolently of Sovereign Power: but so do Achilles and Rinaldo, who were Subjects and Soldiers to Agamemnon and Godfrey of Bulloigne; he talks extravagantly in his Passion; but, if I would take the

the pains to quote an hundred passages of Ben. Johnson's Cethegus, I could easily shew you, that the Rhodomontades of Almanzor are neither so irrational as his, nor so impossible to be put in execution: for Cethegus threatens to destroy Nature, and to raise a new one out of it: to kill all the Senate for his part of the Action; to look Cato dead; and a thousand other things as extravagant, he says, but performs not one action in the Play.

But none of the former calumnies will stick: and therefore 'tis at last charg'd upon me, that Almanzor does all things: or if you will have an absurd Accusation, in their nonsence who make it, that he performs impossibilities; they say, that being a stranger, he appeases two fighting Factions, when the Authority of their lawful Sovereign could not: this is indeed the most improbable of all his Actions: but, 'tis far from being impossible. Their King had made himself contemptible to his People; as the History of Granada tells us; and Almanzor, though a stranger, yet was already known to them by his Gallantry in the Juego de toros, his Engagement on the weaker side, and more especially, by the character of his Person, and brave Actions, given by Abdalla just before: and after all, the greatness of the enterprize consisted only in the daring: for he had the King's Guards to second him; but we have read both of Cæsar, and many other Generals, who have not only calm'd a Mutiny with a word, but have presented themselves single before an Army of their Enemies; which upon sight of them has revolted from their own Leaders, and come over to their Trenches. In the rest of Almanzor's Actions, you see him for the most part victorious: but, the same fortune has constantly attended many Heroes who were not imaginary. Yet, you see it no Inheritance to him: for, in the First Part, he is made a Prisoner; and in the last, defeated; and not able to preserve the City from being taken. If the History of the late Duke of Guise be true, he hazarded more, and perform'd not less in Naples, than Almanzor is feign'd to have done in Granada.

I have been too tedious in this Apology; but to make some satisfaction, I will leave the rest of my Play expos'd to the Criticks, without defence. The concernment of it is wholly past from me, and ought to be in them who have been favourable to it, and are somewhat oblig'd to defend their Opinions. That there are errors in it, I deny not.

Aft opere in tanto fas est obrepere Somnum.

But I have already swept the stakes; and with the common good fortune of prosperous Gamesters can be content to sit quietly; to hear my fortune curst by some; and my faults arraign'd by others; and to suffer both without reply.

On

On Mr. DRYDEN's *PLAY,*
The Conqueſt of GRANADA.

TH' Applauſe I gave among the fooliſh Croud,
Was not diſtinguiſh'd, tho' I clap'd aloud:
Or, if it had, my judgment had been hid:
I clap'd for company as others did.
Thence may be told the fortune of your Play,
Its goodneſs muſt be try'd another way.
Let's judge it then, and, if we've any skill,
Commend what's good, though we commend it ill.
There will be praiſe enough, yet not ſo much,
As if the World had never any ſuch:
Ben. Johnſon, Beaumont, Fletcher, Shakeſpear, are
As well as you, to have a Poets ſhare.
You, who write after, have beſides this Curſe,
You muſt write better, or you elſe write worſe.
To equal only what was writ before,
Seems ſtoll'n, or borrow'd from the former ſtore.
Though blind as *Homer*, all the Ancients be,
'Tis on their Shoulders, like the Lame, we ſee.
Then not to flatter th' Age, nor flatter you,
(Praiſes though leſs, are greater when they're true)
You're equal to the beſt, out-done by you;
Who had out-done themſelves, had they liv'd now.

VAUGHAN.

PRO-

PROLOGUE

To the First PART.

Spoken by Mrs. *Ellen Gwyn* in a Broad brim'd Hat, and Waste-Belt.

THIS Jest was first of th'other Houses making,
And five times try'd, has never fail'd of taking.
For 'twere a shame a Poet should be kill'd
Under the shelter of so broad a Shield.
This is that Hat whose very sight did win ye
To laugh and clap as though the Devil were in ye.
As then, for Nokes, *so now I hope you'll be*
So dull, to laugh once more for love of me.
I'll write a Play, says one, for I have got
A Broad-brim'd Hat, and Waste-Belt towards a Plot.
Says th'other, I have one more large than that.
Thus they out-write each other with a Hat.
The Brims still grow with every Play they writ;
And grew so large, they cover'd all the Wit.
Hat was the Play: 'twas Language, Wit and Tale:
Like them that find Meat, Drink, and Cloth in Ale.
What Dulness do these Mungril Wits confess,
When all their hope is acting of a Dress!
Thus, Two the best Comedians of the Age
Must be worn out, with being Blocks o'th Stoge;

Like

Like a young Girl, who better things has known,
Beneath their Poets Impotence they groan.
See now what Charity it was to ſave!
They thought you lik'd what only you forgave:
And brought you more dull Sence, dull Sence much worſe
Than brisk gay Non-ſence, and the heavier Curſe.
They bring old Ir'n and Glaſs upon the Stage,
To barter with the Indians *of our Age.*
Still they write on, and like great Authors ſhow:
But 'tis as Rowlers in wet Gardens grow
Heavy with Dirt, and gathering as they go.
May none who have ſo little underſtood
To like ſuch traſh, preſume to praiſe what's good!
And may thoſe Drudges of the Stage, whoſe Fate
Is damn'd dull Farce, more dully to Tranſlate,
Fall under that Excize the State thinks fit
To ſet on all French *Wares, whoſe worſt is Wit.*
French *Farce worn out at home, is ſent abroad;*
And patch'd up here, is made our Engliſh *Mode.*
Henceforth let Poets e're allow'd to write,
Be ſearch'd, like Dueliſts, before they fight:
For Wheel-broad Hats, dull Humor, all that chaff
Which makes you mourn, and makes the vulgar laugh;
For theſe, in Plays, are as unlawful Arms,
As in a Combat, Coats of Mail, and Charms.

Perſons Repreſented.

Mahomet Boabdelin, the laſt King of *Granada*.—Mr. *Kynaſton.*
Prince *Abdalla*, his Brother.—Mr. *Lydal.*
Abdelmelech, chief of the Abencerrages.—Mr. *Mohun.*
Zulema, chief of the Zegrys.—Mr. *Harris.*
Abenamar, an old Abencerrago,—Mr. *Cartwright.*
Selin, an old Zegry.—Mr. *Wintershal.*
Ozmyn, a brave young Abencerrago, Son to *Abenamar*.—Mr. *Beeston.*
Hamet, Brother to *Zulema*, a Zegry.—Mr. *Watson.*
Gomel, a Zegry.—Mr. *Powel.*
Almanzor.—Mr. *Hart.*

Ferdinand, King of *Spain*.—Mr. *Littlewood.*
Duke of *Arcos*, his General.—Mr. *Bell.*
Don *Alonzo d'Aguilar*; a Spaniſh Captain.—

Almahide, Queen of *Granada*.—Mrs. *Ellen Gwyn*
Lyndaraxa, Siſter to *Zulema*, a Zegry Lady.—Mrs. *Marſhal.*
Benzayda, Daughter to *Selin*.—Mrs. *Bowtel.*
Eſperanza, Slave to the Queen.—Mrs. *Reeve.*
Halyma, Slave to *Lyndaraxa*.—Mrs. *Eaſtland.*
Iſabella, Queen of *Spain*.—Mrs. *James.*
Meſſengers, Guards, Attendants, Men and Women.

The SCENE in *GRANADA*, and the *Chriſtian* Camp Beſieging it.

Alman.

Almanzor and *Almahide*:

OR, THE

CONQUEST OF GRANADA.

The First PART.

Boabdelin, Abenamar, Abdelmelech, *Guards.*

Boab. THus, in the Triumphs of ſoft Peace I reign;
And, from my Walls, defy the Pow'rs of *Spain*;
With pomp and Sports my Love I celebrate,
While they keep diſtance; and attend my State.
Parent to her whoſe eyes my Soul inthral; [*To* Aben.
Whom I, in hope, already Father call;
Abenamar, thy Youth theſe ſports has known,
Of which thy age is now Spectator grown:
Judg-like thou ſit'ſt, to praiſe, or to arraign
The flying Skirmiſh of the darted Cane:
But, when fierce Bulls run looſe upon the place,
And our bold *Moors* their Loves with danger grace,
Then, heat new bends thy ſlackned Nerves again,
And a ſhort youth runs warm through every vein.
Aben. I muſt confeſs th' Encounters of this day
Warm'd me indeed, but quite another way:
Not with the fire of Youth; but gen'rous rage
To ſee the glories of my Youthful age
So far out done.
Abdel. *Caſtile* could never boaſt, in all its pride,
A pomp ſo ſplendid; when the lifts ſet wide,
Gave room to the fierce Bulls, which wildly ran
In *Sierra Ronda*, 'ere the War began:

Who, with high Noſtrils, Snuffing up the wind,
Now ſtood, the Champion of the Salvage kind.
Juſt oppoſite, within the circled place,
Ten of our bold *Abencerrages* race
(Each brandiſhing his Bull-ſpear in his hand,)
Did their proud Gennets gracefully command.
On their ſteel'd heads their demy-Lances wore.
Small pennons, which their Ladies colours bore.
Before this Troop did Warlike *Ozmyn* go;
Each Lady as he rode ſaluting low;
At the chief ſtands, with reverence more profound,
His well-taught Courſer, kneeling, touch'd the ground;
Thence rais'd, he ſidelong bore his Rider on,
Still facing, till he out of ſight was gone.

Boab. You praiſe him like a friend, and I confeſs
His brave deportment merited no leſs.

Abdelm. Nine Bulls were launch'd by his Victorious arm,
Whoſe wary Ginnet ſhunning ſtill the harm,
Seem'd to attend the ſhock; and then leap'd wide:
Mean while, his dextrous Rider when he ſpy'd
The beaſt juſt ſtooping; 'twixt the neck and head,
His Lance, with never erring fury, ſped.

Aben. My Son did well; and ſo did *Hamet* too;
Yet did no more than we were wont to do;
But what the ſtranger did, was more than man:

Abdel. He finiſh'd all thoſe Triumphs we began.
One Bull, with curl'd black head beyon'd the reſt,
And dew-laps hanging from his brawny cheſt,
With nodding front awhile did daring ſtand,
And with his jetty hoof ſpurn'd back the ſand:
Then, leaping forth, he bellow'd out a loud:
Th' amaz'd aſſiſtants back each other croud,
While Monarch-like he rang'd the liſted field;
Some toſs'd, ſome goar'd, ſome trampling down he kill'd.
Th' ignobler Moors, from far his rage provoke,
With woods of darts, which from his ſides he ſhooke.
Mean time, your valiant Son who had before
Gain'd fame, rode round to every Mirador,
Beneath each Ladies ſtand, a ſtop he made;
And, bowing, took, th' applauſes which they paid.
Juſt in that point of time the brave unknown,
Approach'd the Liſts.

Boab. ——— I mark'd him, when alone
(Obſerv'd by all, himſelf obſerving none)
He enter'd firſt; and with a graceful pride
His fiery Arab, dextrouſly did guide:

Who

Who, while his Rider every ſtand ſurvey'd,
Sprung looſe, and flew, into an Eſcapade:
Not moving forward, yet, with every bound,
Preſſing and ſeeming ſtill to quit his ground.
What after paſs'd———
Was far from the *Ventanna* where I ſate, [*To* Abdel.
But you were near and can the truth relate.
Abdel. Thus, while he ſtood, the Bull who ſaw this foe,
His eaſier conqueſts proudly did forego:
And, making at him, with a furious bound,
From his bent forehead aim'd a double wound.
A riſing murmer ran through all the field,
And every Ladies blood with fear was chil'd.
Some skriek'd, while, others with more helpful care,
Cry'd out aloud, beware, brave Youth, beware!
At this he turn'd and as the Bull drew near,
Shun'd, and receiv'd him on his pointed Spear.
The Lance broke ſhort: the Beaſt then bellow'd loud,
And his ſtrong neck to a new onſet bow'd.
Th' undaunted youth———
Then drew; and from his ſaddle bending low,
Juſt where the neck did to the ſhoulders grow,
With his full force diſcharg'd a deadly blow.
Not heads of Poppies (when they reap the grain)
Fall with more eaſe before the lab'ring Swain,
Than fell this head:———
It fell ſo quick, it did even death prevent:
And made imperfect bellowings as it went.
Then all the Trumpets Victory did ſound:
And yet their clangors in our ſhouts were drown'd.
[*A confus'd noiſe within.*
Boab. Th'Alarm-bell rings from our *Alhambra* Walls,
And, from the Streets, ſound Drums, and Atabalies.
[*Within, a Bell, Drums and Trumpets.*
How now! from whence proceed theſe new allarms?
[*To them a Meſſenger.*
Meſſ. The two fierce Factions are again in arms:
And, changing into blood the days delight,
The *Zegrys* with the *Abencerrages* fight,
On each ſide their Allies and Friends appear;
The *Macas* here the *Alabezes* there:
The *Gazuls* with the *Bencerrages* joyn,
And, with the *Zegrys*, all great *Gomel*'s line.
Boab. Draw up behind the *Vivarambla* place;
Double my Guards, theſe Factions I will face;

And try if all the fury they can bring
Be proof againſt the preſence of their King: [Exit Boabdelin.

The Factions appear; At the head of the Abencerrages, Ozmyn; *at the head of the* Zegrys, Zulema, Hamet, Gomel, *and* Selin: Abenamat *and* Abdelmelech *joyned with the* Abencerrages.

Zulema. The faint *Abencerrages* quit their ground:
Preſs 'em; put home your thruſts to every wound.
Abdelmelech. Zegry, on manly force our line relyes;
Thine, poorly takes th'advantage of ſurprize.
Unarm'd and much out-number'd we retreat,
You gain no fame, when baſely you defeat:
If thou art brave ſeek nobler Victory;
Save mooriſh blood; and, while our bands ſtand by,
Let two to two an equal combat try.
Hamet. 'Tis not for fear the Combat we refuſe;
But we our gain'd advantage will not loſe.
Zul. In combating but two of you will fall;
And we reſolve we will diſpatch you all.
Ozmyn. Wee'l double yet th' exchange before we die;
And each of ours two lives of yours ſhall buy.

Almanzor *enters betwixt them, as they ſtand ready to engage*

Almanz. I cannot ſtay to ask which cauſe is beſt;
But this is ſo to me becauſe oppreſt. [*Goes to the* Abencerrages.

To them Boabdelin *and his Guards going betwixt them.*

Boab. On your Allegiance I command you ſtay;
Who paſſes here, through me muſt make his way.
My Life's the *Iſtmos*; through this narrow line
You firſt muſt cut, before thoſe Seas can joyn.
What fury, *Zegrys*, has poſſeſt your minds?
What rage the brave *Abencerrages* blinds?
If, of your Courage you new proofs wou'd ſhow,
Without much travel you may find a Foe.
Thoſe foes are neither ſo remote nor few,
That you ſhou'd need each other to purſue.
Lean times and foreign Wars ſhould minds unite,
When poor, men mutter, but they ſeldom fight.
O holy *Alha*, that I live to ſee
Thy *Granadines* aſſiſt their Enemy.
You fight the Chriſtians battels; every life
You laviſh thus, in this inteſtine ſtrife,
Does from our weak foundations, take one prop,
Which helpt to hold our ſinking Country up.
Ozmyn. 'Tis fit our private Enmity ſhould ceaſe;
Though injur'd firſt, yet I will firſt ſeek peace.

Zulem. No, murd'rer, no; I never will be won
To peace with him whose hand has slain my Son.
Ozmyn. Our Prophets curse——— on me, and all the *Abencerrages* light,
If unprovok'd I with your Son did fight.
Abdelmel. A band of *Zegrys* ran within the Place,
Match'd with a Troop of Thirty of our race.
Your Son and *Ozmyn* the first Squadrons led,
Which, ten by ten, like *Parthians* charg'd and fled.
The ground was strow'd with Canes, where we did meet,
Which crackl'd underneath our coursers feet.
When *Tarifa*, (I saw him ride a part)
Chang'd his blunt Cane for a Steel pointed Dart,
And meeting *Ozmyn* next,
Who wanted time for Treason to provide,
He, basely threw it at him, undefy'd: [Ozmyn *showing his arm.*
Witness this Blood—which, when by Treason sought,
That follow'd, Sir, which to my self I ought.
Zulema. His hate to the was grounded on a grudge
Which all our generous *Zegrys* just did judge;
Thy Villain blood thou openly did'st place
Above the purple of our Kingly race.
Boabd. From equal stems their blood both Houses draw.
They from *Morocco*, you from *Cordova*.
Hamet. Their mungril race is mixt with Christian breed,
Hence 'tis that they those Dogs in prisons feed.
Abdel. Our holy Prophet Wills, that Charity
Should ev'n to birds and beasts extended be:
None knows what Fate is for himself design'd;
The thought of human Chance should make us kind.
Gomel. We waste that time we to revenge should give:
Fall on; let no *Abencerrago* live. [*Advancing before the rest of his Party.*

Almanzor, *advancing on the other side; and describing a line with his Sword.*

Upon thy life pass not this middle space;
Sure Death stands guarding the forbidden place.
Gomel. To dare that death I will approach yet nigher,
Thus, wer't thou compass'd in with circling fire. [*They fight.*
Boab. Disarm 'em both; if they resist you kill.

Almanzor, *in the midst of the Guards kills* Gomel, *and then is disarm'd.*

Almanz. Now, you have but the Leavings of my Will.
Boab. Kill him; this insolent Unknown shall fall,
And be the victim to atone you all.

That

Ozmyn. If he muſt die, not one of us will live
That life he gave for us, for him we give.
Boab. It was a Traytor's voice that ſpoke thoſe words;
So are you all who do not ſheath your Swords.
Zulema. Outrage unpuniſh'd when a Prince is by,
Forfeits to ſcorn the rights of Majeſty:
No Subjeſt his Protection can expect,
Who what he ows himſelf, does firſt neglect.
Abenamar. This ſtranger, Sir, is he,
Who lately in the *Vivarambla* place
Did, with ſo loud applauſe, your Triumphs grace.
Boab. The word which I have giv'n, I'll not revoke;
If he be brave he's ready for the ſtroke.
Almanz. No man has more contempt than I, of breath,
But whence haſt thou the right to give me death?
Obey'd as Sovereign by thy Subjects be,
But know, that I alone am King of me.
I am as free as nature firſt made man
'Ere the baſe Laws of Servitude began
When wild in Woods the noble Savage ran.
Boab. Since, then, no pow'r above your own you know,
Mankind ſhou'd uſe you like a common foe,
You ſhou'd be hunted like a Beaſt of Prey;
By your own law, I take your life away.
Almanz. My laws are made but only for my ſake,
No King againſt himſelf a Law can make.
If thou pretend'ſt to be a Prince like me,
Blame not an Act which ſhould thy pattern be.
I ſaw th' oppreſt, and thought it did belong
To a King's office to redreſs the wrong:
I brought that Succour which thou ought'ſt to bring,
And ſo, in nature, am thy Subjects King.
Boab. I do no not want your Council to direct,
Or aid to help me puniſh or protect.
Almanz. Thou want'ſt 'em both or better thou would'ſt know
Than to let Factions in thy Kingdom grow,
Divided int'reſts while thou think'ſt to ſway,
Draw like two brooks thy middle ſtream away.
For though they band, and jar, yet both combine
To make their greatneſs by the fall of thine.
Thus like a buckler thou art held in fight,
While they, behind thee, with each other fight.
Boab. Away; and execute him inſtantly. *[To his Guards.*
Almanz. Stand off; I have not leiſure yet to die.
To them Abdalla *haſtily.*
Abdalla. Hold, Sir, for Heav'n ſake hold:

Defer

Defer this noble Strangers puniſhment,
Or your raſh orders you will ſoon repent.
Boab. Brother you know not yet his inſolence.
Abdal. Upon your ſelf you puniſh his offence:
If we treat gallant Strangers in this ſort,
Mankind will ſhun th' inhoſpitable Court.
And who, henceforth, to our defence will come,
If death muſt be the brave *Almanzor*'s doom?
From *Africa* I drew him to your aid;
And for his ſuccour have his Life betray'd.
Boab. Is this the *Almanzor* whom at *Fez* you knew,
When firſt their Swords the *Xeriff* Brothers drew?
Abdal. This, Sir, is he who for the Elder fought,
And to the juſter cauſe the Conqueſt brought:
Till the proud *Santo* ſeated in the Throne,
Diſdain'd the Service he had done, to own:
Then, to the vanquiſh'd part, his fate he led;
The vanquiſh'd Triumph'd, and the victor fled;
Vaſt is his Courage; boundleſs is his mind,
Rough as a ſtorm, and humorous as wind;
Honour's the only Idol of his Eyes:
The charms of Beauty like a peſt he flies:
And rais'd by Valour, from a Birth unknown,
Acknowledges no pow'r above his own.

[Boabdelin *coming to* Almanzor.

Impute your danger to our Ignorance;
The braveſt men are ſubject moſt to chance:
Granada much does to your kinduеſs owe:
But Towns expecting Sieges, cannot ſhow
More honour, than t'invite you to a foe.
Almanzor I do not doubt but I have been to blame:
But, to purſue the end for which I came,
Unite your Subjects firſt; then let us goe,
And pour their common rage upon the foe.
Boab. to the Factions.
Lay down your Arms; and let me beg you ceaſe
Your Enmities.
Zulema. ——— We will not hear of peace,
Till we by force have firſt reveng'd our ſlain:
Abdel. The Action we have done we will maintain.
Selin. Then let the King depart and we will try
Our cauſe by armes:
Zul. ——— For us and Victory.
Boab. A King intreats you.
Almanz. What Subjects will precarious Kings regard:
A Beggar ſpeaks too ſoftly to be heard:

Lay down your Armes; 'tis I command you now.
Do it——or by our Prophets ſoul I vow,
My hands ſhall right your King on him I ſeize.
Now, let me ſee whoſe look but diſobeys.
Omnes. Long live King *Mahomet Boabdelin:*
Alman. No more; but huſh'd as midnight ſilence go:
He will not have your Acclamations now.
Hence you unthinking Crow'd——
[*The common people go off on both Partys.*
Empire, thou poor and deſpicable thing,
When ſuch as theſe unmake or make a King!
Abdalla. How much of Virtue lies in one great Soul,
[*Embracing him.*
Whoſe ſingle force can multitudes controul!
[*A Trumpet within.*
Enter a Meſſenger.
Meſſen. The Duke of *Arcos*, Sir,——
Does with a Trumpet from the Foe appear.
Boab. Attend him he ſhall have his Audience here.
Enter the Duke of Arcos.
Arcos. The Monarchs of *Caſtile* and *Arragon*
Have ſent me to you to demand this Town:
To which their juſt and rightful claim is known.
Boab. Tell *Ferdinand* my right to it appears
By long poſſeſſion of eight Hundred years.
When firſt my Anceſtors from *Africk* ſail'd,
In *Rodrique's* death your *Gothique* title fail'd.
Arcos. The Succeſſors of *Rodrique* ſtill remain;
And ever ſince have held ſome part of *Spain.*
Ev'n in the midſt of your Victorious pow'rs
Th' *Aſturia's*, and all *Portugal* were ours.
You have no right, except you force allow;
And if yours then was juſt, ſo ours is now.
Boab. 'Tis true; from force the nobleſt title ſprings;
I therefore hold from that, which firſt made Kings.
Arcos. Since then by force you prove your title true,
Ours muſt be juſt; becauſe we claim from you.
When with your Father you did joyntly reign,
Invading with your Moors the South of *Spain*,
I, who that day the Chriſtians did command,
Then took, and brought you bound to *Ferdinand*.
Boab. Ile hear no more; defer what you would ſay:
In private we'll diſcourſe ſome other day.
Arcos. Sir, you ſhall hear however you are loth,
That, like a perjur'd Prince, you broke your oath.
To gain you freedom you a Contract ſign'd,
By which your Crown you to my King reſign'd.

From

From thenceforth as his Vaſſal holding it,
And paying tribute ſuch as he thought fit:
Contracting, when your Father came to die,
To lay aſide all marks of Royalty:
And at *Purchena* privately to live;
Which, in exchange, King *Ferdinand* did give.
Boab The force us'd on me, made that Contract void:
Arcos. Why have you then its benefits enjoy'd?
By it you had not only freedom then,
But ſince had aid of money and of men.
And, when *Granada* for your Uncle held,
You were by us reſtor'd, and he expell'd.
Since that in peace we let you reap your grain,
Recall'd our Troops that us'd to beat your Plain,
And more———
Almanz. Yes, yes, you did with wondrous care
Againſt his Rebels proſecute the War,
While he ſecure in your protection ſlept,
For him you took, but for your ſelf you kept.
Thus, as ſome fawning uſurer does feed
With preſent ſumms th' unwary unthrifts need;
You ſold your kindneſs at a boundleſs rate,
And then orepaid the debt from his Eſtate:
Which, mouldring peicemeal, in your hands did fall;
Till now at laſt you came to ſwoop it all.
Arcos. The wrong you do my King I cannot bear;
Whoſe kindneſs you would odiouſly compare.
Th' Eſtate was his; which yet, ſince you deny,
He's now content in his own wrong to buy.
Almanz. And he ſhall buy it dear what his he calls:
We will not give one ſtone from out theſe Walls.
Boab. Take this for anſwer, then—
What e'er your arms have conquer'd of my land,
I will for peace, reſign to *Ferdinand:*
To harder terms my mind I cannot bring;
But as I ſtill have liv'd, will die a King.
Arcos. Since thus you have reſolv'd, henceforth prepare
For all the laſt extremities of War:
My King his hope from heavens aſſiſtance draws:
Almanz. The Moors have Heav'n and me t' aſſiſt their cauſe.
[*Exit* Arcos.

Enter Eſperanza.

Eſper. Fair *Almahide,*
(Who did with weeping eyes theſe diſcords ſee,
And fears the *omen* may unlucky be:)
Prepares a *Zambray* to be danc'd this night,
In hope ſoft pleaſures may your minds unite.

Boab. My Miſtreſs gently chids the fault I made:
But tedious buſineſs has my Love delay'd;
Buſineſs which dares the joys of Kings invade.
Almanz. Firſt let us ſally out, and meet the foe:
Abdalla. Led on by you we on to Triumph goe.
Boab. Then, with the day let War and tumult ceaſe:
The night be ſacred to our love and peace:
'Tis juſt ſome joyes on weary Kings ſhould wait;
'Tis all we gain by being ſlaves to State. [*Exeunt omnes.*

ACT II.

Abdalla, Abdelmelech, Ozmyn, Zulema, Hamet
as returning from the Sally.

Abdal. THis happy day does to *Granada* bring
A laſting Peace and Triumphs to the King:
The two fierce Factions will no longer jarr,
Since they have now been Brothers in the War:
Thoſe, who apart in Emulation fought,
The common danger to one body brought;
And to his coſt the proud *Caſtilian* finds
Our mooriſh courage in united minds.
Abdelmel. Since to each others aid our lives we owe,
Looſe we the name of Faction and of foe,
Which I to *Zulema* can bear no more,
Since *Lindaraxa*'s beauty I adore.
Zul. I am oblig'd to *Lindaraxa*'s charms
Which gain the Conqueſt I ſhould looſe by Arms;
And wiſh my Siſter may continue fair,
Thas I may keep a good,
Of whoſe poſſeſſion I ſhould elſe deſpair.
Ozmyn. While we indulge our common happineſs
He is forgot to whom we all poſſeſs;
The brave *Almanzor* to whoſe arms we owe
And that we did and all that we ſhall do?
Who, like a Tempeſt that out-rides the Wind,
Made a juſt battle e'er the bodies join'd.
Abdalla. His Victories we ſcarce could keep in view,
Or poliſh 'em ſo faſt as he rough drew.
Abdel. Fate after him, below with pain did move,
And Victory could ſcarce keep pace above.

Death

Death did at length ſo many ſlain forget;
And loſt the tale and took 'em by the great.

[*To them* Almanzor *with the Duke of* Arcos *priſoner.*

Hamet. See here he comes,
And leads in Triumph him who did command
The vanquiſh'd Army of King *Ferdinand:*

[Almanzor *to the Duke of* Arcos.

Thus far your maſters arms a fortune find
Below the ſwell'd ambition of his mind:
And *Alha* ſhuts a miſ-believers raign
From out the beſt and goodlieſt part of *Spain.*
Let *Ferdinand Calabrian* Conqueſts make,
And from the *French* conteſted *Millan* take,
Let him new Worlds diſcover to the old,
And break up ſhining Mountains big with gold,
Yet he ſhall find this ſmall Domeſtique foe
Still ſharp, and pointed to his boſom grow.

Duke of *Arc.* Of ſmall advantages too much you boaſt,
You beat the out-guards of my Maſters hoaſt:
This little loſs in our vaſt body, ſhews
So ſmall, that half have never heard the news.
Fame's out of breath 'ere ſhe can fly ſo far
To tell 'em all, that you have here made War.

Almanz. It pleaſes me your Army is ſo great:
For now I know there's more to conquer yet.
By Heav'n I'll ſee what Troops you have behind;
I'll face this Storm that thickens in the Wind:
And, with bent forehead, full againſt it go,
Till I have found the laſt and utmoſt foe.

Duke. Believe you ſhall not long attend in vain;
To morrow's dawn ſhall cover all your Plain.
Bright Arms ſhall flaſh upon you from afar;
A wood of Lances, and a moving War.
But I, unhappy in my bands, muſt yet
Be only pleas'd to hear of your defeat:
And, with a ſlaves inglorious eaſe remain,
Till conquering *Ferdinand* has broke my chain.

Almanz. Vain man, thy hopes of *Ferdinand* are weak:
I hold thy chain too faſt for him to break.
But ſince thou threatn'ſt us, I'll ſet the free,
That I again may fight and conquer thee.

Duke. Old as I am, I take thee at thy word,
And will to morrow thank thee with my ſword.

Almanz. I'll go and inſtantly acquaint the King:
And ſuddain orders for thy freedom bring.

Thou canſt not be ſo pleas'd at Liberty,
As I ſhall be to find thou darſt be free.

[*Exeunt* Almanzor, Arcos; *and the reſt excepting only* Abdalla *and* Zulema.

Abdalla. Of all thoſe Chriſtians who infeſt this Town,
This Duke of *Arcos* is of moſt renown.

Zulema. Oft have I heard, that in your Fathers reign,
His bold Advent'rers beat the Neighb'ring Plain;
Then, under *Ponce Leon's* name he fought,
And from our Triumphs many Prizes brought.
Till in diſgrace, from *Spain* at length he went,
And ſince, continued long in baniſhment.

Abdalla. But ſee, your beauteous Siſter does appear.

[*To them* Lindaraxa.

Zulema. By my deſire ſhe came to find me here:

[Zulema *and* Lindaraxa *whiſper; then* Zulema *goes out; and* Lindaraxa *is going after.*

Abdalla. Why, faireſt *Lindaraxa*, do you fly [*ſtaying her.*
A Prince, who at your feet is proud to dye?

Lindaraxa. Sir, I ſhould bluſh to own ſo rude a thing, [*ſtaying.*
As 'tis to ſhun the Brother of my King.

Abdal. In my hard fortune I ſome eaſe ſhould find,
Did your Diſdain extend to all Mankind.
But give me leave to grieve, and to complain,
That you give others what I beg in vain.

Lindar. Take my Eſteem, if you on that can live,
For, frankly, Sir, 'tis all I have to give.
If, from my heart you ask or hope for more,
I grieve the place is taken up before.

Abdal. My Rival merits you.
To *Abdelmelech* I will Juſtice do;
For he wants worth who dares not praiſe a Foe.

Lind. That for his Virtue, Sir, you make defence,
Shows in your own a Noble confidence:
But him defending, and excuſing me,
I know not what can your advantage be.

Abdal. I fain would ask, ere I proceed in this,
If, as by choice, you are by promiſe, his?

Lindar. Th'Engagement only in my Love does lie,
But that's a knot which you can ne'r untye.

Abdal. When Cities are beſieg'd and treat to yield,
If there appear Relievers from the Field,
The Flag of Parley may be taken down,
Till the ſucceſs of thoſe without be known.

Lindar. Though *Abdelmelech* has not yet poſſeſt,
Yet I have ſeal'd the Treaty for my breaſt.

Abdal.

Adal. Your Treaty has not ty'd you to a day,
Some chance might break it, would you but delay:
If I can judge the ſecrets of your heart,
Ambition in it has the greateſt part;
And wiſdom then will ſhew ſome difference,
Betwixt a private Perſon and a Prince.
Lindar. Princes are Subjects ſtill——
Subject and Subject can ſmall diff'rence bring:
The diff'rence is 'twixt Subjects and a King.
And ſince, Sir, you are none, your hopes remove;
For leſs than Empire I'll not change my love.
Abdal. Had I a Crown, all I ſhould prize in it,
Should be the pow'r to lay it at your feet.
Lin. Had you that Crown which you but wiſh, not hope,
Then I, perhaps, might ſtoop, and take it up.
But till your wiſhes, and your hopes agree,
You ſhall be ſtill a private Man with me.
Abdal. If I am King, and if my Brother dye——
Lindar. Two if's, ſcarce make one poſſibility.
Abdal. The rule of happineſs by reaſon ſcan;
You may be happy with a private man.
Lindar. That happineſs I may enjoy, 'tis true;
But then that private man muſt not be you.
Where e'r I love, I'm happy in my choice;
If I make you ſo, you ſhall pay my price.
Abdal. Why wou'd you be ſo great?
Lindar. ——Becauſe I've ſeen,
This day, what 'tis to hope to be a Queen.
Heav'n, how y'all watch'd each motion of her Eye:
None could be ſeen while *Almahide* was by;
Becauſe ſhe is to be her Majeſty.
Why wou'd I be a Queen? becauſe my Face
Wou'd wear the Title with a better grace.
If I became it not, yet it wou'd be
Part of your duty, then, to Flatter me.
Theſe are not half the Charms of being great;
I wou'd be ſomewhat——that I know not yet:
Yes; I avow th'ambition of my Soul,
To be that one, to live without control:
And that's another happineſs to me
To be ſo happy as but one can be.
Abdal. Madam, (becauſe I would all doubts remove;)
Wou'd you, were I a King, accept my Love?
Lind. I wou'd accept it; and to ſhow 'tis true;
From any other man as ſoon as you.

Abdal.

Abdal. Your ſharp replies makes me not love you leſs;
But make me ſeek new paths to happineſs.
What I deſign, by time will beſt be ſeen.
You may be mine and yet may be a Queen.
When you are ſo, your word your Love allures.
Lind. Perhaps not Love you — but I will be yours.
[*He offers to take her hand and kiſs it.*
Stay, Sir, that grace I cannot yet allow;
Before you ſet the Crown upon my brow.
That favour which you ſeek —
Or *Abdelmelech*, or a King muſt have,
When you are ſo, then you may be my ſlave.
[*Exit, but looks ſmiling back on him.*
Abdal. How e'er imperious in her words ſhe were,
Her parting looks had nothing of ſevere.
A glancing ſmile allur'd me to command;
And her ſoft fingers gently preſt my hand.
I felt the pleaſure glid through every part;
Her hand went through me to my very heart.
For ſuch another pleaſure did he live,
I could my Father of a Crown deprive.
What did I ſay! Father! that impious thought has ſhock'd my mind.
How bold our paſſions are, and yet how blind!
She's gone; and now
Methinks there is leſs glory in a Crown;
My boyling paſſions ſettle and go down:
Like amber chaf't, when ſhe is near ſhe acts,
When farther off, inclines, but not attracts.
[*To him* Zulema.
Aſſiſt me, *Zulema*, if thou would'ſt be
That friend thou ſeem'ſt, aſſiſt me againſt me.
Betwixt my love and vertue I am toſt;
This muſt be forfeited or that be loſt:
I could do much to merit thy applauſe;
Help me to fortefy the better cauſe.
My honour is not wholly put to flight;
But would, if ſeconded, renew the fight.
Zul. I met my Siſter; but I do not ſee
What difficulty in your choice can be:
She told me all; and 'tis ſo plain a caſe,
You need not ask, what councel to embrace.
Abdal. I ſtand reprov'd, that I did doubt at all;
My waiting Vertue ſtay'd but for thy call:
'Tis plain that ſhe who for a Kingdom, now
Would ſacrifice her Love, and break her vow,

Not

Not out of Love but Int'reſt, acts alone,
And wou'd, ev'n in my Arms, lie thinking of a Throne.
Zulema. Add to the reſt this one reflection more,
When ſhe is married, and you ſtill adore,
Think then, and think what comfort it will bring,
She had been mine——
Had I but only dar'd to be a King!
Abdal. I hope you only would my honour try;
I'm loth to think you Virtue's enemy.
Zulema. If, when a Crown and Miſtriſs are in place,
Virtue intrudes with her lean holy face;
Virtue's then mine, and not I Virtue's foe;
Why does ſhe come where ſhe has nought to do?
Let her with Anchorites not with Lovers lie;
States-men and they keep better Company.
Abdal. Reaſon was giv'n to curb our head-ſtrong will:
Zulema. Reaſon but ſhews a weak Phyſician's skill:
Gives nothing while the raging fit does laſt;
But ſtays to cure it when the worſt is paſt.
Reaſon's a Staff for Age, when Nature's gone;
But Youth is ſtrong enough to walk alone.
Abdal. In curſt Ambition I no reſt ſhould find;
But muſt for ever loſe my peace of mind.
Zul. Methinks that peace of mind were bravely loſt;
A Crown, what e'r we give, is worth the coſt.
Abdal. Juſtice diſtributes to each man his right,
But what ſhe gives not, ſhould I take by might?
Zulem. If Juſtice will take all and nothing give,
Juſtice, methinks, is not diſtributive.
Abdal. Had Fate ſo pleas'd, I had been eldeſt born;
And then, without a Crime, the Crown had worn.
Zul. Would you ſo pleaſe, Fate yet a way would find;
Man makes his fate according to his mind.
The weak low Spirit Fortune makes her ſlave;
But ſhe's a drudge, when hector'd by the brave.
If Fate weaves common Thread, he'll change the doom;
And with new purple ſpread a Nobler loom.
Abdal. No more; — I will uſurp the Royal Seat;
Thou who haſt made me wicked, make me great.
Zulem. Your way is plain; the Death of *Tariſa*
Does on the King, our *Zegry's* hatred draw;
Though with our Enemies in ſhow we cloſe,
'Tis but while we to purpoſe can be foes.
Selin, who heads us, would revenge his Son;
But favour hinders juſtice to be done.

Proud *Ozmyn* with the King his pow'r maintains:
And, in him, each *Abencerrage* reigns.
Abdal. What face of any title can I bring?
Zulem. The right an eldeſt Son has to be King.
Your Father was at firſt a private man;
And got your Brother ere his reign began.
When, by his Valour, he the Crown had won,
Then you were born, a Monarch's eldeſt Son.
Abdal. To ſharp ey'd reaſon this would ſeem untrue;
But reaſon, I through Love's falſe Opticks view.
Zulem. Love's mighty pow'r has led me Captive too:
I am in it unfortunate as you.
Abdal. Our Loves and fortunes ſhall together go,
Thou ſhalt be happy when I firſt am ſo.
Zulem. The *Zegry*'s at old *Selin*'s houſe are met;
Where in cloſe Council, for revenge they ſit,
There we our common int'reſt will unite;
You their revenge ſhall own, and they your right.
One thing I had forgot which may import;
I met *Almanzor* coming back from Court.
But with a diſcompos'd and ſpeedy pace,
A fiery colour kindling all his face:
The King his Pris'ners freedom has deny'd:
And that refuſal has provok'd his pride.
Abdal. Would he were ours!
I'll try to gild th' injuſtice of his cauſe;
And court his Valour with a vaſt applauſe.
Zulema. The bold are but the Inſtruments o'th' wiſe:
They undertake the dangers we adviſe.
And while our fabrick with their pains we raiſe,
We take the profit, and pay them with praiſe. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

Almanzor, Abdalla.

Alman. THat he ſhould dare to do me this diſgrace!
Is Fool or Coward writ upon my face?
Refuſe my Pris'ner! I ſuch means will uſe,
He ſhall not have a Pris'ner to refuſe.
Abdal. He ſaid you were not by your promiſe ty'd;
That he abſolv'd your word when he deny'd.

Alman.,

Almanz. He break my promiſe and abſolve my vow!
'Tis more than *Mahomet* himſelf can do.
The word which I have giv'n ſhall ſtand like Fate;
Not like the King's, that Weathercock of State.
He ſtands ſo high, with ſo unfixt a mind,
Two Factions turn him with each blaſt of wind.
But now he ſhall not veer: my word is paſt:
I'll take his heart by th'roots, and hold it faſt.
Abdal. You have your Veng'ance in your hand this hour,
Make me the humble Creature of your pow'r:
The *Granadins* will gladly me obey;
(Tir'd with ſo baſe and impotent a ſway.)
And when I ſhew my Title, you ſhall ſee
I have a better Right to Reign, than he.
Almanz. It is ſufficient that you make the claim:
You wrong our Friendſhip when your Right you name.
When for my ſelf I fight, I weigh the cauſe;
But Friendſhip will admit of no ſuch Laws:
That weighs by th' lump, and, when the cauſe is light,
Puts kindneſs in to ſet the Ballance right.
True, I would wiſh my friend the juſter ſide:
But in th' unjuſt my kindneſs more is try'd.
And all the oppoſition I can bring,
Is, that I fear to make you ſuch a King.
Abdal. The Majeſty of Kings we ſhould not blame,
When Royal minds adorn the Royal name:
The vulgar, greatneſs too much idolize,
But haughty Subjects it too much deſpiſe.
Almanz. I only ſpeak of him,
Whom Pomp and Greatneſs ſit ſo looſe about,
That he wants Majeſty to fill them out.
Abdal. Haſte then, and loſe no time ———
The buſineſs muſt be enterpriz'd this Night.
We muſt ſurpriſe the Court in its delight.
Almanz. For you to will, for me 'tis to obey;
But I would give a Crown in open day:
And, when the *Spaniards* their Aſſault begin,
At once beat thoſe without, and theſe within. [*Exit* Almanzor.

Enter Abdelmelech.

Abdelm. Abdalla, hold; there's ſomewhat I intend
To ſpeak, not as your Rival, but your Friend.
Abdal. If as a Friend, I am oblig'd to hear;
And what a Rival ſays I cannot fear.
Abdelm. Think, brave *Abdalla*, what it is you do;
Your Quiet, Honour, and our Friendſhip too,
All for a fickle Beauty you forgo.

Think, and turn back before it be too late;
Behold, in me th' example of your Fate.
I am your Sea-mark, and though wrack'd and loſt,
My ruins ſtand to warn you from the Coaſt.
Abdal. Your Councils, noble *Abdelmelech*, move
My reaſon to accept 'em; not my Love.
Ah, why did Heav'n leave Man ſo weak defence,
To truſt frail reaſon with the rule of Senſe!
'Tis over-pois'd and kick'd up in the Air,
While ſenſe weighs down the Scale, and keeps it there.
Or, like a Captive King, 'tis born away:
And forc'd to count'nance its own Rebel's ſway.
Abdelm. No, no; our Reaſon was not vainly lent;
Nor is a ſlave but by its own conſent.
If Reaſon on his Subjects Triumph wait,
An eaſie King deſerves no better Fate.
Abdal. You ſpeak too late; my Empire's loſt too far,
I cannot fight.
Abdelm.——— Then make a flying War,
Diſlodge betimes before you are beſet.
Abdal. Her tears, her ſmiles, her every look's a Net.
Her voice is like a Syren's of the Land;
And bloody Hearts lie panting in her hand.
Abdelm. This do you know, and tempt the danger ſtill?
Abdal. Love like a Lethargy has ſeiz'd my Will.
I'm not my ſelf, ſince from her ſight I went;
I lean my Trunck that way; and there ſtand bent,
As one, who in ſome frightful Dream, would ſhun
His preſſing Foe, labours in vain to run;
And his own ſlowneſs in his ſleep bemoans,
With thick ſhort ſighs, weak cries, and tender groans,
So I———————
Abdelm. ——— Some Friend in Charity, ſhould ſhake
And rouze, and call you loudly till you wake.
Too well I know her blandiſhments to gain,
Uſurper-like, till ſettled in her Reign;
Then proudly ſhe inſults, and gives you cares
And jealouſies; ſhort hopes, and long deſpairs.
To this hard yoke you muſt hereafter bow;
Howe'r ſhe ſhines all Golden to you now.
Abdal. Like him, who on the Ice———
Slides ſwiftly on, and ſees the water near,
Yet cannot ſtop himſelf in his career:
So am I carry'd. This enchanted place,
Like *Circe*'s Iſle, is peopled with a Race

Of

Of Dogs and Swine, yet, though their fate I know,
I look with pleaſure, and am turning too.

[Lyndaraxa *paſſes over the Stage.*

Abdelm. Fly, fly, before th'allurements of her face;
Ere ſhe return with ſome reſiſtleſs grace,
And with new magick covers all the place.
Abdal. I cannot, will not; nay, I would not fly;
I'll love; be blind, be cozen'd till I dye.
And you, who bid me wiſer Counſel take,
I'll hate, and if I can, I'll kill you for her ſake.
Abdel. Ev'n I that counſell'd you, that choice approve,
I'll hate you blindly, and her blindly love:
Prudence, that ſtemm'd the ſtream, is out of breath;
And to go down it, is the eaſier death.

Lyndaraxa *re-enters and ſmiles on* Abdalla.

[*Exit* Abdalla.

Abdel. That ſmile on Prince *Abdalla*, ſeem's to ſay
You are not in your killing mood to day,
Men brand, indeed, your Sex with Cruelty,
But you're too good to ſee poor Lovers die.
This God-like pity in you I extol;
And more, becauſe, like Heaven's, 'tis general.
Lynd. My ſmile implies not that I grant his ſuit:
'Twas but a bare return of his ſalute.
Abdel. It ſaid, you were engag'd and I in place:
But to pleaſe both, you would divide the grace.
Lynd. You've cauſe to be contented with your part:
When he has but the look, and you the heart.
Abdel. In giving but that look, you give what's mine:
I'll not one corner of a glance reſign:
All's mine; and I am cov'tous of my ſtore:
I have not love enough; I'll tax you more.
Lynd. I gave not love; 'twas but civility,
He is a Prince; that's due to his degree.
Abdel. That Prince you ſmil'd on is my Rival ſtill:
And ſhou'd, if me you lov'd, be treated ill.
Lynd. I know not how to ſhow ſo rude a ſpight.
Abdel. That is, you know not how to love aright;
Or, if you did, you would more difference ſee
Betwixt our Souls, than 'twixt our Quality.
Mark, if his Birth makes any difference,
If, to his words, it adds one grain of Senſe:
That duty which his Birth can make his due
I'll pay; but it ſhall not be paid by you.
For if a Prince Courts her whom I adore,
He is my Rival, and a Prince no more.

Lynd.

Lynd. And when did I my pow'r ſo far reſign,
That you ſhould regulate each look of mine?
Abdel. Then, when you gave your Love, you gave that pow'r.
Lynd. 'Twas during pleaſure, 'tis revok'd this hour.
Now call me falſe, and rail on Woman-kind,
'Tis all the remedy you're like to find.
Abdel. Yes, there's one more,
I'll hate you; and this viſit is my laſt.
Lynd. Do't, if you can; you know I hold you faſt.
Yet, for your quiet, would you could reſign
Your love, as eaſily as I do mine.
Abdel. Furies and Hell, how unconcern'd ſhe ſpeaks!
With what indifference all her Vows ſhe breaks!
Curſe on me; but ſhe ſmiles.
Lynd. That ſmil's a part of Love; and all's your due:
I take it from the Prince, and give it you.
Abdel. Juſt Heav'n, muſt my poor heart your May-game prove
To bandy, and make Childrens play in Love? [*Half crying.*
Ah! how have I this Cruelty deſerv'd?
I who ſo truly and ſo long have ſerv'd!
And left ſo eaſily! oh cruel Maid!
So eaſily! 'twas too unkindly ſaid.
That Heart which could ſo eaſily remove,
Was never fix'd, nor rooted deep in Love.
Lynd. You Lodg'd it ſo uneaſie in your Breaſt,
I thought you had been weary of the Gueſt.
Firſt I was treated like a ſtranger there;
But, when a Houſhold Friend I did appear,
You thought, it ſeems, I could not live elſewhere.
Then, by degrees, your feign'd reſpect withdrew:
You mark'd my Actions; and my Guardian grew.
But, I am not concern'd your Acts to blame:
My heart to yours, but upon liking came.
And, like a Bird, whom prying Boys moleſt,
Stays not to breed, where ſhe had built her Neſt.
Abdel. I have done ill———
And dare not ask you to be leſs diſpleas'd:
Be but more angry, and my pain is eas'd.
Lynd. If I ſhould be ſo kind a Fool to take
This little ſatisfaction which you make,
I know you would preſume ſome other time
Upon my Goodneſs, and repeat your Crime.
Abdel. Oh never, never: upon no pretence:
My Life's too ſhort to expiate this offence.
Lynd. No; now I think on't, 'tis in vain to try;
'Tis in your Nature, and paſt remedy.

You'll

You'll ſtill diſquiet my too loving Heart:
Now we are friends, 'tis beſt for both to part. [*Taking her Hand.*
Abdel. By this——will you not give me leave to ſwear?
Lynd. You wou'd be perjur'd if you ſhould I fear.
And when I talk with Prince *Abdalla* next,
I with your fond ſuſpicions ſhall be vext.
Abdel. I cannot ſay I'll conquer Jealouſie:
But if you'll freely pardon me, I'll try.
Lynd. And, till you that ſubmiſſive Servant prove,
I never can conclude you truly love. [*To them, the King, Almahide, Abenamar, Eſperanza, Guards, Attendants.*
King. Approach, my *Almahide*, my charming fair;
Bleſſing of Peace, and recompence of War.
This Night is yours; and may your Life ſtill be
The ſame in Joy, though not Solemnity.

The Zambra *Dance.*

SONG.

1.

Beneath a Myrtle ſhade
Which Love for none but happy Lovers made
I ſlept, and ſtraight my Love before me brought
Phillis, the object of my waking thought;
Undreſs'd ſhe came my flames to meet,
While Love ſtrow'd flow'rs beneath her feet;
Flow'rs, which ſo preſs'd by her, became more ſweet.

2.

From the bright Viſion's head,
A careleſs veil of Lawn was looſely ſpread:
From her white temples fell her ſhaded hair,
Like cloudy ſun-ſhine not too brown nor fair;
Her hands, her lips did love inſpire;
Her every grace my heart did fire:
But moſt her eyes which languiſh'd with deſire.

3.

Ah, Charming fair, ſaid I,
How long can you my bliſs and yours deny?
By Nature and by Love, this lonely ſhade
Was for revenge of ſuffering Lovers made:
Silence and ſhades with love agree:
Both ſhelter you and favour me;
You cannot bluſh, becauſe I cannot ſee.

4. No,

4.

No, let me dye, she said,
Rather than lose the spotless name of Maid:
Faintly methought she spoke, for all the while
She bid me not believe her, with a smile.
Then die, said I, she's still deny'd;
And, is it thus, thus, thus she cry'd
You use a harmless Maid, and so she dy'd!

5.

I wak'd, and straight I knew
I lov'd so well it made my dream prove true:
Fancy, the kindest Mistress of the two,
Fancy had done what Phillis wou'd not do!
Ah, Cruel Nymph, cease your disdain,
While I can dream you scorn in vain!
Asleep or waking you must ease my pain.

[*After the Dance, a tumultuous noise of Drums and Trumpets.*

To them Ozmyn; *his Sword drawn.*

Ozm. Arm, quickly, arm, yet all, I fear, too late:
The Enemy's already at the Gate.

K. Boab. The Christians are dislodg'd? what Foe is near?

Ozm. The Zegry's are in Arms, and almost here.
The Streets with Torches shine, with Shoutings ring,
And Prince *Abdalla* is proclaim'd the King.
What Man cou'd do I have already done,
But bold *Almanzor* fiercely leads 'em on.

Abenam. Th' *Alhambra* yet is safe in my Command, [*To the King.*
Retreat you thither while their shock we stand.

Boab. I cannot meanly for my life provide,
I'll either perish in't, or stem this Tide.
To guard the Palace, *Ozmyn*, be your care,
If they o'ercome, no Sword will hurt the fair.

Ozm. I'll either die, or I'll make good the place.

Abdel. And I, with these, will hold *Almanzor* face.

[*Exeunt all but the Ladies. An alarm within.*

Almah. What dismal Planet did my Triumphs light:
Discord the Day, and Death does rule the Night:
The noise my Soul does through my Senses wound.

Lynd. Methinks it is a noble, sprightly sound.
The Trumpets clangor, and the clash of Arms!
This noise may chill your Blood, but mine it warms:

[*Shouting and clashing of Swords within.*

We have already past the Rubicon.
The Dice are mine: now Fortune for a Throne.

[*A shout within, and clashing of Swords afar off.* The

The ſound goes farther off; and faintly dies,
Curſe of this going back, theſe ebbing cryes!
Ye Winds waft hither ſounds more ſtrong, and quick:
Beat faſter, Drums, and mingle Deaths more thick.
I'll to the Turrets of the Palace go,
And add new fire to thoſe that fight below.
Thence *Hero*-like, with Torches by my ſide,
(Far be the *Omen*, though,) my Love I'll guide.
No; like his better fortune I'll appear:
With open Arms, looſe Veil, and flowing Hair,
Juſt flying forward from my rowling Sphere,
My ſmiles ſhall make *Abdalla* more than Man;
Let him look up and periſh if he can. [*Exit.*

An alarm, nearer: Then Enter Almanzor; *and* Selin, *in the head of the Zegrys.* Ozmyn *Priſ'ner.*

Almanz. We have not fought enough; they fly too ſoon:
And I am griev'd the noble ſport is done.
This only man of all whom chance did bring
[*Pointing to* Ozmyn.
To meet my Arms, was worth the Conquering.
His brave reſiſtance did my Fortune grace;
So ſlow, ſo threatning forward he gave place.
His Chains be eaſie and his uſage fair.

Selin. I beg you would commit him to my care.

Almanz. Next, the brave Spaniard free without delay:
And with a Convoy ſend him ſafe away. [*Exit a Guard.*

To them Hamet *and others.*

Hamet. The King by me ſalutes you; and, to ſhow
That to your Valour he his Crown does owe,
Would from your mouth I ſhould the World receive;
And, that to theſe you would your Orders give.

Almanz. He much o'er rates the little I have done.

[Almanzor *goes to the door, and there ſeems to give out Orders, by ſending People ſeveral ways.*

Selin *to* Ozmyn.

Now to revenge the murder of my Son.
To morrow for thy certain death prepare:
This night I only leave thee to deſpair.

Ozmyn. Thy idle Menaces I do not fear:
My buſineſs was to die, or Conquer here.
Siſter, for you I grieve I cou'd no more:
My preſent State betrays my want of pow'r.
But, when true Courage is of force bereft,
Patience, the only Fortitude, is left. [*Exit cum* Selin.

Almah. Ah, *Eſperanza*, what for me remains
But Death; or, worſe than Death, inglorious Chains!

Eſper. Madam, you muſt not to deſpair give place;
Heaven never meant misfortune to that Face.
Suppoſe there were no Juſtice in your cauſe,
Beauty's a bribe that gives her Judges Laws.
That you are brought to this deplor'd eſtate,
Is but th' ingenious flattery of your Fate;
Fate fears her ſuccour like an alms to give:
And would, you, God-like, from your ſelf ſhould live.
Almah. Mark but how terrible his eyes appear!
And yet there's ſomething roughly noble there,
Which, in unfaſhion'd Nature, looks Divine;
And like a Gem does in the Quarry ſhine.
Almanzor *returns; ſhe falls at his feet being veil'd*
Almah. Turn, Mighty Conqu'ror, turn your face this way,
Do not refuſe to hear the wretched pray.
Almanz. What buſineſs can this Woman have with me?
Almah. That of th' afflicted to the Deity.
So may your Arms ſucceſs in battles find:
So may the Miſtriſs of your vows be kind,
If you have any; or, if you have none,
So may your Liberty be ſtill your own.
Almanz. Yes I will turn my face, but not my mind:
You bane, and ſoft deſtruction of mankind,
What would you have with me?
Almahide.——————I beg the grace [*Unveiling.*
You would lay by thoſe terrours of your face.
Till calmneſs to your eyes you firſt reſtore
I am afraid, and I can beg no more. [Alman. *looking fixedly on her.*
Well; my fierce viſage ſhall not murder you:
Speak quickly, Woman; I have much to do.
Almah. Where ſhould I find the heart to ſpeak one word,
Your voice, Sir, is as killing as your ſword.
As you have left the lightning of your eye,
So would you pleaſe to lay your thunder by!
Almanz. I'm pleas'd and pain'd ſince firſt her eyes I ſaw,
As I were ſtung with ſome *Tarantula*:
Arms, and the duſty field I leſs admire;
And ſoften ſtrangely in ſome new deſire.
Honour burns in me, not ſo fiercely bright;
But pale, as fires when maſter'd by the light.
Ev'n while I ſpeak and look, I change yet more;
And now am nothing that I was before.
I'm mum'd, and fix'd, and ſcarce my eye balls move;
I fear it is the Lethargy of Love!

'Tis

'Tis he; I feel him now in every part:
Like a new Lord he vaunts about my heart,
Surveys in ſtate each corner of my Breaſt,
While poor fierce I, that was, am diſpoſſeſt
I'm bound; but I will rouze my rage again:
And though no hope of Liberty remain,
I'll fright my Keeper when I ſhake my Chain.
You are———— [*Angerly.*
Almah. ———I know I am your Captive, Sir:
Almanz. You are—You ſhall——And I can ſcarce forbear——
Almah. Alas!
Almanz. 'Tis all in vain; it will not do: [*Aſide.*
I cannot now a ſeeming anger ſhow:
My tongue againſt my heart no aid affords,
For Love ſtill riſes up, and choaks my words.
Almah. In half this time a Tempeſt would be ſtill,
Almanz. 'Tis you have rais'd that tempeſt in my will,
I wonnot love you, give me back my heart.
But give it as you had it, fierce and brave:
It was not made to be a womans ſlave:
But Lyon-like has been in deſarts bred;
And, us'd to range, will ne'er be tamely led.
Reſtore its freedom to my fetter'd will,
And then I ſhall have pow'r to uſe you ill.
Almah. My ſad condition may your pity move;
But look not on me with the eyes of Love.——
I muſt be brief, though I have much to ſay.
Almanz. No, ſpeak: for I can hear you now, all day:
Her ſuing ſooths me with a ſecret pride: [*Softly.*
A ſuppliant beauty cannot be deny'd; [*aſide*
Ev'n while I frown, her charms the furrows ſeize;
And I'm corrupted with the pow'r to pleaſe.
Almah. Though in your worth no cauſe of fear I ſee;
I fear the inſolence of Victory:
As you are noble, Sir, protect me then,
From the rude outrage of inſulting men.
Almanz. Who dares touch her I love? I'm all o'er love:
Nay, I am Love; Love ſhot, and ſhot ſo faſt,
He ſhot himſelf into my breaſt at laſt.
Almah. You ſee before you, her who ſhould be Queen,
Since ſhe is promis'd to *Boabdelin.*
Almanz. Are you belov'd by him! O wretched fate,
Firſt that I love at all; then, loved too late!
Yet, I muſt love!
Almah. ———Alas it is in vain;
Fate for each other did not us ordain.

The chances of this day too clearly ſhow
That Heav'n took care that it ſhould not be ſo.
Almanz. Would Heav'n had quite forgot me this one day,
But fate's yet hot——————
I'll make it take a bent another way.

[*He walks ſwiftly and diſcompoſedly ſtudying.*

I bring a claim which does his right remove:
You're his by promiſe, but you're mine by Love.
'Tis all but Ceremony which is paſt:
The knot's to tie which is to make you faſt.
Fate gave not to *Boabdelin* that pow'r:
He woo'd you but as my Ambaſſadour.
Almah. Our Souls are ty'd by Holy vows above.
Almanz. He ſign'd but his: but I will ſeal my love.
I love you better; with more Zeal than he.
Almah. This day——
I gave my faith to him, he his to me.
Almanz. Good Heav'n thy Book of Fate before me lay,
But to tear out the Journal of this day.
Or, if the order of the World below
Will not the gap of one whole day allow,
Give me that Minute when ſhe made her vow.
" That Minute, ev'n the happy, from their bliſs might give,
" And thoſe who live in grief, a ſhorter time would live.
So ſmall a link, if broke, th' Eternal chain
Would, like divided waters, joyn again.
It wonnot be; the fugitive is gone;
Preſt by the Crowd of following minutes on:
That precious Moment's out of Nature fled:
And in the heap of common rubbiſh laid,
Of things that once have been, and are decay'd.
Almah. Your paſſion, like a fright ſuſpends my pain:
It meets, o'er-powers, and beats mine back again.
But, as when Tydes againſt the Current flow,
The Native ſtream runs its own courſe below:
So, though your griefs poſſeſs the upper part,
My own have deeper Chanels in my heart.
Almanz. Forgive that fury which my Soul does move,
'Tis the Eſſay of an untaught firſt Love.
Yet rude, unfaſhion'd truth it does expreſs:
'Tis Love juſt peeping in a haſty dreſs.
Retire, fair Creature to your needful reſt;
There's ſomething noble lab'ring in my breaſt:
This raging fire which through the Maſs does move,
Shall purge my droſs, and Shall refine my Love.

Exeunt

[*Exeunt* Almahide, *and* Eſperanza.

She goes; And I, like my own Ghoſt appear:
It is not living, when ſhe is not here.

[*To him* Abdalla *as King, attended.*

Abdal. My firſt acknowledgments to Heav'n are due:
My next, *Almanzor*, let me pay to you.

Almanz. A poor Surprize, and on a naked Foe.
Whatever you confeſs, is all you owe.
And I no merit own or underſtand
That fortune did you Juſtice by my hand.
Yet, if you will that little ſervice pay
With a great favour I can ſhew the way.

Abdal. I have a favour to demand of you;
That is to take the thing for which you ſue.

Almanz. Then, briefly, thus; when I th' *Albayzyn* won,
I found the beauteous *Almahide* alone:
Whoſe ſad condition did my pity move:
And that compaſſion did produce my love.

Abdal. This needs no ſute; in Juſtice, I declare
She is your Captive by the right of War,

Almanz. She is no Captive, then; I ſet her free,
And rather than I will her Jaylor be,
I'll Nobly looſe her in her liberty.

Abdal. Your generoſity I much approve,
But your exceſs of that ſhows want of Love.

Almanz. No, 'tis th' exceſs of Love, which mounts ſo high,
That, ſeen far off, it leſſens to the eye.
Had I not lov'd her, and had ſet her free,
That, Sir, had been my generoſity:
But 'tis exalted paſſion when I ſhow
I dare be wretched, not to make her ſo.
And, while another paſſion fills her breaſt,
I'll be all wretched rather than half bleſt.

Abdal. May your heroick Act ſo proſperous be,
That *Almahide* may ſigh you ſet her free.

Enter Zulema.

Zulema. Of five tall Tow'rs which fortify this Town,
All but th' *Alhambra* your dominion own.
Now therefore boldly I confeſs a flame
Which is excus'd in *Almahida*'s name.
If you the merit of this night regard,
In her poſſeſſion I have my reward.

Almanz. She your reward! why ſhe's a gift ſo great——
That I my ſelf have not deſerv'd her yet.
And therefore, though I won her with my Sword,
I have, with awe, my Sacriliege reſtor'd.

Zulem.

Zulem. What you deſerve——
I'll not diſpute becauſe I do not know,
This, only I will ſay, She ſhall not go.
Almanz. Thou, ſingle, art not worth my anſwering,
But take what friends, what armies thou canſt bring;
What worlds; and when you are united all,
Then, I will thunder in your ears,—*She* ſhall.
Zulema. I'll not one tittle of my right reſign;
Sir, your implicite promiſe made her mine.
When I in general terms my love did ſhow,
You ſwore our fortunes ſhould together go.
Abdal. The merits of the cauſe I'll not decide,
But, like my love, I would my gift divide
Your equal titles, then, no longer plead;
But one of you, for love of me recede.
Almanz. I have receded to the utmoſt line,
When, by my free conſent, ſhe is not mine.
Then let him equally recede with me,
And both of us will joyn to ſet her free.
Zul. If you will free your part of her you may;
But, Sir, I love not your Romantick way.
Dream on; enjoy her Soul; and ſet that free;
I'm pleas'd her perſon ſhould be left for me.
Almanz. Thou ſhalt not wiſh her thine; thou ſhalt not dare
To be ſo impudent, as to deſpair.
Zul. The *Zegrys*, Sir, are all concern'd to ſee
How much their merit you neglect in me.
Hamet. Your ſlighting *Zulema*, this very hour
Will take ten thouſand Subjects from your pow'r.
Almanz. What are ten thouſand ſubjects ſuch as they;
If I am ſcorn'd——I'll take my ſelf away.
Abdal. Since both cannot poſſeſs what both purſue;
I grieve, my friend, the chance ſhould fall on you.
But when you hear what reaſons I can urge——
Almanz. None, none that your ingratitude can purge.
Reaſon's a trick, when it no grant affords:
It ſtamps the face of Majeſty on words.
Abdal. Your boldneſs to your ſervices I give:
Now take it as your full reward to live.
Almanz. To live!
If from my hands alone my death can be,
I am immortal; and a God to thee.
If I would kill thee now, thy Fate's ſo low
That I muſt ſtoop e'er I can give the blow.
But mine is fix'd ſo far above thy Crown,

That

That all thy men.
Pil'd on thy back can never pull it down:
But at my eaſe thy deſtiny I ſend,
By ceaſing from this hour to be thy friend:
Like Heav'n, I need but only to ſtand ſtill;
And, not concurring to thy life, I kill,
Thou canſt no title to my duty bring:
I'm not thy Subject, and my Soul's thy King.
Farewel, when *I* am gone
There's not a ſtar of thine dare ſtay with thee:
I'll whiſtle thy tame fortune after me:
And whirl fate with me whereſoe'er *I* fly,
As winds drive ſtorms before 'em in the Sky. [*Exit.*

Zulema. Let not this inſolent unpuniſh'd go;
Give your Commands; your Juſtice is too ſlow.

[Zulema, Hamet *and others, are going after him.*

Abdal. Stay: and what part he pleaſes let him take;
I know my Throne's too ſtrong for him to ſhake;
But my fair miſtriſs *I* too long forget:
The Crown *I* promis'd is not offer'd yet.
Without her preſence all my Joys are vain;
Empire a Curſe; and life it ſelf a pain. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

Boabdelin, Abenamar, *Guards.*

Boab. ADviſe, or aid, but do not pity me;
No Monarch born can fall to that degree.
Pity deſcends from Kings to all below;
But can no more than Fountains upward flow.
Witneſs juſt Heav'n, my greateſt grief has been
I could not make your *Almahide* a Queen.

Aben. I have too long th'effects of Fortune known,
Either to truſt her Smiles, or fear her Frown.
Since in their firſt attempt you were not ſlain;
Your ſafety bodes you yet a ſecond reign.
The people, like a headlong torrent go;
And, every dam they break, or overflow:
But unoppos'd, they either loſe their force,
Or wind in volumes to their former courſe.

Boab. In walls we meanly muſt our hopes incloſe,
To wait our friends and weary out our foes,
Wile *Almahide*

To

To lawleſs Rebels is expos'd a prey,
And forc'd the luſtful Victor to obey.
Aben. One of my blood, in rules of Virtue bred!
Think better of her; and believe ſhe's dead. [*To them* Almanz.
Boab. We are betray'd; the Enemy is here;
We have no farther room to hope or fear.
Almanz. It is indeed *Almanzor* whom you ſee,
But he no longer is your Enemy.
You were ungrateful, but your foes were more;
What your injuſtice loſt you, theirs reſtore.
Make profit of my vengeance while you may,
My two-edg'd Sword can cut the other way.
I am your fortune; but am ſwift like her,
And turn my hairy front if you defer:
That hour when you delib'rate is too late:
I point you the white moment of your fate.
Aben. Believe him ſent as Prince *Abdalla*'s ſpy;
He would betray us to the Enemy.
Alman. Were I, like thee, in Cheats of State grown old,
(Thoſe publick Markets, were for foreign gold
The pooreſt Prince is to the richeſt ſold;)
Then thou mightſt think me fit for that low part:
But I am yet to learn the Stateſman's art.
My kindneſs and my hate unmask'd I wear;
For friends to truſt, and Enemies to fear.
My heart's ſo plain,
That Men on every paſſing though may look,
Like Fiſhes gliding in a Cryſtal brook:
When troubled moſt, it does the bottom ſhow,
'Tis weedleſs all above; and rockleſs all below.
Aben. Ere he be truſted let him then be try'd,
He may be falſe who once has chang'd his ſide.
Almanz. In that you more accuſe your ſelves than me:
None who are injur'd can unconſtant be,
You were unconſtant; you who did the wrong;
To do me Juſtice does to me belong.
Great Souls by kindneſs only can be ty'd;
Injur'd again, again I'll leave your ſide.
Honour is what my ſelf and friends I owe;
And none can looſe it who forſake a foe.
Since, then, your Foes now happen to be mine,
Though not in friendſhip we'll in iht'reſt joyn.
So while my lov'd revenge is full and high,
I'll give you back your Kingdom by the bye.
Boabdelin *embracing him.*
That I ſo long delay'd what you deſire
Was not to doubt your worth, but to admire.

Almar.

Almaiz. This Counſellor an old man's caution ſhows,
Who fears that little he has left, to loſe:
Age ſets fortune; while youth boldly throw's.
But let us firſt your drooping Souldiers chear:
Then ſeek out danger, ere it dare appear.
This hour *I* fix your Crown upon your brow,
Next hour Fate gives it; but *I* give it now. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Lyndaraxa *alone.*

O could *I* read the dark decrees of fate,
That *I* might once know whom to love or hate!
For *I* my ſelf ſcarce my own thoughts can gueſs,
So much *I* find them varied by ſucceſs.
As in ſome weather-glaſs my Love *I* hold:
Which falls or riſes with the heat or cold.
I will be conſtant yet, if fortune can;
I love the King: let her but name the Man.

To her Halyma.

Hal. Madam, a Gentleman to me unknown
Deſires that he may ſpeak with you alone.
Lynd. Some Meſſage from the King: let him appear.

To her Abdelmelech: *who, Entring, throws off his diſguiſe, She ſtarts.*

Abdel. *I* ſee you are amaz'd that *I* am here.
But let at once your Fear and wonder end;
In the Uſurpers guard *I* found a friend,
Who led me to you ſafe in this Diſguiſe,
Lynd. Your danger brings this Trouble in my eyes.
But what affair this vent'rous viſit drew?
Abdel. The greateſt in the World; the ſeeing you.
Lynd. The Courage of your Love *I* ſo admire
That to preſerve you, you ſhall ſtraight retire.

[*She leads him to the door.*

Go, dear, each Minute does new dangers bring;
You will be taken; *I* expect the King.
Abdel. The King! the poor Uſurper of an Hour,
His Empire's but a Dream of Kingly pow'r.
I warn you as a Lover and a Friend,
To leave him ere his ſhort dominion end.
The Souldier *I* ſuborn'd will wait at night;
And ſhall alone be conſcious of your flight.
Lynd. *I* thank you that you ſo much care beſtow,
But, if his Reign be ſhort, *I* need not go.

For why ſhould I expoſe my life and yours,
For what, you ſay, a little time aſſures?
Abdel. My danger in th'attempt is very ſmall:
And, if he loves you, yours is none at all.
But, though his ruine be as ſure as Fate
Your proof of Love to me would come too late.
This Tryal, I in kindneſs wou'd allow;
'Tis eaſie, if you love me, ſhow it now.
Lynd. It is becauſe I Love you, I refuſe;
For all the World my Conduct would accuſe.
If I ſhould go, with him I love, away:
And therefo.e, in ſtrict virtue, I will ſtay.
Abdel. You would in vain diſſemble Love to me:
Through that thin Veil your Artifice I ſee.
You would expect th' event and then declare:
But do not, do not, drive me to deſpair.
For if you now refuſe with me to fly,
Rather than love you after this I'll die.
And therefore weigh it well before you ſpeak;
My King is ſafe; his force within not weak.
Lynd. The Counſel you have giv'n me, may be wiſe:
But, ſince the affair is great, I will adviſe.
Abdel. Then that delay, I for denial take.—— [*Is going.*
Lynd. Stay. you too ſwift an Expoſition make.
If I ſhould go, ſince *Zulema* will ſtay,
I ſhould my brother to the King betray.
Abdel. There is no fear: but, if there were, I ſee
You value ſtill your brother more than me.
Farewel; ſome eaſe I in your falſhood find;
It lets a beam in, that will clear my mind.
My former weakneſs I with ſhame, confeſs:
And when I ſee you next ſhall love you leſs. [*Is going again.*
Lynd. Your Faithleſs dealings you may bluſh to tell [*Weeping.*
This is a Maids reward who loves too well. [*He looks back.*
Remember that I drew my lateſt breath
In charging your unkindneſs with my death.
Abdel. *coming back.*
Have I not anſwer'd all you can invent
Ev'n the leaſt ſhadow of an Argument?
Lynd. You want not cunning what you pleaſe to prove;
But my poor heart knows only how to love.
And, finding this, you Tyrannize the more:
'Tis plain, ſome other Miſtreſs you adore:
And now, with ſtudied tricks of ſubtilty,
You come prepar'd to lay the fault on me. [*Wringing her hands.*
But oh, that I ſhould love ſo falſe a man!

Abdel.

Abdel. Hear me, and then disprove it, if you can.
Lynd. I'll hear no more; your breach of faith is plain:
You would with Wit, your want of Love maintain.
But, by my own Experience, *I* can tell,
They who love truely cannot argue well.
Go Faithless man!
Leave me alone to mourn my misery:
I cannot cease to love you, but *I'll* die.

[*Leans her head on his Arm.*

Abdelmelech *weeping.*

What Man but *I* so long unmov'd could hear
Such tender passion, and refuse a Tear!
But do not talk of dying any more,
Unless you mean that *I* should die before.
Lynd. *I* fear your feign'd Repentance comes too late:
I die to see you still thus obstinate.
But yet, in death, my truth of Love to show,
Lead me; if *I* have strength enough, *I'll* go.
Abdel. By Heav'n you shall not go: *I* will not be
O'ercome in Love or Generosity.
All *I* desire to end th' unlucky strife,
Is but a vow that you will be my Wife.
Lynd. To tie me to you by a Vow, is hard;
It show's my Love you as no tie regard.
Name any thing, but that, and *I'll* agree.
Abdel. Swear then, you never will my Rival's be.
Lynd. Nay, prithee, this is harder than before;
Name any thing, good Dear, but that thing more.
Abdel. Now *I* too late perceive *I* am undone:
Living and seeing, to my death *I* run.
I know you false; yet in your Snares *I* fall;
You grant me nothing; and *I* grant you all.
Lynd. *I* would grant all; but *I* must curb my will,
Because *I* love to keep you jealous still.
In your suspicion I your Passion find:
But I will take a time to cure your mind.
Halyma. Oh, Madam, the new King is drawing near!
Lynd. Hast quickly hence; least he should find you here.
Abdel. How much more wretched than I came, I go:
I more my weakness, and your Falshood know;
And now must leave you with my greatest Foe!

[*Exit* Abdelmelech.

Lynd. Go; how I love thee Heav'n can only tell.
And yet I love thee, for a Subject, well.——
Yet, whatsoever Charms a Crown can bring,
A Subject's greater than a little King.

I will attend till time this Throne ſeenres;
And, when *I* climb, my footing ſhall be ſure.

[*Muſick without.*

Muſick! and *I*, believe addreſt to me.

SONG.

1.

WHere-ever I am, and whatever I do;
My Phillis *is ſtill in my mind:*
When angry I mean not to Phillis *to go,*
My Feet of themſelves the way find:
Unknown to my ſelf I am juſt at her door,
And when I would rail I can bring out no more,
Than Phillis *too fair and unkind!*

2.

When Phillis *I ſee, my heart bounds in my breaſt,*
And the Love I would ſtifle is ſhown:
But aſleep, or awake, I am never at reſt
When from my Eyes Phillis *is gone!*
Sometimes a ſad Dream does delude my ſad mind;
But, alas, when I wake and no Phillis *I find,*
How I ſigh to my ſelf all alone!

3.

Should a King be my Rival in her I adore
He ſhould offer his Treaſure in vain:
O let me alone to be happy and poor,
And give me my Phillis *again:*
Let Phillis *be mine, and but ever be kind*
I could to a Deſart with her be confin'd,
And envy no Monarch his Reign.

4.

Alas, I diſcover too much of my Love,
And ſhe too well knows her own pow'r!
She makes me each day a new martyrdom prove,
And makes me grow jealous each hour:
But let her each minute torment my poor mind,
I had rather love Phillis *both Falſe and Unkind,*
Than ever be freed from her pow'r.

Abdalla

Abdalla *enters with guards.*

Abdal. Now, Madam, at your Feet a King you ſee:
Or, rather, if you pleaſe, a Scepter'd Slave;
'Tis juſt you ſhould poſſeſs the pow'r you gave.
Had Love not made me yours, *I* yet had bin
But the firſt Subject to *Boabdelin.*
Thus Heav'n declares the Crown *I* bring, your due:
And had forgot my title, but for you.

Lynd. Heav'n to your merits will, *I* hope, be kind;
But, Sir, it has not yet declar'd its mind.
'Tis true, it holds the Crown above your head;
But does not fix it till your Brother's dead.

Abdal. All, but th' *Alhambra*, is within my pow'r.
And that my Forces go to take this hour.

Lynd. When, with its Keys, your Brother's Head you bring
I ſhall believe you are indeed a King.

Abdal. But, ſince th' events of all things doubtful are,
And, of Events, moſt doubtful thoſe of War,
I beg to know before, if fortune frown,
Muſt I then loſe your Favour with my Crown?

Lynd. You'll ſoon return a Conquerour again,
And therefore, Sir, your queſtion is in vain.

Abdal. I think to certain Victory I move;
But you may more aſſure it by your Love.
That grant will make my arms invincible.

Lynd. My pray'rs and wiſhes your ſucceſs foretel.
Go then, and fight, and think you fight for me;
I wait but to reward your Victory.

Abdal. But if I loſe it, muſt I loſe you too?

Lynd. You are too curious if you more would know.
I know not what my future thoughts, will be:
Poor Women's thoughts are all *Extempore.*
Wiſe men, indeed,
Beforehand a long chain of thoughts produce;
But ours are only for our preſent uſe.

Abdal. Thoſe thoughts you will not know, too well declare
You mean to wait the final doom of War.

Lynd. I find you come to quarrel with me now;
Would you know more of me than than I allow?
Whence are you grown that great Divinity
That with ſuch eaſe into my thoughts can pry?
Indulgence does not with ſome tempers ſute;
I ſee I muſt become more abſolute.

Abdal. I muſt ſubmit;
On what hard terms ſo e'er my peace be bought.

Lynd. Submit! you ſpeak as you were not in fault?

'Tis

'Tis evident the injury is mine;
For why should you my secret thoughts divine?
Abdal. Yet if we might be judg'd by Reasons Laws!
Lynd. Then you would have your Reason judge my cause?
Either confess your fault or hold your tongue;
For I am sure I'm never in the wrong.
Abdal. Then I acknowledge it.
Lynd. ——— ——— Then I forgive.
Abdal. Under how hard a Law poor Lovers live!
Who, like the vanquish'd, must their right release:
And with the loss of reason, buy their peace. [*Aside.*
Madam, to show that you my pow'r command,
I put my life and safety in your hand:
Dispose of the *Albayzyn* as you please:
To your fair hands I here resign the Keys.
Lynd. I take your gift because your Love it shows;
And faithful *Selin* for *Alcade* choose.
Abdal. Selin, from her alone your Orders take:
This one request, yet, madam, let me make,
That, from those turrets, you th'assault will see:
And Crown, once more, my Arms with Victory.
[*Leads her out.*

Selin *remains with* Gazul *and* Reduan *his Servants.*

Selin. Gazul, go tell my daughter that I wait:
You, *Reduan*, bring the Pris'ner to his fate. [*Exeunt* Gazul *and*
Ere of my charge I will possession take, Reduan.
A Bloody Sacrifice I mean to make:
The Manes of my Son shall smile this day,
While I in blood my vows of vengeance pay.

Enter at one door Benzayda *with* Gazul.
at the other Ozmyn *bound with* Raduan.

Selin. I sent *Benzayda*, to glad your eyes:
These rights we owe your Brothers obsequies.
[*To* Gazul *and* Reduan.
You two the curst *Abencerrago* bind,
You need no more t' instruct you in my mind.
[*They bind him to one corner of the Stage.*

Benz. In what sad Object am I call'd to share,
Tell me, what is it, Sir, you here prepare?
Selin. 'Tis what your dying Brother did bequeath,
A Scene of Vengeance, and a Pomp of Death.
Benz. The horrid Spectacle my Soul does fright;
I want the heart to see the dismal sight.
Selin. You are my principal invited guest:
Whose eyes I would not only feed but feast:

You

You are to ſmile at his laſt groaning breath,
And laugh to ſee his eye-balls rowl in death;
To judge the lingring Souls convulſive ſtrife;
When thick ſhort breath, catches at parting life.
Benz. And of what Marble do you think me made?
Selin. What can you be of juſt revenge afraid?
Benz. He kill'd my Brother in his own defence,
Pity his youth, and ſpare his inſolence.
Selin. Art thou ſo ſoon, to pardon murder, wo?
Can he be innocent who kill'd my Son?
Abenamar ſhall mourn as well as I;
His *Ozmyn* for my *Tarifa* ſhall die.
But, ſince thou plead'ſt ſo boldly, I will ſee
That Juſtice thou wou'd'ſt hinder, done by thee:
[*Gives her his Sword.*
Here, take the Sword; and do a Sifters part;
Pierce his, fond Girl, or I will pierce thy heart.
Ozmyn. To his commands I joyn my own requeſt,
All wounds from you are welcome to my breaſt:
Think only when your hand this act has done,
It has but finiſh'd what your eyes begun.
I thought, with ſilence to have ſcorn'd my doom;
But now your noble pity has o'ercome:
Which I acknowledge with my lateſt breath;
The firſt whoe'er began a love indeath.
Benzayda *to* Selin.
Alas, what aid can my weak hand afford;
You ſee I tremble when I touch a *Sword?*
The brightneſs dazles me, and turns my ſight:
Ozmyn. I'll guide the hand which muſt my death convey
My leaping heart ſhall meet it half the way.
Or, if I look, 'tis but to aim leſs right.
Selin *to* Benzayda.
Waſt not the precious time in idle breath.
Benz. Let me reſign this inſtrument of death.
[*Giving the Sword to her Father and then pulling it back.*
Ah no: I was too haſty to reſign;
'Tis in your hand more mortal than in mine. [*To them* Hamet.
Ham. The King is from th' *Alhambra* beaten back;
And now preparing for a new attack.
To favour which, he wills, that, inſtantly,
You reinforce him with a new ſupply.
Selin *to* Benzayda.
Think not, althongh my duty calls me hence.
That with the breach of yours I will diſpence:

Ere

Ere my return, see my commands you do;
Let me find *Ozmyn* dead; and kill'd by you.
Gazul and *Reduan* attend her still;
And if she dares to fail, perform my will.

[*Exeunt* Selin *and* Hamet.

Benzayda, *looks languishing on him with her Sword down.*
Gazul *and* Reduan, *standing with drawn Swords by her.*

Ozmyn. Defer not, fair *Benzayda*, my death;
Looking on you———
I should but live to sigh away my breath.
My eyes have done the work they had to do;
I take your Image with me, which they drew;
And when they close, I shall die full of you.
Benz. When Parents their Commands unjustly lay,
Children are priviledg'd to disobey.
Yet from that breach of duty I am clear,
Since I submit the penalty to bear.
To die or kill you is th' Alternative;
Rather than take your life, I will not live.
Ozmyn. This shows th' excess of generosity;
But, Madam, you have no pretence to die.
I should defame the *Abencerages* Race
To let a Lady suffer in my place.
But neither could that life you would bestow
Save mine: nor do you so much pity owe
To me a Stranger, and your houses foe.
Benz. From whence-soe'er their hate your Houses drew,
I blush to tell you, I have gone for you.
'Tis a Confession which I should not make,
Had I more time to give or you to take.
But, since death's near, and runs with so much force,
We must meet first and intercept his course.
Ozmyn. Oh, how unkind a comfort do you give!
Now, I fear death again, and wish to live.
Life were worth taking could I have it now,
But 'tis more good than Heav'n can e'er allow
To one man's portion, to have life and you.
Benz. Sure, at our Births,
Death with our meeting Planets danc'd above;
Or we were wounded by a mourning Love! [*Shouts within.*
Redu. The noise returns, and doubles from behind;
It seems as if two adverse armies join'd:
Time presses us.
Gaz. ——————If longer you delay
We must, though loath, your Father's Will obey.

Ozm.

Ozm. Haſte, Madam, to fulfil his hard Commands!
And reſcue me from their ignoble Hands.
Let me kiſs yours, when you my wound begin;
Then, eaſie Death will ſlide with pleaſure in.
Benz. Ah, gentle Soldiers, ſome ſhort time allow,
[*To* Gaz. *and* Red.
My Father has repented him ere now;
Or will repent him when he finds me dead:
My clue of Life is twin'd with *Ozmyn*'s Thread.
Redu. 'Tis fatal to refuſe her, or obey;
But where is our excuſe? what can we ſay?
Benz. Say, any thing——
Say, that to kill the Guiltleſs you were loath.
Or, if you did, ſay, I would kill you both.
Gaz. To diſobey our Orders is to die;
I'll do't, who dare oppoſe it?
Redu. ——— That dare I.
[Reduan *ſtands before* Ozmyn, *and fights with* Gazul.
[Benzayda *unbinds* Ozmyn, *and gives him her Sword.*
Benz. Stay not to ſee the iſſue of the Fight; [Red. *kills* Gaz.
But haſte to ſave your ſelf by ſpeedy flight.
[Ozmyn *kneeling to kiſs her hand.*
Did all Mankind againſt my Life conſpire,
Without this Bleſſing I would not retire.
But, Madam, can I go and leave you here?
Your Father's anger now for you I fear:
Conſider you have done too much to ſtay.
Benz. Think not of me, but fly your ſelf away.
Redu. Haſte quickly hence; the Enemies are nigh:
From every part I ſee our Soldiers fly;
The Foes not only our Aſſailants beat,
But fiercely ſally out on their Retreat;
And, like a Sea broke looſe, come on amain.
To them Abenamar; *and a party with their Swords drawn, driving in ſome of the Enemies.*
Aben. Traytors, you hope to ſave your ſelves in vain,
Your forfeit Lives ſhall for your Treaſon pay.
And *Ozmyn*'s Blood ſhall be reveng'd this day.
Ozmyn, *kneeling to his Father.*
Ozmyn. No Sir, your *Ozmyn* lives, and lives to own
A Father's piety to free his Son. [Abenamar *embracing him.*
Aben. My *Ozmyn*! O thou bleſſing of my Age!
And art thou ſafe from their deluded rage!
Whom muſt I praiſe for thy Deliverance,
Was it thy Valour or the work of Chance?

Ozmyn. Not Chance nor Valour could deliver me;
But 'twas a noble Pity ſet me free.
My Liberty and Life,
And what your Happineſs you're pleaſ'd to call,
We to this charming Beauty owe it all; [*Abenam. to her.*
Inſtruct me, viſible Divinity,
Inſtruct me by what Name to worſhip thee.
For to thy Virtue I would Altars raiſe
Since thou art much above all humane praiſe.
But ſee———

Enter Almanzor, *his Sword bloody, leading in* Almahide, *attended by* Eſperanza.

My other bleſſing, *Almahide* is here:
I'll to the King, and tell him ſhe is near.
You *Ozmyn*, on your fair deliverer wait:
And with your private Joys the publick Celebrate. [*Exeunt.*

Almanzor, Almahide, Eſperanza.

Almanz. The work is done; now, Madam, you are free.
At leaſt if I can give you Liberty.
But you have Chains which you your ſelf have choſe;
And, O, that I could free you too from thoſe.
But, you are free from force, and have full power
To go, and kill my hopes and me, this hour.
I ſee, then, you will go; but yet my toyl
May be rewarded with a looking while.

Almah. *Almanzor* can from every Subject raiſe
New matter for our Wonder and his Praiſe.
You bound and freed me, but the difference is,
That ſhow'd your Valour; but your Virtue this.

Almanz. Madam, you praiſe a Fun'ral Victory;
At whoſe ſad pomp the Conqueror muſt die.

Almah. Conqueſt attends *Almanzor* every where,
I am too ſmall a Foe for him to fear:
But Heroes ſtill muſt be oppoſ'd by ſome,
Or they would want occaſion to o'ercome.

Almanz. Madam, I cannot on bare praiſes live:
Thoſe who abound in praiſes ſeldom give.

Almah. While I to all the World your worth make known,
May Heav'n reward the pity you have ſhown.

Almanz. My love is languiſhing and ſtarv'd to death,
And would you give me charity, in breath?
Pray'rs are the Alms of Church-men to the Poor:
They ſend to Heaven's but drive us from their door.

Almah.

Almah. Ceaſe; ceaſe a Sute
So vain to you and troubleſome to me,
If you will have me think that I am free.
If I am yet a Slave my bonds I'll bear,
But what I cannot grant, I will not hear.
Almanz. You wonnot hear! you muſt both hear and grant;
For, Madam, there's an impudence in want.
Almah. Your way is ſomewhat ſtrange to ask Relief;
You ask with threatning, like a begging Thief.
Once more *Almanzor*, tell me, am I free?
Almanz. Madam, you are from all the World—but me.
But as a Pyrate, when he frees the Prize
He took from Friends, ſees the rich Merchandize,
And after he has freed it, juſtly buys;
So when *I* have reſtor'd your Liberty,——
But then, alas, I am too poor to buy!
Almah. Nay, now you uſe me juſt as Pyrats do:
You free me; but expect a Ranſom too.
Almanz. You've all the freedom that a Prince can have:
But Greatneſs cannot be without a Slave.
A Monarch never can in private move;
But ſtill is haunted with officious Love.
So ſmall an inconvenience you may bear,
'Tis all the Fine Fate ſets upon the Fair.
Almah. Yet Princes may retire when e'r they pleaſe;
And breath free Air from out their Palaces:
They go ſometimes unknown to ſhun their State;
And then, 'tis manners not to know or wait.
Almanz. If not a Subject then a Ghoſt I'll be;
And from a Ghoſt, you know, no place is free.
Aſleep, awake, I'll haunt you every where;
From my white ſhrowd, groan Love into your Ear:
When in your Lovers Arms you ſleep at Night,
I'll glide in cold betwixt, and ſeize my Right.
And is't not better in your Nuptial Bed,
To have a living Lover than a dead?
Almah. I can no longer bear to be accus'd,
As if what I could grant you I refus'd.
My Father's choice I never will diſpute;
And he has choſen e'r you mov'd your Sute.
You know my Caſe, if equal you can be,
Plead for your ſelf, and anſwer it for me.
Almanz. Then, Madam, in that hope you bid me live:
I ask no more than you may juſtly give:
But, in ſtrict Juſtice, there may favour be;
And may I hope that you have that for me?

Almah. Why do you thus my ſecret thoughts purſue,
Which known, hurt me, and cannot profit you?
Your knowledge but new troubles does prepare,
Like theirs who curious in their Fortunes are.
To ſay I could with more content be yours,
Tempts you to hope; but not that hope aſſures.
For ſince the King has right,
And favour'd by my Father in his Suit,
It is a bloſſom which can bear no Fruit.
Yet if you dare attempt ſo hard a task,
May you ſucceed; you have my leave to ask.

Almanz. I can with courage now my hopes purſue,
Since I no longer have to combate you.
That did the greateſt difficulty bring:
The reſt are ſmall, a Father, and a King.

Almah. Great Souls diſcern not when the leap's too wide,
Becauſe they only view the farther ſide.
Whatever you deſire you think is near;
But, with more reaſon, the event I fear.

Almanz. No; there is a neceſſity in Fate,
Why ſtill the brave bold man is Fortunate;
He keeps his object ever full in ſight,
And that aſſurance holds him firm, and right.
True, 'tis a narrow path that leads to bliſs,
But right before there is no precipice:
Fear makes men look aſide, and then their footing miſs.

Almah. I do your merit all the right I can;
Admiring Virtue in a private man:
I only wiſh the King may grateful be,
And that my Father with my Eyes may ſee.
Might I not make it as my laſt requeſt
(Since humble carriage ſuites a Suppliant beſt)
That you would ſomewhat of your fierceneſs hide:
That inborn fire; I do not call it pride.

Almanz. Born, as I am ſtill to command, not ſue,
Yet you ſhall ſee that I can beg for you.
And if your Father will requite a Crown,
Let him but name the Kingdom, 'tis his own.
I am, but while I pleaſe, a private man;
I have that Soul which Empires firſt began:
From the dull crowd which every King does lead,
I will pick out whom I will chooſe to head:
The beſt and braveſt Souls I can ſelect,
And on their Conquer'd Necks my Throne erect. [*Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT V.

Abdalla *alone, under the Walls of the* Albazyn.

Abd. WHile ſhe is mine, I have not yet loſt all:
But, in her Arms ſhall have a gentle fall:
Bleſt in my Love, although in War o'rcome,
I fly, like *Anthony* from *Actium*,
To meet a better *Cleopatra* here.
You of the Watch: you of the Watch: appear.

Soldier above.

Who calls below? What's your demand?

Abd. ——————'Tis I:
Open the Gate with ſpeed; the Foe is nigh.

Sold. What Orders for admittance do you bring?

Abd. Slave, my own Orders; look and know the King.

Sold. I know you, but my charge is ſo ſevere
That none, without exception, enter here.

Abdal. Traytor, and Rebel, thou ſhalt ſhortly ſee
Thy Orders are not to extend to me.

Lyndaraxa *above.*

What ſawcy Slave ſo rudely does exclaim,
And brands my Subject with a Rebels Name?

Abdal. Dear *Lyndaraxa*, haſte; the Foes purſue.

Lynd. My Lord the Prince *Abdalla*, is it you?
I ſcarcely can believe the words I hear:
Could you ſo courſly treat my Officer?

Abdal. He forc'd me, but the danger nearer draws;
When I am enter'd you ſhall know the cauſe.

Lynd. Enter'd! Why have you any buſineſs here?

Abdal. I am purſu'd, the Enemy is near.

Lynd. Are you purſu'd, and do you thus delay
To ſave your ſelf? make haſte, my Lord, away.

Abdal. Give me not cauſe to think you mock my grief:
What place have I, but this, for my relief?

Lynd. This favour does your Handmaid much oblige.
But we are not provided for a Siege.
My Subjects few; and their Proviſion thin;
The Foe is ſtrong without, we weak within.
This to my noble Lord may ſeem unkind,
But he will weigh it in his Princely mind:

And pardon her, who does aſſurance want
So much, ſhe bluſhes when ſhe cannot grant.
Abdal. Yes, you may bluſh; and you have cauſe to weep,
Is this the faith you promis'd me to keep?
Ah yet, if to a Lover you will bring
No ſuccour, give your ſuccour t a King.
Lynd. A King is he whom nothing can withſtand;
Who Men and Money can with eaſe command.
A King is he whom Fortune ſtill does bleſs
He is a King who does a Crown poſſeſs.
If you would have me think that you are he,
Produce to view your marks of Soveraignty.
But, if your ſelf alone for proof you bring,
You're but a ſingle perſon, not a King.
Abdal. Ingrateful Maid, did I for this Rebel?
I ſay no more; but I have lov'd too well.
Lynd. Who but your ſelf did that Rebellion move?
Did *I* e'r promiſe to receive your Love?
Is it my fault you are not fortunate?
I love a King, but a poor Rebel hate.
Abdal. Who follow Fortune ſtill are in the right.——
But let me be protected here this Night.
Lynd. The place to morrow will be circled round;
And then no way will for your flight be found.
Abdal. I hear my Enemies juſt coming on; [*Trampling within.*
Protect me but one hour, till they are gone.
Lynd. They'll know you have been here; it cannot be,
That very hour you ſtay will ruine me.
For if the Foe behold our Enterview,
I ſhall be thought a Rebel too like you.
Haſte hence; and that your flight may proſperous prove,
I'll recommend you to the Pow'rs above. [*Exit* Lynd. *from above.*
Abdal. She's gone; Ah faithleſs and ingrateful Maid!
I fear ſome tread; and fear I am betray'd.
I'll to the *Spaniſh* King; and try if he
To count'nance his own right, will ſuccour me:
There is more faith in Chriſtian Dogs, than thee. [*Exit.*

Ozmyn, Benzayda, Abenamar.

Benz. —— I wiſh
(To merit all theſe thanks) I could have ſaid,
My pity only did his Virtue aid:
'Twas pity, but 'twas of a Love-ſick Maid.
His manly ſuffering my eſteem did move;
That bred Compaſſion, and Compaſſion love.
Ozmyn. O bleſſing ſold me at too cheap a rate!
My danger was the benefit of fate. [*To his Father.*

But

But that you may my fair deliverer know,
She was not only born our Houſe's foe.
But to my death by pow'rful reaſons led,
At leaſt, in juſtice, ſhe might wiſh me dead.
Aben. But why thus long do you her Name conceal?
Ozmyn. To gain belief for what I now reveal:
Ev'n thus prepar'd, you ſcarce can think it true
The Saver of my life, from *Selin* drew
Her birth; and was his Siſter whom I ſlew.
Aben. No more; it cannot, was not, muſt not be:
Upon my bleſſing, ſay not it was ſhe.
The Daughter of the only man I hate!
Two Contradictions twiſted in a fate!
Ozmyn. The mutual hate which you and *Selin* bore,
Does but exalt her generous pity more.
Could ſhe a Brothers death forgive to me,
And cannot you forget her family?
Can you ſo ill requite the life I owe
To reckon her, who gave it, ſtill your foe?
It lends too great a luſtre to her line,
To let her Virtue ours ſo much out-ſhine.
Aben. Thou gaveſt her line th'advantage which they have,
By meanly taking of the life they gave.
Grant that it did in her a pity ſhow,
But would my Son be pity'd by a Foe?
She has the glory of thy act defac'd:
Thou kill'ſt her Brother; but ſhe triumphs laſt:
Poorly for us our Enmity would ceaſe;
When we are beaten we receive a peace.
Benz. If that be all in which you diſagree,
I muſt confeſs 'twas *Ozmyn* conquer'd me.
Had I beheld him baſely beg his life,
I ſhould not now ſubmit to be his Wife.
But when I ſaw his courage death controul,
I paid a ſecret homage to his Soul;
And thought my cruel Father much to blame;
Since *Ozmyn*'s Virtue his revenge did ſhame.
Aben. What conſtancy can'ſt thou e'r hope to find
In that unſtable, and ſoon conquer'd mind?
What piety can'ſt thou expect from her,
Who could forgive a Brothers Murderer?
Or, what obedience hop'ſt thou to be pay'd,
From one who firſt her Father diſobey'd?
Ozmyn. Nature that bids us Parents to obey,
Bids Parents their Commands by Reaſon weigh.

And you her vertue by your praiſe did own,
Before you knew by whom the act was done.
Aben. Your reaſons ſpeak too much of inſolence,
Her birth's a crime paſt pardon or defence.
Know, that as *Selin* was not won by thee,
Neither will I by *Selin*'s Daughter be.
Leave her, or ceaſe henceforth to be my Son:
This is my will; and this I will have done. [*Exit* Abenamar.
Ozmyn. It is a murd'ring will!
That whirls along with an impetuous ſway;
And like Chain-ſhot, ſweeps all things in its way.
He does my honour want of duty call;
To that, and love, he has no right at all.
Benz. No, *Ozmyn*, no, it is much leſs ill
To leave me, than diſpute a Father's will:
If I had any title to your love,
Your Father's greater right does mine remove:
Your vows and faith I give you back again,
Since neither can be kept without a ſin.
Ozmyn. Nothing but death my vows can give me back:
They are not yours to give, nor mine to take.
Benz. Nay, think not, though I could your vows reſign,
My love or virtue could diſpenſe with mine.
I would extinguiſh your unlucky fire,
To make you happy in ſome new deſire;
I can preſerve enough for me and you:
And love, and be unfortunate for two.
Ozmyn. In all that's good and great,
You vanquiſh me ſo faſt, that in the end
I ſhall have nothing left me to defend.
From every Poſt you force me to remove;
But let me keep my laſt retrenchment, Love.
Benz. Love then, my *Ozmyn*; I will be content [*Giving her hand.*
To make you wretched by your own conſent:
Live poor, deſpis'd, and baniſh'd for my ſake,
And all the burden of my ſorrows take.
For, as for me, in whatſoe'r eſtate,
While I have you, I muſt be fortunate.
Ozmyn. Thus then, ſecur'd of what we hold moſt dear,
(Earth others love,) we'll go——I know not where.
For where, alas, ſhould we our flight begin?
The Foe's without; our Parents are within.
Benz. I'll fly to you; and you ſhall fly to me:
Our flight but to each others Arms ſhall be.

To

To providence and chance permit the reſt;
Let us but Love enough and we are bleſt.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter Boabdelin, Abenamar, Abdelmelech, *Guard*, Zulema *and* Hamet *Priſoners.*

Abdel. They're *Lyndaraxa*'s Brothers; for her ſake
Their lives and pardon my requeſt I make.

Boab. Then *Zulema* and *Hamet* live, but know
Your lives to *Abdelmelech*'s ſute you owe.

Zul. The grace receiv'd ſo much my hope exceeds
That words come weak and ſhort to anſwer deeds.
You've made a venture, Sir, and time muſt ſhow
If this great mercy you did well beſtow.

Boab. You, *Abdelmelech* haſt before 'tis night
And cloſe purſue my Brother in his flight.
[*Exeunt* Abdelmelech, Zulema, Hamet.

Enter Almanzor, Almahide, *and* Eſperanza.

But ſee with *Almahide*
The brave *Almanzor* comes whoſe conqu'ring Sword
The Crown it once took from me has reſtor'd.
How can I recompence ſo great deſert?

Almanz. I bring you, Sir, perform'd in every part
My promiſe made; your foes are fled or ſlain;
Without a Rival, abſolute you reign.
Yet, though in Juſtice, this enough may be,
It is too little to be done by me:
I beg to go
Where my own Courage and your fortune calls,
To chaſe theſe miſbelievers from our Walls.
I cannot breath within this narrow ſpace;
My heart's too big; and ſwells beyond the place.

Boab. You can perform, brave Warriour, what you pleaſe,
Fate liſtens to your voice, and their decrees.
Now I no longer fear the Spaniſh pow'rs;
Already we are free and Conquerours.

Almanz. Accept, great King, to morrow from my hand,
The Captive head of Conquer'd *Ferdinand*,
You ſhall not only what you loſt regain,
But, o'er the *Biſcayn* Mountains to the Mayn,
Extend your ſway, where never Moor did reign.

Aben. What in another Vanity would ſeem,
Appears but noble confidence in him.
No haughty boaſting; but a Manly pride:
A Soul too fiery, and too great to guide:
He moves excentrique, like a wandring ſtar;
Whoſe motion's juſt; though 'tis not regular.

Boab. It is for you, brave Man, and only you
Greatly to ſpeak, and yet more greatly do.
But, if your benefits too far extend,
I muſt be left ungrateful in the end;
Yet ſomewhat I would pay
Before my debts above all reckning grow,
To keep me from the ſhame of what I owe.
But you——
Are conſcious to your ſelf of ſuch deſert,
That of your gift I fear to offer part.

Almanz. When I ſhall have declar'd my high requeſt,
So much preſumption there will be confeſt,
That you will find your gifts I do not ſhun;
But rather much o'er-rate the ſervice done.

Boab. Give wing to your deſires, and let 'em fly
Secure, they cannot mount a pitch too high.
So bleſs me *Alha* both in Peace and War,
As I accord what e'er your wiſhes are.

[*Almanz. putting one knee to the ground.*

Embolden'd by the promiſe of a Prince,
I ask this Lady now with confidence.

Boab. You ask the only thing I cannot grant.

[*The King and Abenamar look amazedly on each other.*

But, as a Stranger, you are ignorant
Of what by publick Fame my Subjects know:
She is my miſtriſs:

Aben. ——— And my daughter too.

Almanz. Believe, old man, that I her Father knew,
What elſe ſhould make, *Almanzor* kneel to you?
Nor doubt, Sir, but you right to her was known:
For had you had no claim but love alone,
I could produce a better of my own.

Almahide *ſoftly to him.*

Almanzor, you forget my laſt requeſt:
Your words have too much haughtineſs expreſt.
Is this the humble way you were to move?

Almanzor *to her.*

I was too far tranſported by my Love.
Forgive me; for I had not learn'd to ſue
To any thing before, but Heav'n and you.
Sir, at your feet, I make it my requeſt——

[*To the King.*

Firſt line kneeling: Second riſing; and boldly.

Though, without boaſting, I deſerve her beſt,
For you, her Love with gaudy titles ſought,
But I her heart with blood and dangers bought.

Boab.

Boab. The blood which you have shed in her defence
Shall have in time a fitting recompence:
Or, if you think your services delay'd,
Name but your price, and you shall soon be pay'd.

Almanz. My price! why, thing, you do not think you deal
With one who sets his services to sale?
Reserve your gifts for those who gifts regard;
And know I think my self above reward.

Boab. Then sure you are some Godhead; and our care
Must be to come with incense, and with Pray'r.

Almanz. As little as you think your self oblig'd,
You would be glad to do't, when next beseig'd.
But *I* am pleas'd there should be nothing due;
For what I did was for my self not you.

Boab. You, with contempt on meanest gifts look down;
And, aiming at my Queen, disdain my Crown.
That Crown restor'd, deserves no recompence,
Since thou would rob the fairest Jewel thence.
Dare not henceforth ungrateful use to call;
What e'er I ow'd you, this has cancel'd all.

Almanz. I'll call the thankless, King; and perjur'd both:
Thou swor'st by *Alha*; and hast broke thy oath.
But thou do'st well: thou tak'st the cheapest way;
Not to own services thou can'st not pay.

Boab. My patience more than pays thy service past;
But now this insolence shall be thy last.
Hence from my sight, and take it as a grace
Thou liv'st, and art but banish'd from the place.

Almanz. Where-e'er I go there can no exile be;
But from *Almanzor*'s sight I banish thee:
I will not now, if thou would'st beg me, stay;
But *I* will take my *Almahide* away.
Stay thou with all thy Subjects here: but know
We leave thy City empty when we go. [*Takes* Almahide's *hand.*

Boabdel. Fall on; take; kill the Traytour.

The Guards fall on him; he makes at the King through the midst of them; and falls upon him: they disarm him; and rescue the King.

Almanz. ——————Base, and poor,
Blush that thou art *Almanzor*'s Conquerour.

[Almahide *wrings her hands: then turns and veils her face.*

Farewel my *Almahide*!
Life of it self will go, now thou art gone,
Like flies in Winter when they lose the Sun.

[Abenamar *whispers the King a little; then speaks aloud.*

Aben. Revenge, and taken ſo ſcorn away!
Are bleſſings which Heav'n ſends not every day.
Boab. I will at leiſure now revenge my wrong;
And, Traytor, thou ſhalt feel my vengeance long.
Thou ſhalt not die ſuddenly
But ſee my Nuptials, and with eager eyne
Almanz. Thou darſt not marry her while I am in ſight;
With a bent brow thy Prieſt and thee I'll fright,
And in that Scene
Which all thy hopes and wiſhes ſhould content,
The thought of me ſhall make thee impotent.

[*To Almahide.*

As ſome fair Tulip, by a ſtorm oppreſs'd,
Shrinks up, and folds its ſilken mantle reſt;
And, bending to the blaſt, all grace does hide,
That Crown reſolves to ſhade its beauties pride.
So, ſhrowded up your beauty will I hide,
Dare not henceforth ungarded look abroad,
Unveil my Love; and lay aſide your ſtate,
The ſtorm that caus'd yours ſhall deface my fate.

[*Almahide weeping and ſinking towards Almanzor.*

So flower's peep out too ſoon, and miſs the ſun.

[*Turning from him.*

Boab. What myſtery in this ſtrange behaviour lies?
Almah. Let me for ever hide theſe guilty eyes
Which lighted my *Almanzor* to his tomb;
Or, let 'em blaze to ſhow me there a Room
Boab. Heav'n lent their lights before for a Nobler end;
A thouſand Torches muſt their lights attend
To lead you to a Temple and a Throne,
Why does my faireſt *Almahide* frown
Am *I* leſs pleaſing than I was before,
Or is the inſolent *Almanzor*, more?
Almah. I juſtly own that I ſome pity have,
Not for the inſolent, but for the brave.
Aben. Though to your King your duty you neglect,
Know, *Almahide*, I look for more reſpect.
And, if a Parents charge your mind can move,
Receive the bleſſing of a Monarch's love.
Almah. Did he my freedom to his life prefer,
And ſhall I wed *Almanzor*'s murderer?
No, Sir; I cannot to your will ſubmit:
Your way's too rugged for my tender feet.
Aben. You muſt be driv'n where you refuſe to go:
And taught, by force, your happineſs to know.

Almahide

Almahide *ſmiling ſcornfully.*

To force me, Sir, is much unworthy you;
And, when you would, impoſſible to do:
If force could bend me; you might think with ſhame,
That I debaſe the blood from whence I came.
My Soul is ſoft; which you may gently lay
In your looſe palm; but when 'tis preſt to ſtay,
Like water it deludes your graſp, and ſlips away.

Boab. I find I muſt revoke what I decreed;
Almanzor's Death my Nuptials muſt precede.
Love is a Magick which the Lover's eyes;
But charms ſtill end, when the Magician dies.
Go; let me hear my hated Rival's dead; [*To his Guards.*
And to convince my eyes, bring back his head.

Almah. Go on; I wiſh no other way to prove
That I am worthy of *Almanzor*'s Love.
We will in death, at leaſt, unite the;
I'll ſhew you I can die as well as he.

Boab. What ſhould I do? when equally I dread
Almanzor living, and *Almanzor* dead?——
Yet, by your promiſe you are mine alone.

Almah. How dare you claim my faith, and break your own?

Aben. This for your virtue is a weak defence:
No ſecond vows can with your firſt diſpenſe.
Yet, ſince the King did to *Almanzor* ſwear,
And in his death ingrateful ſtay appear,
He ought, in juſtice, firſt to ſpare his life,
And then to claim your promiſe as his wife.

Almah. What e'er my ſecret inclinations be,
To this, ſince Honour ties me, I agree;
Yet I declare, and to the world will own,
That, far from ſeeking, I would ſhun the Throne,
And, with *Almanzor*, lead an humble life;
There is a private greatneſs in his wife.

Boab. That little love I have, I hardly buy;
You give my Rival all, while you deny.
Yet, *Almahide*, to let you ſee your pow'r,
Your lov'd *Almanzor* ſhall be free this hour.
You are obey'd but 'tis ſo great a grace,
That I cou'd wiſh me in my Rival's place. [*Exeunt* K. *and* Aben.

Almah. How bleſt was I before this fatal day!
When all I knew of Love, was to obey!
'Twas life becalm'd; without a gentle breath;
Though not ſo cold, yet motionleſs as Death.
A heavy quiet ſtate: but love all ſtrife,
All rapid is the Hurrican of Life.

Hadi

Had love not ſhown me I had never ſeen
An Excellence beyond *Boabdelin*.
I had not, aiming higher, loſt my reſt;
But with a Vulgar good been duly bleſt:
But, in *Almanzor*, having ſeen what's rare,
Now I have learnt too ſharply to compare,
And, like a Fav'rite, quickly in diſgrace,
Juſt know the value e'er *I* loſt the place.

To her Almanzor *bound and guarded.*

Almanz. I ſee the end for which I'm hither ſent, [*Looking down.*
To double, by your ſight, my puniſhment.
There is a ſhame in bonds *I* cannot bear;
Far more than death to meet your Eyes I fear.

Almahide *unbinding him.*

That ſhame of long continuance ſhall not be:
The King, at my intreaty, ſets you free.

Almanz. The King! my wonder's greater than before:
How did he dare my freedom to reſtore?
He like ſome Captive Lyon uſes me;
He runs away before he ſets me free:
And takes a ſanctuary in his Court:
I'll rather loſe my Life than thank him for't.

Almah. If any Subject for your thanks there be,
The King expects 'em not; you owe 'em me.
Our freedoms through each others hands have paſt;
You give me my revenge in winning laſt.

Almanz. Then Fate commodiouſly for me has done;
To loſe mine there where I would have it won.

Almah. Almanzor, you too ſoon will underſtand
That what I win is on another's hand.
The King (who doom'd you to a cruel Fate)
Gave to my Pray'rs both his revenge and hate:
But at no other price would rate your life
Than my conſent and oath to be his Wife.

Almanz. Would you to ſave my life, my love betray?
Here; take me; bind me; carry me away;
Kill me: I'll kill you if you diſobey. [*To the Guards.*

Almah. That abſolute command your love does give.
I take; and charge you by that pow'r, ſo live.

Almanz. When death, the laſt of comforts you refuſe,
Your pow'r, like Heav'n upon the damn'd, you uſe,
You force me in my being to remain,
To make me laſt, and keep me freſh for pain.
When all my joys are gone
What cauſe can *I*, for living longer, give,
But a dull lazy habitude to live?

Almah.

Almah. Raſh men, like you, and impotent of will,
Give chance no time to turn; but urge her ſtill,
She would repent; you puſh the quarrel on,
And once, becauſe ſhe went, ſhe muſt be gone.
Almanz. She ſhall not ſtir; what is it ſhe can do
To recompence me for the loſs of you?
Almah. Heav'n will reward your worth ſome better way.
At leaſt, for me, you have but loſt one day:
Nor is't a real loſs which you deplore;
You ſought a heart that was engag'd before.
'Twas a Swift love which took you in his way;
Flew only throw your heart, but made no ſtay.
'Twas but a Dream; where truth had not a place:
A ſcene of fancy, mov'd ſo ſwift a pace
And ſhifted, that you can but think it was:
Let, then, the ſhort vexatious Viſion paſs.
Almanz. My joys indeed are dreams; but not my pain:
'Twas a ſwift ruin; but the marks remain.
When ſome fierce fire lays goodly building waſt,
Would you conclude——
There had been none, becauſe the burning's paſt?
Almah. It was your fault that fire ſeiz'd all your breaſt,
You ſhould have blown up ſome to ſave the reſt,
But tis, at worſt, but ſo conſum'd by Fire:
As Cities are, that by their fall riſe higher.
Build Love a Nobler Temple in my place;
You'll find the fire has but enlarg'd your ſpace.
Almanz. Love has undone me, I am grown ſo poor
I ſadly view the ground I had before;
But want a ſtock; and ne'r can build it more.
Almah. Then ſay what charity I can allow;
I would contribute, if I knew but how.
Take friendſhip: or if that too ſmall appear,
Take love which Siſters may to Brothers bear.
Almanz. A Siſters love; that is ſo pall'd a thing
What pleaſure can it to a Lover bring?
'Tis like thin food to men in fevers ſpent;
Juſt keeps alive; but gives no nouriſhment.
What hopes, what fears, what tranſports can it move?
'Tis but the Ghoſt of a departed Love.
Almah. You like ſome greedy Cormorant, devour
All my whole life can give you, in an hour.
What more I can do for you, is to die,
And that muſt follow, if you this deny.
Since I gave up my Love that you might live,
You, in refuſing life, my ſentence give.

Almanz.

Almanz. Far from my breast be such an impious thought:
Your death would lose the quiet mine had fought.
I'll live for you, in spight of misery;
But you shall grant that I had rather die,
I'll be so wretched; fill'd with such despair,
That you shall see, to live, was more to dare.
Almah. Adieu, then, O my Souls far better part,
Your Image sticks so close
That the blood follows from my rending heart.
A last farewel!
For since a last must come, the rest are vain!
Like gasps in death, which but prolong our pain.
But, since the King is now a part of me:
Cease from henceforth to be his Enemy.
Go now, for pity go, or if you stay
I fear I shall have something still to say.
Thus——I for ever shut you from my sight. [*Veils.*
Almanz. Like one thrust out in a cold Winters night,
Yet shivering, underneath your gate I stay;
One look——I cannot go before 'tis day——
[*She beckens him to be gone.*
Not one——Farewel: whate'er my sufferings be
Within; I'll speak farewel, as loud as she;
I will not be out-done in Constancy.——
[*She turns her back.*
Then like a dying Conqueror I go;
At least I have look't last upon my foe.
I go——but if too heavily I move,
I walk encumbred with a weight of Love!
Fain I would leave the thought of you behind
But still, the more I cast you from my mind,
You dash, like water, back, when thrown against the wind.
[*Exit.*

[*As he goes off the King meets him with* Abenamar, *they stare at each other without saluting.*

Boab. With him go all my fears: a guard there wait;
And see him safe without the City Gate.
[*To them* Abdelmelech.
Now *Abdelmelech*, is my Brother dead?
Abdel. Th'Usurper to the Christian Camp is fled;
Whom as *Granada*'s lawful King they own;
And vow, by force, to Seat him in the Throne.
Mean time the Rebels in the *Albayzyn* rest;
Which is, in *Lyndaraxa*'s name, possest.
Boab. Haste; and reduce it instantly by force:
Abdel. First give me leave to prove a milder course.

She

She will, perhaps, on ſummons yield the place.
Boab. We cannot, to your ſuit, refuſe her grace.
Ont'ents his baſil and whiſpers Abenamar.
Aben. How fortune perſecutes this hoary head!
My *Ozmyn* is with *Selin*'s daughter fled.
But he's no more my Son
My hate ſhall like a *Zegry* him purſue
Till I take back what blood from me he drew.
Boab. Let War and vengeance be to morrow's care:
But let us to the Temple now repair.
A Thouſand Torches make the Moſque more bright:
This muſt be mine and *Almahide*'s night.
Hence ye importunate affairs of State;
You ſhould not Tyrannize on Love, but wait.
Had life no love, none would for buſineſs live;
Yet ſtill from love the largeſt part we give:
And muſt be forc'd, in Empires weary toil,
To live long wretched, to be pleas'd a while.

Exeunt.

EPILOGUE.

Success, which can no more than beauty last,
Makes our sad Poet mourn your favours past:
For, since without desert he got a name,
He fears to lose it now with greater shame.
Fame, like a little Mistriss of the Town,
Is gain'd with ease; but then she's lost as soon.
For, as those tawdry Misses, soon or late,
Jilt such as keep 'em at the highest rate,
(And oft the Lacquey, or the Brawny Clown,
Gets what is bid in the loose body'd gown)
So, Fame is false to all that keep her long,
And turns up to the Fop that's brisk and young.
Some wiser Poet now would leave Fame first,
But elder wits are, like old Lovers, worst:
Who, when the vigor of their youth is spent,
Still grow more fond as they grow impotent.
This, some years hence, our Poets case may prove;
But, yet, he hopes, he's young enough to love.
When forty comes, if e're he live to see
That wretched, fumbling Age of Poetry;
T'will be high time to bid his Muse adieu:
Well he may please himself, but never you.
Till then he'll do as well as he began;
And hopes you will not find him less a man.
Think him not dull'er for this year's delay;
He was prepar'd, the Women were away;
And Men, without their parts, can hardly play.
If they, through sickness, seldom did appear,
Pity the virgins of each Theatre;
For, at both Houses, 'twas a sickly year!
And pity us, your servants, to whose cost,
In one such sickness, nine whole Months are lost.
Their stay, he fears, has ruin'd what he writ:
Long waiting both disables love and wit.
They thought they gave him leisure to do well:
But when they forc'd him to attend, he fell!
Yet though he much has fail'd, he begs to day
You will excuse his unperforming Play:
Weakness sometimes great passion does express;
He had pleas'd better, had he lov'd you less.

Almanzor and *Almahide*:

OR,

The Conqueſt OF GRANADA.

The Second Part.

As it is Acted at the

THEATRE-ROYAL.

Written by *JOHN DRYDEN* Servant to His MAJESTY.

Stimulos dedit aemula virtus. Lucan.

LONDON,

Printed for *Henry Herringman*; and Sold by *R. Bentley*, *J. Tonſon*, *F. Saunders*, and *T. Bennet*. 1695.

PROLOGUE

OR

To the Second Part of the Conqueſt of GRANADA.

THey who write ill, and they who ne'r durſt write,
Turn Critiques, out of meer Revenge and Spight:
A Play-houſe *gives 'em Fame; and up there ſtarts,*
From a mean Fifth-rate Wit, a Man of Parts.
(So Common Faces on the Stage appear:
We take 'em in; and they turn Beauties here.)
Our Author fears theſe Critiques as his Fate:
And thoſe he Fears, in conſequence, muſt hate.
For they the Traffique of all Wit, invade;
As Scriv'ners draw away the Bankers Trade.
Howe're, the Poet's ſafe enough to day:
They cannot cenſure an unfiniſh'd Play.
But, as when Vizard Maſque appears in Pit,
Straight, every man who thinks himſelf a Wit,
Perks up; and, managing his Cane, with grace,
With his white Wigg ſets off his Nut-brown Face:
That done, bears up to th' prize, and views each Limb;
To know her by her Rigging and her Trimm:
Then, the whole noiſe of Tongs to wagers go,
Pox on her, 't muſt be ſhe: and Damn me no:
Juſt ſo I Prophecy; theſe Wits to day,
Will blindly gueſs at our imperfect Play:
With what new Plots our Second Part is fill'd.
Who muſt be kept alive, and who be kill'd.
And as thoſe Vizard Maſques maintain that Faſhion,
To ſooth and tickle ſweet Imagination:
So, our dull Poet keeps you on with Maſquing;
To make you think there's ſomething worth your asking:
But when 'tis ſhown, that which does now delight you,
Will prove a Doudy with a Face to fright you.

Almanzor

THE CONQUEST OF GRANADA

By the *SPANIARDS*.

The Second PART.

ACT I.

SCENE *A Camp.*

King Ferdinand; *Queen* Iſabel. Alonzo d' Aguilar. *Attendants: Men and Women.*

K. *Ferd.* AT length the time is come, when *Spain* ſhall be
From the long Yoke of Moorish Tyrants free.
All cauſes ſeem to ſecond our deſign;
And Heav'n and Earth in their deſtruction join.
When Empire in its Childhood firſt appears,
A watchful Fate o'erſees its tender years;
Till, grown more ſtrong, it thruſts, and ſtretches out,
And Elbows all the Kingdoms round about:
The place thus made for its firſt breathing free,
It moves again for eaſe and Luxury:
Till, ſwelling by degrees, it has poſſeſt
The greater ſpace; and now crowds up the reſt.
When from behind, there ſtarts ſome petty State:
And puſhes on its now unwieldy fate;
Then, down the precipice of time it goes,
And ſinks in Minutes, which in Ages roſe.

Qu. *Iſabel.*

Qu. *Isabel.* Should bold *Columbus* in his search succeed,
And find those Beds in which bright Metals breed;
Tracing the Sun, who seems to steal away,
That Miser-like, he might alone, survey
The Wealth, which he in Western Mines did lay;
Not all that shining Ore could give my heart
The joy, this Conquer'd Kingdom will impart:
Which, rescu'd from these Misbelievers hands,
Shall now, at once, shake off its double bands:
At once to freedom and true faith restor'd:
Its old Religion, and its ancient Lord.

K. *Ferd.* By that assault which last we made, I find,
Their Courage is with their Success declin'd:
Almanzor's absence now they dearly buy,
Whose Conduct crown'd their Arms with Victory.

Alonzo. Their King himself did their last Sally guide,
I saw him glist'ring in bright Armour, ride
To break a Lance in honour of his Bride.
But other thoughts now fill his anxious breast;
Care of his Crown his Love has dispossest.

To them Abdalla.

Qu. *Isabel.* But see the Brother of the Mooriſh King;
He seems some news of great import to bring.

Ferd. He brings a specious title to our side;
Those who would conquer, must their Foes divide.

Abdal. Since to my Exile you have pity shown;
And giv'n me Courage, yet to hope a Throne,
While you without, our Common Foes subdue,
I am not wanting to my self, or you.
But have, within, a faction still alive;
Strong to assist, and secret to contrive;
And watching each occasion to foment
The peoples fears into a discontent:
Which, from *Almanzor*'s loss, before were great,
And now are doubled by their late defeat.
These Letters from their Chiefs, the news assures.

[*Gives Letters to the King.*

K. *Ferd.* Be mine the honour; but the profit yours.

To them the Duke of Arcos, *with* Ozmyn, *and* Benzayda *Prisoners.*

K. *Ferd.* That tertia of Italians did you guide
To take their post upon the River side?

Arcos. All are according to your Orders plac'd:
My chearful Soldiers their intrenchments hast,
The *Murcian* foot have ta'en the upper ground,
And now the City is beleaguer'd round.

For

Ferd. Why is not then their Leader here again?
Arcos. The Maſter of *Alcantara* is ſlain:
But he who ſlew him here before you ſtands;
It is that Moor whom you behold in bands.
K. *Ferd.* A braver man I had not in my Hoſt
His Murd'rer ſhall not long his Conqueſt boaſt.
But, Duke of *Arcos*, ſay, how was he ſlain?
Arcos. Our Soldiers march'd together on the Plain,
We two rode on, and left them far behind,
Till, coming where we found the valley wind,
We ſaw theſe Moors, who, ſwiftly as they cou'd,
Ran on, to gain the Covert of the wood.
This we obſerv'd; and, having croſs'd their way,
The Lady, out of breath was forc'd to ſtay:
The Man then ſtood and ſtraight his ſcimiter drew,
Then told us, we in vain did thoſe purſue,
Whom their ill fortune to deſpair did drive,
And yet, whom we ſhou'd never take alive.
Neglecting this, the Maſter ſtraight ſpurr'd on;
But th' active Moor his horſes ſhock did ſhun,
And 'ere his Rider from his reach could go,
Finiſh'd the Combat with one deadly blow.
I, to revenge my Friend, prepar'd to fight,
But now our foremoſt Men were come in ſight,
Who ſoon would have diſpatch'd him on the Place,
Had I not ſav'd him from a death ſo baſe;
And brought him to attend your Royal doom.
K. *Ferd.* A Manly face; and in his age's bloom!
But to content the Soldiers, he muſt die;
Go, ſee him executed inſtantly.
Qu. *Iſabel.* Stay; I would learn his name before he go;
You, Prince *Abdalla*, may the Priſ'ner know.
Abdalla. Ozmyn's his name; and he deſerves his fate;
His Father heads that faction which I hate:
But, much I wonder, that I with him ſee
The daughter of his Mortal Enemy.
Benz. 'Tis true; by her own Sword my Brother fell;
But 'twas a death he merited too well.
I know a Siſter ſhould excuſe the fault,
But you know too, that *Ozmyn*'s death he ſought.
Abdal. Our Prophet has declar'd, by the Event,
That *Ozmyn* is reſerv'd for puniſhment.
For, when he thought his guilt from danger clear,
He, by new Crimes, is brought to Juſtice here.
Benz. In Love, or Pity, if a Crime you find;
We two have ſin'd above all humane kind.

Ozym. Heav'n in my punishment has done a grace;
I could not suffer in a better place.
That I should die by Christians, it thought good
To save your Fathers guilt, who fought my blood. [*To her.*

Benz. Fate aims so many blows to make us fall,
That 'tis in vain, to think to ward 'em all;
And where misfortunes great and many are,
Life grows a burden; and not worth our care.

Ozym. I cast it from me, like a Garment torn,
Ragged, and too undecent to be worn.
Besides, there is Contagion in my Fate; [*To Benz.*
It makes your Life too much unfortunate.
But, since her faults are not ally'd to mine,
In her protection let your favour shine;
To you, Great Queen, I make this last request;
(Since pity dwells in every Royal Breast)
Safe, in your care, her Life and Honour be,
It is a dying Lovers Legacy.

Benz. Cease, *Ozmyn*, cease so vain a Lute to move;
I did not give you on those terms my Love.
Leave Me, the care of Me; for when you go,
My Love will soon instruct me what to do.

Q. *Isabel.* Permit me, Sir, these Lovers doom to give;
My Sentence is, they shall together live.
The Courts of Kings,
To all Distress'd shou'd Sanctuaries be,
But most to Lovers in Adversity.
Castille and *Arragon*
Which long against each other War did move,
My plighted Lord and I have tyn'd by love;
And, if to add this Conquest Heaven thinks good,
I would not have it stain'd with Lovers blood.

Ferd. Whatever *Isabella* shall command
Shall always be a Law to *Ferdinand*.

Benz. The frowns of Fate we will no longer fear,
Ill Fate, Great Queen, can never find us here.

Isabel. Your thanks some other time I will receive;
Henceforward, safe in my Protection live.
Granada is for Noble Loves renown'd;
Her best defence is in her Lovers found.
Love's an Heroick Passion which can find
No room in any base degenerate mind;
It kindles all the Soul with Honour fire,
To make the Lover worthy his desire.
Against such Heroes I success should fear,
Had we not too an Host of Lovers here.

An Army of bright Beauties come with me;
Each Lady ſhall her Servants actions ſee:
The Fair and Brave on each ſide ſhall conteſt;
And they ſhall overcome who love the beſt. [*Exeunt omnes.*

SCENE II.

The Alhambra.

Zulema *ſolus.*

True; they have pardon'd me; but do they know
What folly 'tis to truſt a pardon'd Foe!
A Bluſh remains in a forgiven Face;
It wears the ſilent Tokens of Diſgrace:
Forgiveneſs to the Injur'd does belong;
But they ne'er pardon who have done the wrong.
My hopeful Fortune's loſt! and what's above
All I can name or think, my ruin'd Love!
Feign'd Honeſty ſhall work me into Truſt;
And ſeeming Penitence conceal my Luſt.
Let Heav'ns great Eye of Providence now take
One day of reſt, and ever after wake.

Enter King Boabdelin, Abenamar *and Guards.*

Boab. Loſſes on Loſſes! as if Heav'n decreed
Almanzor's valour ſhould alone ſucceed.
Aben. Each Sally we have made ſince he is gone,
Serves but to pull our ſpeedy ruine on.
Boab. Of all Mankind, the heavieſt Fate he bears
Who the laſt Crown of ſinking Empire wears.
No kindly Planet of his Birth took care:
Heav'ns Out-caſt; and the Droſs of every Star!

[*A tumultuous noiſe within.*

Enter Abdelmelech.

What new misfortune do theſe Cries preſage?
Abdel. They are th' effects of the mad Peoples rage.
All in deſpair tumultuouſly they ſwarm;
The fartheſt Streets already take th' Alarm;
The needy creep from Cellars, under-ground,
To them new Cries from tops of Garrets ſound.
The aged from the Chimneys ſeek the cold;
And Wives from Windows helpleſs Infants hold.
Boab. See what the many-headed Beaſt demands.

[*Exit* Abdelmelech.

Curſt is that King whoſe Honour's in their hands.

In Senates, either they too ſlowly grant,
Or ſaucily refuſe to aid my want:
And when their Thrift has ruin'd me in War,
They call their Inſolence my want of Care.
Aben. Curſt be their Leaders, who that Rage foment,
And veil with publick good their diſcontent:
They keep the Peoples Purſes in their hands,
And Hector Kings to grant their wild demands.
But to each Lure a Court throws out, deſcend,
And prey on thoſe, they promis'd to defend.
Zul. Thoſe Kings who to their wild demands conſent,
Teach others the ſame way to diſcontent.
Freedom in Subjects is not, nor can be;
But ſtill to pleaſe 'em we muſt call 'em free.
Propriety, which they their Idol make,
Or Law, or Law's Interpreters can ſhake.
Aben. The name of Common-wealth is popular;
But there the People their own Tyrants are.
Boab. But Kings who rule with limited Command.
Have Players Scepters put into their Hand.
Pow'r has no balance, one ſide ſtill weighs down;
And either hoiſts the Common-wealth or Crown:
And thoſe who think to ſet the Scale more right,
By various turnings but diſturb the weight.
Aben. While People tug for Freedom, Kings for Pow'r,
Both ſink beneath ſome foreign Conquerour:
Then Subjects find too late they were unjuſt,
And want that pow'r of Kings they durſt not truſt.

- *To them* Abdelmelech.

Abdel. The Tumult now is high and dangerous grown:
The People talk of rendring up the Town;
And ſwear that they will force the Kings conſent.
K. *Boab.* What Counſel can this riſing ſtorm prevent?
Abdel. Their fright to no Perſwaſions will give ear:
There's a deaf madneſs in a Peoples fear.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſſ. Their fury now a middle courſe does take:
To yield the Town, or call *Almanzor* back.
Boab. I'll rather call my death. ——
Go, and bring up my Guards to my defence:
I'll puniſh this outragious Inſolence.
Aben. Since blind opinion does their reaſon ſway.
You muſt ſubmit to cure 'em their own way.
You to their fancies Phyſick muſt apply:
Give them that Chief on whom they moſt rely;

Under

Under *Almanzor* prosperously they fought:
Almanzor therefore must with Pray'rs be brought.

Enter a Second Messenger.

Second Mess. Hast all you can their fury to asswage:
You are not safe from their rebellious rage.

Enter a Third Messenger.

Third Mess. This Minute if you grant not their desire
They'll seize your Person and your Palace Fire.

Abdel. Your danger, Sir, admits of no delay.

Boab. In tumults, People reign, and Kings obey.
Go, and appease 'em with the vow I make
That they shall have their lov'd *Almanzor* back. [*Exit* Abdel.
Almanzor has th' Ascendant o're my Fate:
I'm forc'd to stoop to one I fear and hate.
Disgrac'd, distrest, in exile, and alone,
He's greater than a Monarch on his Throne.
Without a Realm a Royalty he gains;
Kings are the Subjects over whom he Reigns.

[*A shout of Acclamations within.*

Aben. These shouts proclaim the people satisfy'd.

Boab. We for another Tempest must provide.
To promise his return as I was loath,
So I want pow'r now to perform my oath.
E're this, for *Africk* he is sail'd from *Spain*.

Aben. The adverse winds his passage yet detain;
I heard, last night his equipage did stay,
At a small Village short of *Malaga*.

K. *Boab.* *Abenamar*, this ev'ning thither, haste;
Desire him to forget his usage past:
Use all your Rhet'rique; Promise; Flatter; Pray:

To them Qu. Almahide *attended.*

Aben. Good Fortune shows you yet a surer way:
Nor Pray'rs nor Promises his mind will move;
'Tis inaccessible to all, but Love.

K. *Boab.* Oh, thou hast rows'd a thought within my breast,
That will for ever rob me of my rest.
Ah Jealousie, how cruel is thy sting!
I, in *Almanzor*, a lov'd Rival bring!
And now, I think it is an equal strife,
If I my Crown should hazard, or my Wife.
Where, Marriage, is thy cure, which Husbands boast?
That, in possession, their desire is lost:
Or why have I alone that wretched taste
Which, gorg'd and glutted, does with hunger last?
Custom and Duty, cannot set me free,
Ev'n Sin it self, has not a Charm for me.

Of marry'd Lovers I am ſure the firſt.
And nothing but a King could ſo be curſt.
Q. *Almah.* What ſadneſs ſits upon your Royal Heart?
Have you a Grief, and muſt not I have part?
All Creatures elſe a time of Love poſſeſs:
Man only clogs with cares his happineſs:
And, while he ſhou'd enjoy his part of Bliſs,
With thoughts of what may be, deſtroys what is.
K. *Boab.* You gueſs'd aright; I am oppreſt with grief:
And 'tis from you that I muſt ſeek relief. [*To the Company.*
Leave us, to ſorrow there's a rev'rence due:
Sad Kings, like Suns Eclips'd, withdraw from view. [*The Attendants go off: and Chairs are ſet for the King and Queen.*
Almah. So, two kind Turtles, when a ſtorm is nigh,
Look up; and ſee it gath'ring in the Skie:
Each calls his Mate to ſhelter in the Groves,
Leaving, in murmur their unfiniſh'd Loves.
Perch'd on ſome dropping Branch they ſit alone,
And Coo, and hearken to each others moan.
[*Boab. taking her by the hand.*
Since, *Almahide*, you ſeem ſo kind a Wife,
What would you do to ſave a Husbands life?
Almah. When Fate calls on that hard Neceſſity,
I'll ſuffer death rather than you ſhall die.
Boab. Suppoſe your Country ſhould in danger be;
What would you undertake to ſet it free?
Almah. It were too little to reſign my Breath:
My own free Hand ſhould give me nobler Death.
Boab. That Hand, which would ſo much for Glory do,
Muſt yet do more; for it muſt kill me too.
You muſt kill Me, for that dear Countrys ſake:
Or what's all one, muſt call *Almanzor* back.
Almah. I ſee to what your Speech you now direct;
Either my Love or Vertue you ſuſpect.
But know, that when my perſon I reſign'd,
I was too noble not to give my mind:
No more the ſhadow of *Almanzor* fear;
I have no room but for your Image, here.
Boab. This, *Almahide* would make me ceaſe to mourn,
Were that *Almanzor* never to return:
But now my fearful People mutiny;
Their clamours call *Almanzor* back, not I.
Their ſafety, through my ruine, I purſue;
He muſt return; and muſt be brought by you.
Almah. That hour when I my Faith to you did plight,
I baniſh'd him for ever from my ſight.

His

His baniſhment was to my Vertue due;
Not that I fear'd him for my ſelf, but you.
My Honour had preſerv'd me innocent:
But I would your ſuſpicion too prevent.
Which, ſince I ſee augmented in your mind,
I yet more reaſon for his Exile find.
K. *Boab.* To your intreaties he will yield alone:
And, on your doom, depend my Life and Throne.
No longer therefore my deſires withſtand;
Or, if deſires prevail not, my Command.
Q. *Almah.* In his return too ſadly I foreſee
Th' effects of your returning jealouſie;
But, your Command I prize above my life:
'Tis ſacred to a Subject and a Wife:
If I have pow'r *Almanzor* ſhall return.
[Boab. *letting go her hand and ſtarting up.*
Curſt be that fatal hour when I was born!
You love; you love him; and that love reveal
By your too quick conſent to his repeal.
My jealouſie had but too juſt a ground;
And now you ſtab into my former wound.
Q. *Almah.* This ſuddain change I do not underſtand
Have you ſo ſoon forgot your own Command?
Boab. Grant that I did th' unjuſt injunction lay,
You ſhould have lov'd me more than to obey.
I know you did this mutiny deſign;
But your Love-plot I'll quickly countermine.
Let my Crown go; he Never ſhall return;
I, like a Phœnix in my Neſt will burn.
Almah. You pleaſe me well that in one common Fate
You wrap your Self and Me, and all your State:
Let us no more of proud *Almanzor* hear:
'Tis better once to die, than ſtill to fear.
And better many times to die, than be
Oblig'd paſt payment to an Enemy.
Boab. 'Tis better; but you wives ſtill have one way:
When e're your Husbands are oblig'd, you pay.
Alma. Thou, Heav'n, who know'ſt it, judge my innocence.
You, Sir, deſerve not I ſhould make defence.
Yet, judge my Vertue by that proof I gave,
When I ſubmitted to be made your Slave.
Boab. If I have been ſuſpicious or unkind,
Forgive me; many cares diſtract my mind;
Love, and a Crown!
Two ſuch excuſes no one Man e're had;
And each of 'em enough to make me mad:

But now, my Reaſon re-aſſumes its Throne,
And finds no ſafety when *Almanzor*'s gone.
Send for him, then; I'll be oblig'd; and ſue;
'Tis a leſs evil than to part with you.
I leave you to your thoughts; but love me ſtill!
Forgive my Paſſion, and obey my Will. [*Exit* Boabdelin.

Almahide *Sola.*

My jealous Lord will ſoon to Rage return;
That Fire his Fear rakes up, does inward burn.
But Heav'n which made me great, has choſe for me:
I muſt th' oblation for my People be.
I'll cheriſh Honour, then, and Life deſpiſe;
What is not Pure is not for Sacrifice.
Yet, for *Almanzor* I in ſecret mourn!
Can Vertue, then, admit of his return?
Yes; for my Love I will, by Vertue, ſquare;
My Heart's not mine; but all my Actions are.
I'll, like *Almanzor*, act; and dare to be
As haughty, and as wretched too as he.
What will he think is in my Meſſage meant?
I ſcarcely underſtand my own intent:
But Silk-worm-like, ſo long within have wrought,
That I am loſt in my own Web of thought. [*Exit* Almahide

ACT II.

SCENE *A Wood.*

Ozmyn *and* Benzayda.

Ozm. 'TIS true that our protection here has been.
Th' effect of Honour in the Spaniſh Queen.
But, while I as a friend continue here,
I to my Country muſt a Foe appear.
Benz. Think not, my *Ozmyn*, that we here remain
As Friends, but Priſoners to the Pow'r of *Spain*.
Fortune diſpenſes with your Countrys right;
But you deſert your honour in your flight:
Ozym. I cannot leave you here, and go away;
My Honour's glad of a pretence to ſtay.
[*A noiſe within follow, follow, follow*

Enter

Enter Selin; *his Sword drawn; as purſued.*

Selin. I am purſu'd, and now am ſpent and done;
My limbs ſuffice me not with ſtrength to run.
And, if I could, alas, what can I ſave;
A year, the *dregs* of life too, from the grave. [*Sits down on the ground.*
Here will I ſit, and here attend my fate;
With the ſame hoary Majeſty and State
As *Rome*'s old Senate for the *Galls* did wait.

Benz. It is my Father; and he ſeems diſtreſt:

Ozmyn. My Honour bids me ſuccour the oppreſt:
That life he ſought, for his I'll freely give;
We'll die together; or together live.

Benz. I'll call more ſuccour, ſince the Camp is near;
And fly on all the wings of Love and Fear [*Exit* Benz.

Enter Abenamar *and four or five* Moors.

[*He looks; and finds* Selin.

Aben. Ye 've liv'd, and now behold your lateſt hour:

Selin. I ſcorn your malice, and defy your pow'r.
A ſpeedy death is all I ask you now;
And that's a favour you may well allow.

Ozmyn; *ſhowing himſelf.*

Who gives you death ſhall give it firſt to me;
Fate cannot ſeparate our deſtiny. [*Knows his Father.*
My Father here! then Heav'n it ſelf has laid
The ſnare, in which my vertue is betray'd.

Aben. Fortune, I thank thee, thou haſt kindly done,
To bring me back that fugitive my Son.
In arms too; fighting for my Enemy!
I'll do a Roman juſtice; thou ſhalt die.

Ozmyn. I beg not you my forfeit life would ſave:
Yet add one Minute to that breath you gave.
I diſobey'd you, and deſerve my fate;
But bury in my grave two houſes hate.
Let *Selin* live; and ſee your Juſtice done
On me, while you revenge him for his Son:
Your mutual malice in my death may ceaſe;
And equal loſs perſwade you both to peace.

Aben. *to a* Sold.

Yes; juſtice ſhall be done, on him and thee:
Haſte; and diſpatch 'em both immediately.

Ozmyn. If you have honour (ſince you Nature want)
For your own ſake my laſt Petition grant:
And kill not a diſarm'd, defenceleſs Foe:
Whoſe death your cruelty, or fear will ſhow.
My Father cannot do an Act ſo baſe:
My Father! I miſtake: I meant, who was!

Aben. Go, then, diſpatch him firſt who was my ſon.

Ozmyn. Swear but to ſave his life, I'll yield my own. *Aben.*

Aben. Nor tears, nor pray'rs thy life, or his ſhall buy.

Ozmyn *putting himſelf before* Selin.

Then Sir, *Benzayda*'s Father ſhall not die:
And, ſince he'll want defence when I am gone,
I will, to ſave his life, defend my own.

Aben. This juſtice Parricides like thee ſhould have:

[Aben. *And his party attack them both.* Ozmyn *Parryes his Fathers thruſts; and thruſts at the others.*

Enter Benzayda, *with* Abdalla, *the Duke of* Arcos *and* Spaniards.

Benz. O help my Father, and my *Ozmyn* ſave!

Abdal. Villains, that death you have deſerv'd, is near.

Ozmyn *ſtops his hand.*

Stay Prince; and know I have a Father here.
I were that Parricide of whom he ſpoke,
Did not my piety prevent your ſtroke.

Arcos *to* Aben.

Depart, then, and thank Heav'n you had a Son.

Aben. I am not with theſe ſhows of duty won.

Ozmyn *to his Father.*

Heav'n know's I would that life you ſeek, reſign,
But, while *Benzayda* lives it is not mine.
Will you yet pardon my unwilling crime?

Aben. By no intreaties; by no length of time
Will I be won: but, with my lateſt breath,
I'll curſe thee here, and haunt thee after death.

[*Exit* Abenamar *with his Party.*

Ozmyn *kneeling to* Selin.

Can you be merciful to that degree
As to forgive my Father's faults in me?
Can you forgive
The death of him I ſlew in my defence;
And, from the malice, ſeparate th' offence!
I can no longer be your Enemy:
In ſhort, now kill me, Sir, or pardon me. [*Offers him his Sword.*
In this your ſilence my hard fate appears!

Selin. I'll anſwer you, when I can ſpeak for tears.
But, till I can ———————
Imagine what muſt needs be brought to paſs: [*Embraces him.*
My heart's not made of Marble, nor of Braſs.
Did I for you a cruel death prepare,
And have you — have you, made my life your care!
There is a ſhame contracted by my faults,
Which hinders me to ſpeak my ſecret thoughts.
And I will tell you (when that ſhame's remov'd,)
You are not better by my Daughter lov'd.

Benzayda

Benzayda be your's——I can no more.
Ozmyn embracing his knees.
Bleſt be that breath which does my life reſtore.
Benz. I hear my Father now; thoſe words confeſs
That name; and that indulgent tenderneſs.
Selim. Benzayda, I have been too much to blame;
But, let your goodneſs expiate for my ſhame;
You *Ozmyn*'s virtue did in chains adore;
And part of me was juſt to him before:
My Son! [*To him.*
Ozmyn. My Father!
Selim. ——————Since by you I live,
I, for your ſake, your family forgive.
Let your hard Father ſtill my life purſue;
I hate not him, but for his hate to you:
Ev'n that hard father yet may one day be
By kindneſs vanquiſh'd as you vanquiſh'd me.
Or, if my death can quench to you his rage,
Heav'n makes good uſe of my remaining age.
Abdal. I grieve your joys are mingled with my cares.
But all take intereſt in their own affairs:
And therefore I muſt ask how mine proceed.
Selim. They now are ripe; and but your preſence need:
For, *Lyndaraxa*, faithleſs as the wind,
Yet to your better Fortunes will be kind:
For, hearing that the Chriſtians own your cauſe,
From thence th'aſſurance of a Throne ſhe draws:
And, ſince *Almanzor*, whom ſhe moſt did fear,
Is gone; ſhe to no Treaty will give ear;
But ſent me her unkindneſs to excuſe.
Abdal. You much ſurprize me with your pleaſing news.
Selim. But, Sir, ſhe hourly does th' aſſault expect:
And muſt be loſt, if you her Aid neglect.
For *Abdelmelech* loudly does declare
He'll uſe the laſt extremities of War;
Since ſhe refuſe the Fortreſs to reſign.
Abdal. The charge of haſtning this relief be mine.
Selim. This, while I undertook, whether beſet
Or elſe by chance *Abenamar* I met;
Who ſeem'd in haſt returning to the Town.
Abdal: My Love muſt in my dilligence be ſhown.
And as my pledge of Faith to *Spain*, this hour
I'll put the Fortreſs in your maſter's power. [*To* Arcos.
Selim. An open way from hence to it there lies,
And we with eaſe may ſend in large ſupplies.

Free from the ſhot and Sallies of the Town;

Arcos. Permit, me Sir, to ſhare in your renown;
Firſt to my King I will impart the news,
And then draw out what Succours we ſhall uſe.

[*Exit Duke of* Arcos.

Abdel. Grant that ſhe loves me not, at leaſt I ſee [*Aſide.*
She loves not others, if ſhe loves not me.
'Tis Pleaſure when we reap the fruit of Pain;
'Tis only pride to be belov'd again.
How many are not lov'd who think they are;
Yet all are willing to believe the Fair;
And, though 'tis Beauties known and obvious cheat,
Yet Man's Self-love ſtill favours the deceit.

[*Exit* Abdalla.

Selin. Farewel, my Children; equally ſo dear
That I my ſelf am to my ſelf leſs near.
While I repeat the dangers of the War,
Your mutual ſafety be each other's care.
Your Father, *Ozmyn*, till the War be done,
As much as honour will permit, I'll ſhun.
If by his Sword I periſh, let him know
It was becauſe I would not be his Foe.

Ozmyn. Goodneſs and Virtue all your Actions guide,
You only err in chooſing of your ſide.
That party I with honour cannot take,
But can much leſs the care of you forſake.
I muſt not draw my Sword againſt my Prince,
But yet may hold a Shield in your defence.
Benzayda, free from danger here ſhall ſtay,
And for a Father, and a Lover, pray.

Benz. No, no; I gave not on thoſe terms my heart,
That from my *Ozmyn* I ſhould ever part.
That Love I vow'd when you did death attend
'Tis juſt that nothing but my death ſhould end.
What Merchant is it who would ſtay behind,
His whole ſtock ventur'd to the Waves and Wind.
I'll pray for both; but both ſhall be in fight;
And Heav'n ſhall hear me pray, and ſee you fight.

Selin. No longer, *Ozmyn*, combat a deſign,
Where ſo much Love and ſo much Virtue joyn.

Ozmyn to her.

Then Conquer, and your Conqueſt happy be
Both to your ſelf, your Father, and to me.
With bended knees our freedom we'll demand
Of *Iſabel*, and mighty *Ferdinand*.
Then, while the paths of Honour we purſue,
We'll int'reſt Heav'n for us in right of you.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE. *The Albayzyn.*

[An alarm within; then Souldiers running over the Stage.

Enter Abdelmelech *Victorious with Soldiers.*

Abdel. 'Tis won, 'tis won; and *Lyndaraxa*, now,
Who scorn'd to treat, shall to a Conquest bow.
To every sword I free Commission give;
Fall on, my Friends, and let no Rebel live.
Spare only *Lyndaraxa*; let her be
In Triumph led to grace my Victory.
Since by her falshood she betray'd my Love,
Great as that falshood my revenge shall prove.

Enter Lyndaraxa, *as Prisoner, attended by Women.*

Go take th' enchantress and bring her to me bound.

Lynd. Force needs not where resistance is not found:
I come, my self to offer you my hands;
And, of my own accord, invite your bands.
I wish to be my *Abdelmelech*'s Slave;
I did but wish, and cafie Fortune gave.

Abdel. O, more than *Woman* false! but 'tis in vain.
Can you e'er hope to be believ'd again?
I'll sooner trust th' *Hyæna* than your smile;
Or, than your Tears the weeping Crocodile,
In War and Love none should be twice deceiv'd;
The fault is mine if you are now believ'd.

Lynd. Be over wise, then, and you'll have repent;
Your Crime will carry its own punishment.
I am well pleas'd not to be justified;
I owe no satisfaction to your pride.
It will be more advantage to my Fame,
To have it said I never owe'd a Name.

Abdel. 'Tis true; my [illegible] I felt;
I have at length escap'd the [illegible] net.
Th' excuses you prepare will be in vain,
Till I am fool enough to love again.

Lynd. Am I not lov'd?

Abdel. ——— I must, with shame, avow
I lov'd you once; but do not love you now.

Lynd. Have I for this betray'd *Abdalla*'s trust?
You are to me as I to him unjust. *[Angrily.*

Abdel. 'Tis like you have done much for love of me,
Who kept the Fortress for my Enemy.

Lynd. 'Tis true, I took the Fortress from his hand;
But, since, have kept it in my own command.
Abdel. That act your foul ingratitude did show.
Lynd. You are th' ungrateful, since 'twas kept for you.
Abdel. 'Twas kept indeed; but not by your intent,
For all your kindness I may thank the event.
Blush, *Lyndaraxa*, for so cross a cheat;
'Twas kept for me when you refus'd to Treat. [*Ironically.*
Lynd. Blind man! I knew the weakness of the place
It was my plot to do your Arms this Grace:
Had not my care of your renown been great,
I lov'd enough to offer you to Treat.
She who is lov'd must little less create;
But you bold Lovers are to force your Fate.
This force you us'd my maiden truth will save;
You seem'd to take what secretly I gave.
I knew we must be conquer'd; but I knew
What confidence I might repose in you.
I knew you were too grateful to expose
My Friends and Soldiers to be us'd like Foes.
Abdel. Well; though I love you not, their lives shall be
Spar'd out of pity and humanity.
Alferez, go, and let the slaughter cease. [*To a Souldier.*
Lynd. Then must I to your pity owe my peace!

Is that the tend'rest term you can afford! [*Exit the Alferez.*
Time was, you wou'd have us'd another word.
Abdel. Then, for your Beauty, I your Souldiers spare.
For though I do not love you, you are fair.
Lynd. Thus little Beauty why did Heav'n impart
To please your eyes, but not to move your heart!
I'll shrowd this Gorgon from all human view;
And own no beauty, since it charms not you!
Reverse your Orders, and your sentence give;
My Souldiers shall not from my beauty live.
Abdel. Then, from your friendship they their lives shall gain;
Though love be dead, yet friendship does remain.
Lynd. That friendship which from whither'd Love does shoot,
Like the faint Herbage of a Rock, wants root,
Love is a tender amity, refin'd:
Grafted on friendship it exalts the kind.
But when the Graff no longer does remain,
The dull Stock lives; but never bears again.
Abdel. Then, that my friendship may not doubtful prove,
(Fool that I am to tell you so,) I love.

You

You would extort this acknowledgment from my breath;
And tortur'd me so long that I confess.——
Now I expect to suffer for my Sin
My Monarchy must end and your's begin.

Lynd. Confess not Love, but spare your self that shame:
And call your passion by some other Name.
Call this assault, your malice, or your hate;
Love owns no acts so disproportionate.
Love never taught this insolence you show,
To treat your mistress like a conquer'd Foe; [*Afferez.*
Is this th' obedience which my Heirs should move!
This usage looks more like a Rape than love.

Abdel. What proof of Duty would you I should give?

Lynd. 'Tis Grace enough to let my subjects live:
Let your rude Soldiers keep possession still,
Spoil, rifle, pillage, any thing but kill;
In short, Sir, use your Victory to please,
Secure my castle, and my person seize.
Let your true men my Rebels hence remove;
I shall dream on; and think 'em all your Love.

Abdel. You know too well my weakness and your pow'r.
Why did Heav'n make a Creature so like Her?
She was my slave; with her betrayed will shown
How weak my force is, when it's strong her own.
Now she has beat my pow'r from every part,
Made her way open to my conquer'd heart: [*To a Sould.*
Go, strictly charge my Soldiers to retreat;
Those countermand who our last entry gave:
On peril of your lives leave all things free. [*Exit Soldier.*
Now, Madam, love *Abdalla* more than me.
I only ask, in duty, you would bring
The Keys of our *Alkazyn* to the King:
I'll make your terms as gentle as you please.

Trumpets sound a charge within: and Soldiers shout.

What shouts; and what new sounds of War are these?

Lynd. Fortune, I hope, has favour'd my intent: [*Aside.*
Of gaining time; and welcome succours sent.

Enter Alferez.

Alf. All's lost; and you are fatally deceiv'd:
The Foe is enter'd: and the place reliev'd.
Scarce from the Walls had I drawn off my men
When, from their Camp, the enemy rush'd in:
And Prince *Abdalla* enter'd first the Gate.

Abdel. I am betray'd; and find it now too late: [*To her.*
When your proud Soul to flatteries did descend,
I might have known it did some ill portend.

The

The weary Seaman ſtormy weather fears,
When Winds ſhift
You, by my bounty live——
Your Brothers, too, were pardon'd
And this return your gratitude does make
My Monarchy
Lynd. My Brothers beſt their own obligements know,
Without your charging mine
But, ſince you think th' obligement ſo great,
I'll bring a friend to ſatisfie
Abdel. Thou ſhalt not
Though not thy Fort,
To treat your miſtreſs
Enter Abdalla, Arcos,
Enter again Abdalla
Arcos. Bold *Abdelmelech*
Though much out-numbered
Your Beauty, as it moves
So it no common courage
As he fought well,
If, Madam, he like me,
Lynd. Fortune, at laſt,
And, where I would
You ſee, Sir, with what
This precious gage which
But 'twas the love of you
And gave me Courage
Now, by experience you
And are to thank me that
When your malicious fortune
My care reſtrain'd you, then,
Againſt your deſtiny I
And gather'd up the Shipwrecks of your fate.
I, like a friend, did ev'n your ſelf withſtand,
From throwing all upon a loſing hand.
Abdal. My love makes all your acts unqueſtion'd go
And ſets a Soveraign ſtamp on all you do.
Your Love, I will believe with hoodwink'd Eyes;
In Faith, much merit in much blindneſs lies.
But now, to make you great as you are fair,
The Spaniards an Imperial Crown prepare.
Lyd. That gift's more welcome, which with you I ſhare;
Let us no time in fruitleſs courtſhip loſe,
But ſally out upon our frighted Foes.

No

No Ornaments of pow[illegible]
As purple, which the blood of Princes dies.

Exeunt. He leading her.

SCENE, *The Alhambra.*

Boabdelin, Abenamar, Almahide, *Guards &c.*

The Queen enters, &c.

Abenamar. My little Journey has successful been;
The fierce *Almanzor* will obey the Queen
I found him, like *Achilles*, on the shore
Pensive, complaining much, but threatning more
And like that injur'd Greek, he heard our woes
Which, while I told, a gloomy hate arose
From his bent brows; and still, the more he heard,
A more severe and sullen joy appear'd.
But, when he knew we to despair were driven,
Betwixt his teeth he mutter'd thanks to Heaven.

Boab. How I disdain this aid which I must take
Not for my own but *Almahide*'s sake.

Aben. But when he heard it was the Queen who sent
That her command repeal'd his banishment
He took the summons with a speedy joy
And ask'd me how she would his Sword employ?
Then bid me say, her humblest slave would come
From her fair mouth, with joy to take his doom.

Boab. Oh that I had not lov'd you, though it cost
My Crown; though I, and all were lost!

Aben. While I to bring this news came on before
I met with *Selin*——

Boab. —— I can hear no more.

Enter Hamet.

Hamet. Almanzor is arrived at the gate
And throngs of people on his Carr doe wait.

Boab. Thy news does all my faculties surprize.
He bears two Basilisks in those fierce Eyes.
And that tame Daemon which should guard my throne,
Shrinks at a Genius greater than his own.

[*Exit* Boabdelin, *with* Aben. *and Guards.*

Enter Almanzor, *seeing* Almahide *approach him he speaks.*

Alman. So *Venus* moves when to the Thunderer
In smiles or Tears she would some suit prefer.

When

When with her Ceſtos girt
And drawn by Doves, the cuts the liquid Skies,
And kindles gentle fires wherever ſhe flies,
To every eye a Goddeſs is confeſt:
By all the Heav'nly Nation ſhe is bleſt,
And each with ſecret joy admits her to his Breaſt.

To her bowing.

Madam, your new commands I come to know:
If yet you can have any where I go.
If to the Regions of the dead they be,
You take the ſpeedieſt courſe, to ſend by me.

Almah. Heav'n has not deſtin'd you ſo ſoon to reſt:
Heroes muſt live to ſuccour the diſtreſt.

Almanz. To ſerve ſuch beauty all mankind ſhould live:
And, in our ſervice, our reward you give.
But, ſtay me not in torture to behold
And ne'er enjoy: as from another fold
The Miſer haſtens in his own defence,
And ſhuns the ſight of tempting excellence;
So, having ſeen you once ſo killing fair,
A ſecond ſight were but to move deſpair.
I take my eyes from what too much would pleaſe,
As men in Fevers famiſh their diſeaſe.

Almah. No; you may find your Cure an eaſier way,
If you are pleas'd to ſeek it in your ſtay.
All objects loſe by too familiar view
When that great charm is gone of being new.
By often ſeeing me, you ſoon will find
Defects ſo many in my face and mind,
That to be freed from Love you need not doubt;
And, as you look'd it in, you'll look it out.

Almanz. I, rather, like weak Armies, ſhould retreat;
And ſo prevent my more entire defeat.
For your own ſake in quiet let me go:
Preſs not too far, on a deſpairing foe;
I may turn back and arm'd againſt you move
With all the furious train of hopeleſs love.

Almah. Your honour cannot to ill thoughts give way;
And mine can run no hazard by your ſtay.

Almanz. Do you, then, think I can with patience ſee
That ſoveraign good poſſeſt and not by me?
No; I all day ſhall languiſh at the ſight,
And rave on what I do not ſee, all night.
My quick imagination will preſent
The Scenes and Images of your content;

Almah. Theſe are the day-dreams which wild fancy yields,
Empty as ſhad ows are, that fly o'er fields.
O, whither would this boundleſs fancy move!
'Tis but the raging Calenture of Love,
Like a diſtracted Paſſenger you ſtand,
And ſee, in Seas, imaginary Land.
Cool Groves, and Flow'ry Meads, and while you think
To walk, plunge in, and wonder that you ſink.
Almanz. Love's Calenture too well I underſtand;
But ſure your Beauty is no Fairy Land!
Of your own Form a Judge you cannot be;
For, Glow-worm like, you ſhine, and do not ſee.
Almah. Can you think this, and would you go away?
Almanz. What recompence attends me if I ſtay?
Almah. You know I am from recompence debarr'd;
But I will grant your merit a reward.
Your Flame's too noble to deſerve a Cheat;
And I too plain to practiſe a Deceit.
I no return of Love can ever make;
But what I ask is for my Husband's ſake:
He, I confeſs, has been ungrateful too;
But he and I are ruin'd if you go.
Your Virtue to the hardeſt proof I bring:
Unbrib'd, preſerve a Miſtreſs and a King.
Almanz. I'll ſtop at nothing that appears ſo brave;
I'll do't: and now I no Reward will have.
You've given my Honour ſuch an ample Field
That I may die, but that ſhall never yield.
Spight of my ſelf I'll Stay, Fight, Love, Deſpair;
And I can do all this, becauſe I dare.
Yet I may own one ſuit.——
That Scarf, which ſince by you it has been born
Is Bleſt, like Relicks, which by Saints were worn.
Almah. Preſents like this my Virtue durſt not make,
But that 'tis giv'n you for my Husband's ſake. [*Gives the Scarf.*
Almanz. This Scarf to Honourable Raggs I'll wear:
As conqu'ring Soldiers tatter'd Enſigns bear.
But O how much my Fortune I deſpiſe,
Which gives me Conqueſt, while ſhe Love denies!

[*Exeunt.*

N ACT

ACT III.

SCENE *The Alhambra*,

Almahide, Esperanza.

Esper. AFected Modesty has much of Pride;
That Scarf he begg'd, you could not have deny'd:
Nor does it shock the Virtue of a Wife,
When giv'n that man, to whom you owe your life.
Almah. Heav'n knows from all intent of ill twas free:
Yet it may feed my Husband's jealousie,
And, for that cause, I wish it were not done.
To them Boabdelin; *and walks apart.*
See where he comes all pensive and alone;
A gloomy Fury has o'er-spread his Face:
'Tis so! and all my Fears are come to pass.
Marriage, thou curse of Love; and snare of Life, [Boab. *aside.*
That first debas'd a Mistress to a Wife!
Love, like a Scene, at distance should appear;
But Marriage views the gross-daub'd Landskip near.
Loves nauseous cure! thou cloyst whom thou shouldst please:
And when thou cur'st, then thou art the disease.
When Hearts are loose, thy Chain our bodies ties,
Love couples Friends; but Marriage Enemies.
If Love, like mine, continues after thee,
'Tis soon made sowre, and turn'd by Jealousie.
No sign of Love in jealous Men remains
But that which sick men have of life; their pains.
Almahide *walking to him.*
Has my dear Lord some new affliction had?
Have I done any thing that makes him sad?
Boab. You, nothing, You! but let me walk alone!
Almah. I will not leave you till the cause be known:
My knowledge of the ill may bring relief.
Boab. Thank ye: You never fail to cure my grief!
Trouble me not; my grief concerns not you.
Almah. While I have life I will your steps pursue.
Boab. I'm out of humour now; you must not stay.
Almah. I fear it is that Scarf I gave away.
Boab. No; 'tis not that:——— but speak of it no more:
Go hence; I am not what I was before.

Almah.

Almah. Then I will make you ſo: give me your hand!
Can you this preſſing, and theſe Tears withſtand!
[*Boab ſighing and going off from her.*
O Heav'n, were ſhe but mine, or mine alone!
Ah, why are not the Heart of Women known!
Falſe Women to new joys, unſeen can move:
There are no prints left in the paths of Love,
All Goods beſides by publick marks are known;
But what we moſt deſire to keep, has none.
[*Almah approaching him.*
Why will you in your Breaſt your paſſion croud
Like unborn Thunder rowling in a Cloud?
Torment not your poor Heart; but let it free;
And rather let its fury break on me.
I am not married to a God; I know,
Men muſt have Paſſions, and can bear from you.
I fear th'unlucky Preſent I have made!
Boab. O pow'r of Guilt, how Conſcience can upbraid!
It forces her not only to reveal,
But to repeat what ſhe would moſt conceal!
Almah. Can ſuch a toy, and giv'n in publick too——
Boab. Falſe Woman, you contriv'd it ſhould be ſo,
That publick Gift in private was deſign'd,
The Embleme of the Love you meant to bind.
Hence from my ſight, ungrateful as thou art;
And, when I can, I'll banith thee my heart.
[*She weeps.*
To them Almanzor *wearing the Scarf:*
He ſees her weep.
Almanz. What precious drops are thoſe
Which, ſilently, each others track purſue,
Bright as young Diamonds in their infant dew?
Your luſtre you ſhould free from tears maintain;
Like Egypt, rich without the help of rain.
Now curſt be he who gave this cauſe of grief;
And double curſt who does not give relief.
Almah. Our common fears, and publick miſeries
Have drawn theſe tears from my afflicted Eyes.
Almanz. Madam, I cannot eaſily believe
It is for any publick cauſe you grieve.
On your fair face the marks of ſorrow lye;
But I read fury in your Husbands Eye.
And, in that paſſion, I too plainly find
That you'r unhappy; and that he's unkind.
Almah. Not new-made Mothers greater love expreſs
Than he; when with firſt looks their babes they bleſs.

Nor Heav'n is more to dying Martyrs Kind;
Nor guardian Angels to their charge assign'd.
Boab. O goodness counterfeited to the life!
O the well acted virtue of a wife.
Would you with this my just suspicions blind?
You've given me great occasion to be kind!
The marks, too, of your spotless love appear;
Witness the badge of my dishonour there.
[*Pointing to* Almanzor's *Staff.*
Almanz. Unworthy owner of a gemm so rare!
Heavens, why must he possess, and I despair!
Why is this Miser doom'd to all this store;
He who has all, and yet believes he's poor?
Almahide *to* Almanzor.
You'r much too bold, to blame a jealousie,
So kind in him, and so desir'd by me.
The faith of wives would unrewarded prove,
Without those just observers of our love.
The greater care the higher passion shows;
We hold that deerest we most fear to lose.
Distrust in Lovers is too warm a Sun,
But yet 'tis Night in Love when that is gone.
And, in those Climes which most his scorching know,
He makes the noblest fruits and Metals grow.
Almanz. Yes, there are mines of Treasure in your breast,
Seen by that jealous Sun, but not possest.
He, like a devil among the blest above,
Can take no pleasure in your Heaven of love:
Go, take her; and thy causeless fears remove; [*To the King.*
Love her so well that I with rage may die:
Dull Husbands have no right to jealousie:
If that's allow'd, it must in Lovers be.
Boab. The succour which thou bring'st me makes thee bold:
But know, without thy aid, my Crown I'll hold.
Or, if I cannot, I will fire the place:
Of a full City make a naked space.
Hence, then, and from a Rival set me free:
I'll do; I'll suffer any thing, but thee.
Almanz. I wonnot go; I'll not be forc'd away:
I came not for thy sake; nor do I stay.
It was the Queen who for my aid did send;
And 'tis I only can the Queen defend:
I, for her sake thy Scepter will maintain;
And thou, by me, in spight of thee, shalt reign.
Boab. Had I but hope I could defend this place
Three daies; thou shouldst not live to my disgrace
So small a time——

Might

Might I poſſeſs my *Almahide* alone,
I would live ages out e're they were gone.
I ſhould not be of love or life bereft;
All ſhould be ſpent before; and nothing left.
Almahide *to* Boabdelin.
As for your ſake I for *Almanzor* ſent,
So, when you pleaſe, he goes to baniſhment.
You ſhall, at laſt, my Loyalty approve:
I will refuſe no tryal of my love.
Boab. How can I think you love me, while I ſee
That Trophee of a Rivals Victory?
I'll tear it from his ſide.——
Almanz. ——I'll hold it faſt
As life; and when life's gone, I'll hold this laſt.
And, if thou tak'ſt it after I am ſlain,
I'll ſend my Ghoſt to fetch it back again.
Almah. When I beſtow'd that Scarf, I had not thought
Or not conſider'd, it might be a fault.
But, ſince my Lord's diſpleas'd that I ſhould make
So ſmall a preſent, I command it back.
Without delay th'unlucky gift reſtore;
Or, from this minute, never ſee me more.
[Almanzor *pulling it off haſtily, and preſenting it to her.*
The ſhock of ſuch a curſe I dare not ſtand,
Thus I obey your abſolute command. [*She gives it to the King.*
Muſt he the ſpoils of ſcorn'd *Almanzor* wear?
May *Turnus* fate be thine; who dar'd to bear
The belt of murder'd *Pallas*, from afar
Mayſt thou be known; and be the mark of War.
Live juſt to ſee it from thy ſhoulders torn
By common hands, and by ſome Coward worn. [*An Alarm within.*
Enter Abdelmelech, Zulema, Hamet, Abenamar;
their Swords drawn.
Abdelm. Is this a time for diſcord or for grief?
We periſh, Sir, without your quick relief.
I have been fool'd, and am unfortunate,
The Foes purſue their fortune, and our fate.
Zul. The Rebels with the Spaniards are agreed.
Boab. Take breath; my guards ſhall to the fight ſucceed.
Abenamar *to* Almanzor.
Why ſtay you, Sir, the conqu'ring Foe is near?
Give us their courage; and give them our fear.
Hamet. Take Arms, or we muſt periſh in your fight,
Almanz. I care not; periſh; for I will not fight.
I wonnot lift an Arm in his defence:
And yet I wonnot ſtir one Foot from hence.

I to

I to your Kings defence his Town reſign;
This only ſpot whereon I ſtand, is mine. [*To the Queen.*
Madam, be ſafe and lay aſide your fear,
You are, as in a Magick Circle, here.
Boab. To our own Valour our ſucceſs we'll owe.
Haſte, *Hamet*, with *Abenamar* to go;
You two draw up, with all the ſpeed you may,
Our laſt reſerves, and, yet redeem the day.
[*Exeunt* Hamet *and* Abenamar, *one way, the King the other, with* Abdelmelech, *&c. Alarm within.*
Enter Abdelmelech, *his Sword drawn.*
Abdel. *Granada* is no more! th' unhappy King
Vent'ring too far, e're we could ſuccour bring,
Was, by the Duke of *Arcos*, Pris'ner made;
And, paſt relief, is to the Port convey'd.
Almanz. Heav'n, thou art juſt! go, now deſpiſe my aid.
Almah. Unkind *Almanzor*, how am I betray'd!
Betray'd by him in whom I truſted moſt!
But I will ne'er outlive what I have loſt.
Is this your ſuccour, this your boaſted love?
I will accuſe you to the Saints above!
Almanzor vow'd he would for honour fight;
And lets my husband periſh in my ſight.
[*Exeunt* Almahide *and* Eſperanza.
Almanz. O, I have err'd; but fury made me blind:
And, in her juſt reproach, my fault I find!
I promis'd ev'n for him to fight, whom I——
——But ſince he's lov'd by her he muſt not die.
Thus, happy fortune comes to me in vain,
When I my ſelf muſt ruine it again.
To him Abenamar, Hamet, Abdelmelech, Zulema; *Soldiers.*
Aben. The Foe has enter'd the Vermillion Tow'rs;
And nothing but th' *Alhambra* now is ours.
Almanz. Ev'n that's too much, except we may have more;
You loſt it all to that laſt ſtake before:
Fate, now come back; thou canſt not farther get;
The bounds of thy libration here are ſet.
Thou knowſt this place,——
And, like a Clock wound up, ſtrik'ſt here for me;
Now, Chance, aſſert thy own inconſtancy:
And, Fortune, fight, that thou mayſt Fortune be.
They come; here, favour'd by the narrow place, [*A noiſe within.*
I can, with few, their groſs Battalion face.
By the dead wall, you *Abdelmelech*, wind;
Then, charge; and their retreat cut off behind. [*Exeunt.*
[*An Alarm within.*
Enter

Enter Almanzor *and his party, with* Abdella *Priſoner.*

Almanzor *to* Abdalla.

You were my friend; and to that name, I owe
The juſt regard, which you refus'd to ſhow.
Your liberty I frankly would reſtore;
But honour now forbids me to do more.
Yet, Sir, your freedom in your choice ſhall be;
When you command to ſet your Brother free.

Abdal. Th'exchange which you propoſe, with joy I take;
An offer, eaſier than my hopes could make.
Your benefits revenge my crimes to you:
For, I my ſhame in that bright Mirror, view.

Almanz. No more; you give me thanks you do not owe,
I have been faulty; and repent me now.
But, though our Penitence a virtue be,
Mean Souls alone repent in miſery.
The brave own faults when good ſucceſs is given:
For then they come on equal terms to Heaven. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *The Alhayzyn.*

Ozmyn *and* Benzayda.

Benz. I ſee there's ſomewhat which you fear to tell;
Speak quickly, *Ozmyn*, is my Father well?———
———Why croſs you thus your Arms; and ſhake your head?
Kill me at once, and tell me he is dead.

Ozmyn. I know not more than you; but fear not leſs;
Twice ſinking, twice I drew him from the preſs.
But the victorious Foe purſu'd ſo faſt,
That flying throngs divided us at laſt,
As Seamen parting in a general wreck,
When firſt the looſening planks begin to crack,
Each catches one; and ſtraight are far disjoyn'd,
Some born by Tides, and others by the wind;
So, in this ruine, from each other rent,
With heav'd up hands we mutual farewels ſent;
Methought his Eyes, when juſt I loſt his view,
Were looking bleſſings to be ſent to you.

Benz. Blind Queen of Chance, to Lovers too ſevere,
Thou ruleſt Mankind, but art a Tyrant there!
Thy wideſt Empires in a lovers breaſt:
Like open Seas we ſeldom are at reſt.
Upon thy Coaſts our wealth is daily caſt;
And thou, like Pyrates, makeſt no peace to laſt.

To them Lyndaraxa, *Duke of* Arcos, *and Guards.*

D. *Arcos:* We are ſurpriz'd when leaſt we did ſuſpect;
And juſtly ſuffer'd by our own neglect. *Lynd.*

Lynd. No; none but I have reaſon to complain,
So near a Kingdom, yet 'tis loſt again!
O, how unequally in me were joyn'd
A creeping fortune, with a ſoring mind!
O Lottery of fate! where ſtill the wiſe
Draw blanks of Fortune; and the fools the prize!
Theſe Croſs ill-ſhuffled lots from Heav'n are ſent,
Yet dull Religion teaches us content.
But, when we ask it where that bleſſing dwells,
It points to Pedant Colleges, and Cells.
There, ſhows it rude, and in a homely dreſs;
And that proud want miſtakes for happineſs. [*A Trumpet within.*

Enter Zulema.

Brother! what ſtrange adventure brought you here?

Zul. The News I bring will yet more ſtrange appear.
The little care you of my life did ſhow,
Has of a Brother juſtly made a Foe.
And *Abdelmelech*, who that life did ſave
As juſtly has deſerv'd that love he gave.

Lynd. Your buſineſs cools, while tediouſly it ſtays
On the low Theme of *Abdelmelech*'s praiſe.

Zul. This, I preſent from Prince *Abdalla*'s hands.
[*Delivers a Letter, which ſhe reads.*

Lynd. He has propos'd, (to free him from his bands,)
That, with his Brother, an Exchange be made.

Arcos. It proves the ſame deſign which we had laid.
Before the Caſtle let a Bar be ſet;
And, when the Captives on each ſide are met,
With equal Numbers choſen for their Guard,
Juſt at the time the paſſage is unbar'd,
Let both at once advance, at once be free.

Lynd. Th' Exchange I will my ſelf in perſon ſee.

Benz. I fear to ask, yet would from doubt be freed,
Is *Selin* Captive, Sir, or is he dead?

Zul. I grieve to tell you what you needs muſt know,
He is a Priſ'ner to his greateſt Foe.
Kept, with ſtrong guards, in the *Alhambra* Tower;
Without the reach ev'n of *Almanzor*'s pow'r.

Ozmyn. With grief and ſhame I am at once oppreſt.

Zul. You will be more, when I relate the reſt.
To you I from *Abenamar* am ſent; [*To* Ozmyn.
And you alone can *Selin*'s death prevent.
Give up your ſelf a Priſ'ner in his ſtead;
Or, e're to morrow's dawn, believe him dead.

Benz. E're that appear I ſhall expire with grief.

Zul. Your action ſwift, your Counſel muſt be brief.

Lynd.

Lynd. While for *Abdalla*'s freedom we prepare,
You, in each others Breast unload your care.
[*Exeunt all but* Ozmyn *and* Benzayda.

Benz. My wiſhes contradictions muſt imply;
You muſt not go; and yet he muſt not die.
Your Reaſon may, perhaps, th' extremes unite;
But there's a miſt of Fate before my ſight.

Ozmyn. The two extremes too diſtant are to cloſe;
And Human Wit can no mid-way propoſe.
My duty therefore ſhows the neareſt way,
To free your Father; and my own obey.

Benz. Your Father, whom ſince yours, I grieve to blame,
Has loſt, or quite forget a Parent's name.
And, when at once poſſeſt of him and you,
Inſtead of freeing one, will murder two.

Ozmyn. Fear not my Life; but ſuffer me to go:
What cannot only Sons with Parents do!
'Tis not my death my Father does purſue;
He only would withdraw my Love from you.

Benz. Now, *Ozmyn*, now your want of Love I ſee:
For, would you go, and hazard loſing me?

Ozmyn. I rather would ten thouſand Lives forſake:
Nor, can you e're believe the doubt you make. ——
——This night I with a choſen Band will go;
And, by ſurprize, will free him from the Foe.

Benz. What Foe! ah whither would your Vertue fall!
It is your Father whom the Foe you call.
Darkneſs and Rage will no diſtinction make;
And yours may periſh for my Father's ſake.

Ozmyn. Thus, when my weaker Virtue goes aſtray,
Yours pulls it back; and guides me in the way:
I'll ſend him word, my being ſhall depend
On *Selin*'s Life, and with his Death ſhall end.

Benz. 'Tis that indeed would glut your Father's rage;
Revenge on *Ozmyn*'s Youth, and *Selin*'s age.

Ozmyn. Whate'er I plot, like *Siſyphus*, in vain
I heave a ſtone that tumbles down again.

Benz. This Glorious work is then reſerv'd for me;
He is my Father; and I'll ſet him free.
Theſe Chains my Father for my ſake does wear:
I made the fault; and I the pains will bear.

Ozmyn. Yes; you no doubt have merited thoſe pains;
Thoſe hands; thoſe tender Limbs were made for Chains.
Did I not love you, yet it were too baſe
To let a Lady ſuffer in my place.

Thoſe proofs of Vertue you before did ſhow
I did admire: but I muſt envy now.
Your vaſt ambition leaves no Fame for me
But graſps at univerſal Monarchy.
Benz. Yes, *Ozmyn*, I ſhall ſtill this Palm purſue;
I will not yield my Glory, ev'n to you.
I'll break thoſe bonds in which my Father's ty'd:
Or, if I cannot break 'em, I'll divide.
What though my Limbs a Womans weakneſs ſhow;
I have a Soul as *Maſculine* as you.
And, when theſe Limbs want ſtrength, my Chains to wear;
My Mind ſhall teach my body how to bear. [*Exit* Benzayda.
Ozmyn. What I reſolve I muſt not let her know;
But Honour has decreed ſhe muſt not go.
What ſhe reſolves I muſt prevent with care;
She ſhall not in my Fame or Danger ſhare.
I'll give ſtrict Order to the Guards which wait;
That, when ſhe comes, ſhe ſhall not paſs the Gate.
Fortune, at laſt, has run me out of breath;
I have no refuge, but the arms of death:
To that dark Sanctuary I will go:
She cannot reach me when I lie ſo low.

SCENE. *The Alhayzyn.*

Enter on one ſide Almanzor, Abdalla, Abdelmelech, Zulema, Hamet. *On the other ſide the Duke of* Arcos, Boabdelin, Lyndaraxa, *and their party. After which the Bars are opened; and at the ſame time* Boabdelin *and* Abdalla *paſs by each other, each to his party: when* Abdalla *is paſt on the other ſide; the Duke of* Arcos *approaches the Bars, and calls to* Almanzor.

Arcos. The hatred of the brave with battels ends;
And Foes, who fought for Honour, then, are Friends.
I love thee, brave *Almanzor*, and am proud
To have one hour when Love may be allow'd.
This hand, in ſign of that eſteem, I plight:
We ſhall have angry hours enough to fight. [*Giving his hand.*
Almanz. The Man who dares, like you, in fields appear,
And meet my Sword, ſhall be my Miſtreſs here.
If I am proud, 'tis only to my Foes;
Rough but to ſuch who Vertue would oppoſe.
If I ſome fierceneſs from a Father drew,
A Mothers Milk gives me ſome ſome ſoftneſs too.

Arcos.

Arcos. Since, firſt you took, and after ſet me free,
(Whether a ſence of Gratitude it be,
Or ſome more ſecret motion of my mind,
For which I want a name that's more than kind)
I ſhall be glad, by what e're means I can;
To get the friendſhip of ſo brave a man:
And would your unavailing valour call
From aiding thoſe whom Heav'n has doom'd to fall.
We owe you that reſpect ——————
Which to the Gods of Foes beſieg'd was ſhown;
To call you out before we take your Town.

Almanz. Thoſe whom we love, we ſhould eſteem 'em too;
And not debauch that Vertue which we wooe.
Yet, though you give my Honour juſt offence,
I'll take your kindneſs in the better ſence.
And, ſince you for my ſafety ſeem to fear,
I, to return your Bribe, ſhould wiſh you here.
But, ſince I love you more than you do me,
In all events preſerve your Honour free:
For that's your own, though not your deſtiny.

Arcos. Were you oblig'd in Honour by a Truſt,
I ſhould not think my own propoſals juſt.
But: ſince you fight for an unthankful King,
What loſs of Fame can change of parties bring?

Almanz. It will, and may with juſtice too be thought,
That ſome advantage, in that change I ſought.
And, though I twice have chang'd, for wrongs receiv'd
That it was done for profit, muſt be believ'd.
The Kings Ingratitude I knew before;
So that can be no cauſe of changing more.
If now I ſtand, when no reward can be;
'Twill ſhow the fault before was not in me.

Arcos. Yet, there is one reward to value due;
And ſuch it is, as may be fought by you.
That beaut'ous Queen: whom you can never gain,
While you ſecure her Husbands Life and Reign.

Almanz. Then be it ſo: let me have no return
[*Here* Lyndaraxa *comes near and hears them.*
From him but Hatred, and from her but Scorn.
There is this comfort in a noble Fate,
That I deſerve to be more fortunate.
You have my laſt reſolve; and now farewel;
My boding Heart ſome Miſchief does foretel:
But, what it is, Heav'n will not let me know;
I'm ſad to death, that I muſt be your Foe.

Arcor. Heav'n, when we meet, if fatal it muſt be
To one; ſpare him; and caſt the Lot on me. [*They retire.*
Lynd. Ah, what a noble Conqueſt were this Heart!
I am reſolv'd I'll try my utmoſt Arts
In gaining him, I gain that Fortune too
Which he has Wedded, and which I but Woe.
I'll try each ſecret paſſage to his mind;
And Love's ſoft Bands about his Heart-ſtrings wind.
Not his vow'd Conſtancy ſhall ſcape my ſnare;
While he, without, reſiſtance does prepare,
I'll melt into him e're his Love's aware.
[*She makes a geſture of invitation to* Almanzor, *who returns again.*
Lynd. You ſee, Sir, to how ſtrange a remedy
A perſecuted Maid is forc'd to fly.
Who, much diſtreſt, yet ſcarce has confidence
To make your noble pity her defence.
Almanz. Beauty, like yours, can no protection need;
Or, if it ſues, is certain to ſucceed.
To whate're Service you ordain my hand,
Name your Requeſt, and call it your Command.
Lynd. You cannot, Sir, but know, that my ill Fate
Has made me lov'd with all th'effects of Hate:
One Lover would, by force, my perſon gain;
Which one as guilty would by force detain.
Raſh *Abdelmelech*'s Love I cannot prize;
And fond *Abdalla*'s paſſion I deſpiſe.
As you are brave, ſo you are prudent too,
Adviſe a wretched Woman what to do.
Almanz. Have courage, Fair one; put your truſt in me;
You ſhall at leaſt from theſe you hate, be free.
Reſign your Caſtle to the King's Command,
And leave your Love-concernments in my hand.
Lynd. The King, like them, is fierce, and faithleſs too;
How can I truſt him, who has injur'd you?
Keep for your ſelf (and you can grant no leſs)
What you alone are worthy to poſſeſs.
Enter, brave Sir; for, when you ſpeak the word,
Theſe Gates will open of their own accord.
The Genius of the place its Lord will meet:
And bend its tow'ry forehead to your feet.
That little Cittadel, which now you ſee,
Shall then, the head of Conquer'd Nations be:
And every Turret, from your coming, riſe
The Mother of ſome great Metropolis.

Almanz.

Almanz. 'Tis pity words which none but Gods should hear,
Should lose their sweetness in a Soldiers Ear:
I am not that *Almanzor* whom you praise:
But your fair Mouth can fair Ideas raise.
I am a wretch to whom it is deny'd
T'accept, with Honour, what I wish with Pride.
And since I fight not for my self, must bring
The fruits of all my Conquests to the King.
Lynd. Say rather to the Queen; to whose fair Name
I know you vow the Trophies of your Fame.
I hope she is as kind as she is fair:
Kinder than unexperienc'd Virgins are
To their first Loves; (though she has lov'd before,
And that first innocence is now no more:)
But, in revenge, she gives you all her Heart;
(For you are much too brave to take a part.)
Though blinded by a Crown she did not see
Almanzor greater than a King could be;
I hope her Love repairs her ill made choice:
Almanzor cannot be deluded twice.
Almanz. No; not deluded; for none count their gains,
Who, like *Almanzor*, frankly give their pains.
Lynd Almanzor, do not cheat your self, nor me;
Your Love is not refin'd to that degree.
For, since you have desires; and those not blest,
Your Love's uneasie, and at little rest.
Almanz. 'Tis true; my own unhappiness I see:
But who, alas, can my Physician be?
Love, like a lazy Ague I endure,
Which fears the Water; and abhors the Cure.
Lynd. 'Tis a Consumption, which your life does waste:
Still flatt'ring you with hope till help be past.
But, since of cure from her you now despair;
You, like consumptive Men, should change your Air.
Love somewhere else, 'tis a hard remedy;
But yet you owe your self so much, to try.
Almanz. My Love's now grown so much a part of me,
That Life would, in the Cure, endanger'd be.
At least it like a Limb cut off, would show;
And better die than like a Cripple go.
Lynd. You must be brought like mad Men to their cure;
And darkness first, and next new Bonds endure:
Do you dark absence to your self ordain;
And I, in Charity, will find the Chain.
Almanz. Love is that madness which all Lovers have;
But yet 'tis sweet and pleasing so to Rave.

'Tis

'Tis an Enchantment where the reaſon's bound:
But Paradiſe is in th' enchanted ground.
A Palace void of Envy, Cares and Striſe,
Where gentle hours delude ſo much of Life.
To take thoſe Charms away, and ſet me free,
Is but to ſend me into miſery.
And Prudence, of whoſe Cure ſo much you boaſt,
Reſtores thoſe Pains, which that ſweet Folly loſt.
Lynd. I would not, like Philoſophers, remove,
But ſhow you a more pleaſing ſhape of Love.
You a ſad, ſullen, froward, Love did ſee;
I'll ſhow him kind, and full of gayety.
In ſhort, *Almanzor*, it ſhall be my care
To ſhow you Love; for you but ſaw Deſpair.
Almanz. I in the ſhape of Love Deſpair did ſee:
You, in his ſhape, would ſhow Inconſtancy.
Lynd. There's no ſuch thing as Conſtancy you call:
Faith ties not Hearts; 'tis Inclination all.
Some Wit deform'd or Beauty much decay'd,
Firſt, conſtancy in Love, a Vertue made.
From Friendſhip they that Landmark did remove;
And, falſly, plac'd it on the bounds of Love.
Let th' effects of change be only try'd:
Court me, in jeſt; and call me *Almahide*.
But this is only Counſel I impart;
For I, perhaps, ſhould not receive your heart.
Almanz. Fair though you are———
As Summer mornings, and your Eyes more bright
Than Stars that twincle in a winters night;
Though you have Eloquence to warm, and move
Cold age; and praying Hermits into Love;
Though *Almahide* with ſcorn rewards my care;
Yet, than to change, 'tis nobler to deſpair.
My Love's my Soul; and that from Fate is free:
'Tis that unchang'd and deathleſs part of me.
Lynd. The Fate of Conſtancy your Love purſue!
Still to be faithful to what's falſe to you.

[*Turns from him, and goes off angrily.*

Almanz. Ye Gods, why are not Hearts firſt pair'd above;
But ſome ſtill interfere in others Love!
E're each, for each, by certain marks are known,
You mould 'em off in haſte, and drop 'em down.
And while we ſeek what carelefly you ſort,
You ſit in State, and make our pains your ſport.

[*Exeunt on both ſides.*

ACT

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

Abenamar, *and Servants.*

Aben. HAſt, and conduct the Priſoner to my ſight.
[Exit *Servant, and immediately enters with* Selin *bound.*
Aben. Did you, according to my orders, write? [*To* Selin.
And have you ſummon'd *Ozmyn* to appear?
Selin. I am not yet ſo much a ſlave to fear;
Nor has your Son deſerv'd ſo ill of me,
That, by his death or bonds, I would be free.
Aben. Againſt thy life thou doſt the ſentence give:
Behold how ſhort a time thou haſt to live.
Selin. Make haſte; and draw the Curtain while you may;
You but ſhut out the twilight of my day:
Beneath the burden of my age I bend;
You, kindly eaſe me e're my Journeys end.
[*To them a Servant, with* Ozmyn; Ozmyn *kneels.*
Abemar *to* Selin.
It is enough: my promiſe makes you free:
Reſign your bonds; and take your liberty.
Ozmyn. Sir, you are juſt; and welcome are theſe bands:
'Tis all th'inheritance a ſon demands.
Selin. Your goodneſs, O my *Ozmyn*, is too great:
I am not weary of my Fetters yet;
Already when you move me to reſign,
I feel 'em heavier on your feet than mine.
Another Soldier or Servant.
Sold. A youth attends you in the outter room,
Who ſeems in haſte, and does from *Ozmyn* come.
Aben. Conduct him in:——
Ozmyn. Sent from *Benzayda* I fear to me.
[*To them* Benzayda *in the habit of a man.*
Benz. My *Ozmyn* here!
Ozmyn.——*Benzayda!* 'tis ſhe! [*To her.*
Go, youth; I have no buſineſs for thee here:
Go to th'*Albayzyn*; and attend me there.
I'll not be long away; I prithee go;
By all our Love and friendſhip——
Benz.——*Ozmyn*, no.
I did not take on me this bold diſguiſe,
For ends ſo low to cheat your watchmens Eyes: When

When I attempted this; it was to do
An Action, to be envy'd ev'n by you:
But you, alas, have been too diligent,
And, what I purpos'd, fatally prevent!
Thoſe Chains, which for my Father I would bear,
I take with leſs content, to find you here.
Except your Father will that mercy ſhow,
That I may wear 'em both for him and you.
Aben. I thank thee, fortune; thou haſt, in one hour,
Put all I could have ask'd thee in my pow'r.
My own loſt wealth thou giv'ſt not only back,
But driv'ſt upon my Coaſt thy Pyrat's wrack.
Selin. With *Ozmyn*'s kindneſs I was griev'd before;
But yours, *Benzayda*, has undone me more.
Abenamar *to Selin.*
Go fetch new Fetters, and the Daughter bind.
Ozmyn. Be juſt, at leaſt, Sir, though you are not kind.
Benzayda is not, as a Priſoner, brought;
But comes to ſuffer for another's fault.
Aben. Then *Ozmyn*, mark, that juſtice which I do,
I, as ſeverely will exact from you.
The Father is not wholly dead in me:
Or you may yet revive it, if it be.
Like Tapers new blown out, the fumes remain
To catch the light; and bring it back again,
—*Benzayda* gave you life, and let you free;
For that I will reſtore her liberty.
Ozmyn. Sir, on my Knees I thank you.
Aben.———————*Ozmyn* hold
One part of what I purpoſe is untold:
Conſider, then, it on your part remains,
When I have broke, not to reſume your Chains.
Like an Indulgent Father, I have pay'd
All debts, which you, my Prodigal, have made.
Now you are clear, break off your fond deſign;
Renounce *Benzayda*; and be wholly mine.
Ozmyn. Are theſe the terms? is this the liberty?
Ah, Sir, how can you ſo inhumane be?
My duty to my life I will prefer;
But life and duty muſt give place to her.
Aben. Conſider what you ſay; for with one breath,
You diſobey my will; and give her death.
Ozmyn. Ah, cruel Father, what do you propoſe?
Muſt I, then, kill *Benzayda*, or muſt loſe?
I can do neither; in this wretched ſtate
The leaſt that I can ſuffer is your hate.

And yet, that's worſe than death: E'n while I ſue,
And chooſe your hatred, I could die for you.
Break, quickly, heart; or let my blood be ſpilt
By my own hand, to ſave a Fathers guilt.
Benz. Hear me, my Lord, and take this wretched life,
To free you from the fear of *Ozmyn*'s wife.
I beg but what with eaſe may granted be;
To ſpare your Son, and kill your Enemy.
Or, if my death's a grace too great to give,
Let me, my Lord, without my *Ozmyn* live.
Far from your ſight and *Ozmyn*'s let me go,
And take from him a care, from you a foe.
Ozmyn. How, my *Benz.* *Gods!* can you thus reſign
That love, which you have vow'd ſo firmly mine?
Can you leave me for life and liberty?
Benz. What I have done will ſhow that I dare die,
But I'll twice ſuffer death, and go away,
Rather than make you wretched by my ſtay;
By this my Fathers freedom will be won;
And to your Father I reſtore a Son.
Selin. Ceaſe, ceaſe, my Children, your unhappy ſtrife;
Selin will not be ranſom'd by your life.
Barbarian, thy old Foe defyes thy rage: [*To* Aben.
Turn from their youth thy malice to my Age.
Benz. Forbear, dear Father, for your *Ozmyn*'s ſake:
Do not, ſuch words to *Ozmyn*'s Father ſpeak.
Ozmyn. Alas, 'tis counterfeited rage; he ſtrives
But to divert the danger from our lives.
For, I can witneſs, Sir, and you might ſee
How in your perſon he conſider'd me.
He ſtill declin'd the combate where you were;
And you well know it was not out of fear.
Benz. Alas, my Lord, where can your vengeance fall;
Your Juſtice will not let it reach us all;
Selin and *Ozmyn* both would Sufferers be;
And puniſhment's a favour done to me.
If we are foes: ſince you have pow'r to kill,
'Tis gen'rous in you not to have the will.
But are we foes? look round, my Lord, and ſee;
Point out that face which is your Enemy.
Would you your hand in *Selin*'s blood embrue?
Kill him unarm'd, who arm'd, ſhun'd killing you?
Am I your foe? ſince you deteſt my line,
That hated name of *Zegry* I reſign:
For you *Benzayda* will her ſelf diſclaim:
Call me your daughter, and forget my name.

Selin. This Virtue wou'd ev'n Savages ſubdue;
And ſhall it want the power to vanquiſh you?
Ozmyn. It has, it has: I read it in his eyes;
'Tis now not anger; 'tis but ſhame denies.
A ſhame of error; that great Spirits find,
Which keeps down virtue ſtrugling in the mind.
Aben. Yes; I am vanquiſh'd! the fierce conflicts paſt:
And ſhame it ſelf is now o'ercome at laſt.
'Twas long before my ſtubborn mind was won;
But, melting once, I on the ſuddain run.
Nor can I hold my headlong kindneſs more,
Than I could curb my cruel rage before.
[*Runs to* Benz. *and embraces her.*
Benzayda, 'twas your Virtue vanquiſh'd me:
That could alone ſurmount my cruelty.
[*Runs to* Selin; *and unbinds him.*
Forgive me, *Selin*, my neglect of you:
But men, juſt waking, ſcarce know what they do.
Ozmyn. O Father!
Benz. ——— Father!
Aben. ——— Dare I own that name!
Speak; ſpeak it often, to remove my ſhame!
[*They all embrace him.*
O *Selin*; O my Children, let me go!
I have more kindneſs than I yet can ſhow.
For my recov'ry, I muſt ſhun your ſight:
Eyes, us'd to darkneſs, cannot bear the light.
[*He runs in, they following him.*

SCENE. *The Albayzyn.*

Almanzor, Abdelmelech, *Soldiers.*

Almanz. 'Tis War again; and I am glad 'tis ſo;
Succeſs ſhall now by force and courage go.
Treaties are but the combats of the Brain.
Where ſtill the ſtronger loſe and weaker gain.
Abdelm. On this aſſault, brave Sir, which we prepare,
Depends the ſum and fortune of the War.
Encamp'd without the Fort the Spaniards lies;
And may, in ſpight of us, ſend in ſupplies.
Conſider yet, e'er we attack the place,
What 'tis to ſtorm it in an Armies face.
Almanz. The minds of Heroes their own meaſures are,
They ſtand exempted from the rules of War.

Obe

One looſe, one Sally of the Heroes Soul,
Does all the Military Art controul.
While tim'rous Wit goes round, or foords the ſhore;
He ſhoots the Gulph and is already o'er.
And, when th' Enthuſiaſtick fit is ſpent,
Looks back amaz'd at what he underwent. [*Exeunt.*

[*An Alarm within.*

Enter Almanzor *and* Abdelmelech *with their Souldiers.*

Abdelm. They fly, they fly; take breath and charge agen.
Almanz. Make good your entrance and bring up more men:
I fear'd, brave Friend, my Aid had been too late,
Abdelm. You drew us from the jaws of certain Fate.
At my approach——————
The Gate was open and the Draw-bridge down;
But when they ſaw I ſtood, and came not on,
They charg'd with fury on my little Band;
Who, much o'er power'd could ſcarce the ſhock withſtand.
Almanz. Ere night we ſhall the whole *Albayzyn* gain,
But ſee the Spaniards march along the Plain
To its relief: you *Abdelmelech* go
And force the reſt while I repulſe the Foe. [*Exit* Almanzor.

Enter Abdalla, *and ſome few Soldiers, who ſeem fearful.*

Abdal. Turn, Cowards, turn; there is no hope in flight;
You yet may live, if you but dare to fight.
Come, you brave few, who only fear to fly:
We'er not enough to Conquer but to die.
Abdelm. No, Prince; that mean advantage I refuſe:
'Tis in your pow'r a nobler Fate to chuſe.
Since we are Rivals, Honour does command
We ſhould not die but by each others hand.
Retire; and if it prove my deſtiny [*To his men.*
To fall; I charge you let the Prince go free.

[*The Souldiers depart on both ſides.*

Abdal. O, *Abdelmelech*, that I knew ſome way
This debt of Honour which I owe, to pay.
But Fate has left this only means for me,
To die; and leave you *Lyndaraxa* free.
Abdel. He who is vanquiſh'd and is ſlain is bleſt:
The wretched Conquerour can ne'er have reſt:
But is reſerv'd a harder Fate to prove;
(Bound in the Fetters of diſſembled Love.)
Abdal. Now thou art baſe; and I deſerve her more:
Without complaint I will to death adore.
Darſt thou ſee faults: and yet doſt love pretend?
I will even *Lyndaraxa*'s Crimes defend.

Abdelm. Maintain her cause then, better than thy own.
Than thy ill got, and worse defended Throne.

They fight, Abdalla falls.

Abdelm. Now ask your life.
Abdal. ——————'Tis gone; that lusty thing,
The Soul, is packing up; and puts on wing,
Like parting swallows, when they seek the Spring.
Like them, at its appointed time, it goes;
And flies to Countries more unknown than those.

Enter Lyndaraxa *hastily, sees them, and is going out again.*

Abdelmelech *stopping her.*

No, you shall stay, and see a Sacrifice;
Not offer'd by my Sword but by your Eyes.
From those he first Ambitious poison drew;
And swell'd to empire for the love of you.
Accursed fair!
Thy Comet-blaze portends a Princes fate;
And suffring Subjects groan beneath thy weight.

Abdal. Cease Rival, cease!
I would have forc'd you; but it wonnot be:
I beg you now, upbraid her not for me.
You fairest, to my memory be kind: *[To* Lynd.
Lovers like me, your sex will seldom find,
When I usurp'd a Crown for love of you,
I, then, did more than dying now I do.
I'm still the same as when my Love begun:
And could I now this fate foresee or shun,
Would yet do all I have already done. *[Dies.*

[She puts her handkerchief to her Eyes.

Abdelm. Weep on, weep on; for it becomes you now:
These tears you to that love may well allow.
His unrepenting Soul, if it could move
Upward, in Crimes, flew spotted with your love;
And brought Contagion to the blest above.

Lynd. He's gone, and peace go with a constant mind:
His love deserv'd I should have been more kind.
But then your love and greater worth I knew.
I was unjust to him, but just to you.

Abdelm. I was his Enemy and Rival too;
Yet I some tears to his misfortunes owe:
You owe him more; weep then; and joyn with me:
So much is due ev'n to humanity.

Lynd. Weep for this wretch, whose memory I hate!
Whose folly made us both unfortunate!

Weep

Weep for this Fool, who did my laughter move;
This whining, tedious, heavy lump of Love!
Abdel. Had Fortune favour'd him, and frown'd on me,
I then had been that heavy Fool, not he;
Juſt this had been my Fun'ral Elegy.
Thy arts and falſhood I before did know;
But this laſt baſeneſs was conceal'd till now.
And 'twas no more than needful to be known;
I could be cur'd by ſuch an act alone.
My love, half-blaſted, yet in time would ſhoot;
But this laſt tempeſt rends it to the root.
Lynd. Theſe little piques, which now your anger move,
Will vaniſh; and are only ſigns of Love.
You've been too fierce; and, at ſome other time,
I ſhould not with ſuch eaſe forgive your Crime.
But, in a day of publick joy, like this,
I pardon, and forget what e'er's amiſs.
Abdelm. Theſe Arts have oft prevail'd but muſt no more:
The ſpell is ended, and the Enchantment o'er.
You have at laſt deſtroy'd, with much ado;
That love, which none could have deſtroy'd, but you.
My Love was blind to your deluding art;
But Blind men feel, when ſtabb'd ſo near the heart.
Lynd. I muſt confeſs there was ſome pity due:
But I conceal'd it out of Love to you.
Abdelm. No, *Lyndaraxa*; 'tis at laſt too late:
Our loves have mingled with too much of Fate.
I would; but cannot now my ſelf deceive:
O that you ſtill could cheat, and I believe!
Lynd. Do not ſo light a quarrel long purſue:
You grieve your Rival was leſs lov'd than you.
'Tis hard, when men of kindneſs, muſt complain:
Abdelm. I'm now awake, and cannot dream again.
Lynd. Yet hear———
Abdelm. ——— No more; nothing my heart can bend:
That Queen you ſcorn'd you ſhall this night attend:
Your life the King has pardon'd for my ſake;
But, on your Pride, I ſome revenge muſt take.
See now th'effects of what your Arts deſign'd:
Thank your inconſtant, and ambitious mind.
'Tis juſt that ſhe who to no Love is true,
Should be forſaken, and contemn'd, like you.
Lynd. All Arts of injur'd Women I will try:
Firſt I will reveng'd; and then I'll die.
But like ſome falling Tow'r———

Whoſe

Whoſe ſeeming firmneſs does the ſight beguile,
So hold I up my nodding head a while;
Till they come under, and reſerve my fall;
That with my ruines I may reach 'em all.
Abdelm. Conduct her hence——— [*Exit* Lyndaraxa *guarded.*

Enter a Soldier.

Sold. Almanzor is Victorious without fight;
The Foes retreated when he came in ſight.
Under the Walls, this night, his men are drawn;
And mean to ſeek the Spaniard with the dawn.
Abdelm. The Sun's declin'd:
Command the Watch be ſet without delay;
And in the Fort let bold *Benducar* ſtay:
I'll haſte to Court, where Solitude I'll fly; [*Aſide.*
And herd, like wounded Deer, in company.
But oh, how hard is paſſion to remove,
When I muſt ſhun my ſelf to 'ſcape from love! [*Exit.*

SCENE. *The Albambra, or a Gallery.*

Zulema, Hamet.

Hamet. I thought your paſſion for the Queen was dead:
Or that your love had, with your hopes, been fled.
Zulema. 'Twas like a fire within a furnace pent:
I ſmother'd it, and kept it long from vent.
But (fed with looks; and blown with ſighs ſo faſt)
It broke a paſſage through my lips, at laſt.
Hamet. Where found you confidence your ſuit to move?
Our broken fortunes are not fit to love.
Well; you declar'd your love: ——what follow'd then?
Zulema. She look'd as judges do on guilty men:
When big with fate they triumph in their doomes,
And ſmile before the deadly ſentence comes.
Silent I ſtood as I were thunder-ſtruck;
Condem'd and executed with a look.
Hamet. You muſt, with haſt, ſome remedy prepare:
Now you are in, you muſt break through the ſnare.
Zulema. She ſaid ſhe would my folly yet conceal,
But vow'd my next attempt ſhe would reveal.
Hamet. 'Tis dark; and, in this lonely Gallery,
(Remote from noiſe, and ſhunning every eye)
One hour each Evening ſhe in private mourns,
And prays, and to the Circle then returns.
Now, if you dare attempt her paſſing by,———
Zulema. Theſe lighted Tapers ſhow the time is nigh.

Perhaps

Perhaps my Courtſhip will not be in vain;
At leaſt few Women will of force complain.

At the other end of the Gallery, enter Almanzor *and* Eſperanza *Hamet. Almanzor*, and with him———

The favourite Slave of the Sultana Queen:

Zulema. E'er they approach, let us retire unſeen;
And watcht our time when they return again:
Then force ſhall give, if favour does deny;
And that once done we'll to the Spaniards fly. [*Exeunt.*

Almanz. Now ſtand; th' Apartment of the Queen is near,
And, from this place your voice will reach her ear.

[Eſperanza *goes out.*

SONG, in two Parts.

He. *HOW unhappy a Lover am I*
While I ſigh for my Phillis *in vain;*
All my hopes of Delight
Are another man's Right,
Who is happy while I am in pain.

2.

She. *Since her Honour allows no relief,*
But to pity the pains which you bear,
'Tis the beſt of your Fate,
(In a hopeleſs eſtate,)
To give o'er, and betimes to deſpair.

3.

He. *I have try'd the falſe Medicine in vain;*
For I wiſh what I hope not to win:
From without my deſire
Has no Food to its Fire;
But it burns and conſumes me within.

4.

She. *Yet at leaſt 'tis a Pleaſure to know*
That you are not unhappy alone:
For the Nymph you adore
Is as wretch'd and more,
And accounts all your Suffrings her own.

5.

He. *O ye Gods, let me ſuffer for both;*
At the Feet of my Phillis *I'll lie:*
I'll reſign up my breath,
And take pleaſure in death,
To be pity'd by her when I die.

6. She.

She. *What her Honour denyd you in Life,*
In her Death she will grant to your Love.
Such a Flame as is true
After Fate will renew,
For the Souls to meet above.

Enter Esperanza *again after the Song.*

Almanz. Accept this Diamond, till I can present
Something more worth my acknowledgment.
And now, farewel; I will attend is done;
Her coming forth; and make my suff'rings known.
Solus. [*Exit* Esperanza.
A hollow wind comes whistling through that door;
And a cold shiv'ring seizes me all over:
My Teeth, too, chatter with a suddain fright:
These are the raptures of too fierce delight!
The combat of the Tyrants hope and fear;
Which hearts, for want of field-room, cannot bear.
I grow impatient, this, or that's the room;
I'll meet her; now, methinks, I hear her come.

[*He goes to the door; the Ghost of his Mother meets him; he starts back: the Ghost stands in the door.*

Almanz. Well may'st thou make thy boast, what e'er thou art;
Thou art the first e'er made *Almanzor* start.
My Legs——————
Shall bear me to thee in their own despight:
I'll rush into the Covert of thy Night,
And pull thee backward by the shrowd, to light.
Or else I'll squeeze thee, like a Bladder, there:
And make thee groan thy Ghost away to Air. [*The Ghost retires.*
So, art thou gone! thou canst not conquest boast:
I thought what was the Courage of a Ghost.——
——The grudging of my Ague yet remains;
My blood, like Isicles, hangs in my veins,
And does not drop: be master of that door,
We two, will not disturb each other more.
I err'd a little, but extreams may join;
That door was Hell's; and this is Heav'ns and mine.

[*Goes to the other door, and is met again by the Ghost.*

Again! by Heav'n I do conjure thee, speak,
What art thou, Spirit, and what dost thou seek?

[*The Ghost comes on softly after the Conjuration: and* Almanzor *retires to the middle of the Stage.*

Ghost.

Ghoſt. I am the Ghoſt of her who gave thee birth;
The Airy ſhadow of her mouldring Earth.
Love of thy Father, me through Seas did guide;
On Sea's I bore thee, and on Sea's I di'd.
I di'd; and for my winding-ſheet a Wave
I had; and all the Ocean for my Grave.
But, when my Soul to bliſs did upward move,
I wander'd round the Chriſtal Walls above.
But found the eternal fence ſo ſteeply high,
That, when I mounted to the middle Sky,
I flagg'd, and flutter'd down; and could not fly.
Then, from the Battlements of th'Heavenly Tow'r,
A Watchman Angel bid me wait this hour;
And told me I had yet a task aſſign'd,
To warn that little pledge I left behind;
And to divert him, e'er it were too late,
From Crimes unknown, and errors of his Fate.

Almanzor *bowing.*

Speak, Holy Shade; thou Parent form, ſpeak on:
Inſtruct thy mortal Elemented Son;
(For here I wander to my ſelf unknown.)
But O, thou better part of Heavenly Air,
Teach me, kind Spirit, (ſince I am ſtill thy care.)
My Parents names!
If I have yet a Father, let me know
To whoſe old age my humble youth muſt bow;
And pay its duty, if he mortal be,
Or Adoration, if a mind like thee.

Ghoſt. Then, what I may, I'll tell———
From ancient blood, thy Father's Linage ſprings,
Thy Mother's thou deriv'ſt from ſtemms of Kings.
A Chriſtian born, and born again that day,
When ſacred Water waſh'd thy ſins away.
Yet bred in errors thou doſt miſ-imploy
That ſtrength Heav'n gave thee, and its flock deſtroy.

Almanz. By Reaſon, Man a Godhead may diſcern:
But, how he would be worſhip't, cannot learn.

Ghoſt. Heaven does not now thy ignorance reprove,
But warns thee from known Crimes of lawleſs love.
That Crime thou know'ſt, and knowing, does not ſhun,
Shall an unknown, and greater Crime pull on:
But, if thus warn'd, thou leav'ſt this curſed place,
Then ſhalt thou know the Author of thy Race.
Once more I'll ſee thee: when my charge is done;
Far hence, upon the Mountains of the Moon

Is my abode, where Heaven and Nature smile,
And ſtrew with flowers the ſecret bed of Love.
leſt Souls are there refin'd, and made more bright,
And, in the ſhades of Heaven, prepar'd for light. (*Exit Ghoſt.*
Almanz. O Heaven, how dark a Riddle's thy decree,
Which bounds our Wills, yet ſeems to leave 'em free!
Since thy fore-knowledge cannot be in vain,
Our choice muſt be what thou didſt firſt ordain:
Thus, like a Captive in an Iſle confin'd,
Man walks at large, a Priſ'ner of the mind:
Wills all his Crimes, while Heaven th'Indictment draws;
And, pleading guilty, juſtifies the Laws.——
Let Fate be Fate; the Lover and the brave
Are rank'd, at leaſt, above the vulgar Slave.
Love makes me willing to my death to run;
And courage ſcorns the death it cannot ſhun.

Enter Almahide *with a Taper.*

Almah. My light will ſure diſcover thoſe who talk;——
Who dares to interrupt my private walk?
Almanz. He who dares love, and for that love muſt die.
And, knowing this, dares yet love on, am I.
Almah. That love which you can hope, and I can pay,
May be receiv'd and given in open day;
My praiſe and my eſteem you had before:
And you have bound your ſelf to aſk no more.
Almanz. Yes, I have bound my ſelf, but will you take
The forfeit of that bond which force did make?
Almah. You know you are from recompence debarr'd,
But pureſt Love, can live without reward.
Almanz. Pure love had need be to it ſelf a feaſt
For, like pure Elements, it will nouriſh leaſt.
Almah. It therefore yields the only pure content;
For it, like Angels, needs no nouriſhment.
To eat and drink, can no perfection be;
All Appetite implies neceſſity.
Almanz. 'Twere well, if I could like a Spirit live:
But do not Angels food to Mortals give——
What if ſome Demon ſhould my death foreſhow,
Or bid me change, and to the Chriſtians go,
Will you not think I merit ſome reward,
When I my love above my life regard?
Almah. In ſuch a caſe your change muſt be allow'd;
I would, my ſelf, diſpence with what you vow'd.
Almanz. Were I to die that hour when I poſſeſs;
This minute ſhall begin my happineſs.
Almah. The thoughts of death your paſſion would remove,
Death is a cold encouragement to love.

Almanz.

Almanz. No; from my joys I to my death would run;
And think the buſineſs of my life well done.
But I ſhould walk a diſcontented Ghoſt,
If fleſh and blood were to no purpoſe loſt.
Almah. You love me not, *Almanzor*; if you did,
You would not ask what honour muſt forbid.
Almanz. And what is Honour, but a love well hid?
Almah. Yes, 'tis the Conſcience of an Act well done.
Which gives us pow'r our own deſire to ſhun.
The ſtrong, and ſecret curb of headlong Will;
The ſelf reward of good; and ſhame of ill.
Almanz. Theſe, Madam, are the Maximes of the Day:
When Honour's preſent, and when Love's away.
The duty of poor Honour were too hard,
In Arms all day, at night to mount the Guard.
Let him in pity, now, to reſt retire;
Let theſe ſoft hours be watch'd by warm deſire.
Almah. Guards, who all day on painful duty keep,
In dangers are not priviledg'd to ſleep.
Almanz. And with what dangers are you threatn'd here?
Am I, alas, a Foe for you to fear?
See, Madam, at your feet this Enemy: (*Kneels.*
Without your pity and your love *I* die.
Almah. Riſe, riſe; and do not empty hopes purſue:
Yet think, that I deny my ſelf not you.
Almanz. A happineſs ſo high, I cannot bear:
My loves too fierce; and you too killing fair.
I grow enrag'd to ſee ſuch excellence;
If words ſo much diſorder'd, give offence,
My love's too full of zeal to think of ſenſe.
Be you like me; dull reaſon hence remove;
And tedious forms; and give a looſe to love.
Love eagerly; let us be Gods to night;
And do not, with half yielding, daſh delight.
Almah. Thou ſtrong ſeducer, Opportunity!
Of Womankind, half are undone by thee!
Though *I* reſolve I will not be miſled,
I wiſh I had not heard what you had ſaid!
I cannot be ſo wicked to comply;
And, yet, am moſt unhappy to deny!
A way.
Almanz. ——— I will not move me from this place:
I can take no denial from that Face!
Almah. If I could yield; (but think not that *I* will:)
You and my ſelf, I in revenge ſhould kill.

For I should hate us both, when it were done:
And would not to the shame of life be won.

Almanz. Live but to night, and trust to morrow's mind:
Ere that can come, there's a whole life behind.
Methinks already crown'd with joys I lie,
Speechless and breathless in an extasie:
Not absent in one thought: I am all these:
Still closs; yet wishing still to be more near.

Almah. Deny your own desires, for it will be
Too little now to be deni'd by me.
Will he, who does all great, all noble seem,
Be lost and forfeit to his own esteem?
Will he, who may with Heroes claim a place,
Belie that fame, and to himself be base?
Think how August and God-like you did look,
When my defence, unbrib'd you undertook.
But, when an act so brave you disallow,
How little, and how mercenary now!

Almanz. Are, then, my services no higher priz'd?
And can I fall so low to be despis'd?

Almah. Yes; for whatever may be bought, is low.
And you your self, who sell your self, are so.
Remember the great Act you did this day,
How did your love to Virtue then give way?
When you gave freedom to my Captive Lord;
That Rival, who possest what you ador'd.
Of such a deed what price can there be made?
Think well: is that an action to be paid?
It was a Miracle of Vertue shown:
And wonders are with wonder paid alone.
And would you all that secret joy of mind
Which great Souls only in great actions find,
All that, for one tumultuous minute loose?

Almanz. I would eternity before it chuse.
Praise is the pay of Heaven for doing good;
But Love's the best return for flesh and blood.

Almah. You've mov'd my heart, so much, I can deny;
No more; but know, *Almanzor*, I can die,
Thus far my Virtue yields; if I have shown
More Love, than what I ought, let this atone.

(Going to stab her self.

Almanz. Hold, hold!
Such fatal proofs of love you shall not give:
Deny me; hate me; (both are just) but live:
Your Virtue I will ne'er disturb again;
Nor dare to ask, for fear I should obtain.

Almah.

Almah. 'Tis generous to have conquer'd your desire;
You mount above your wish; and loose it higher.
There's pride in Virtue; and a kindly heat:
Not feverish, like your love; but full as great.
Farewell; and may our loves hereafter be,
But Image-like, to heighten piety.

Almanz. 'Tis time I should be gone!
Alas I am but half converted yet:
All I resolve, I with one look, forget.
And like a Lyon whom no Arts can tame;
Shall tear, ev'n those, who would my rage reclaim.

(Exeunt severally.
Zulema and Hamet watch Almanzor: and when he is gone, go in after the Queen.

Enter Abdelmelech *and* Lyndaraxa.

Lynd. It is enough; you've brought me to this place:
Here stop: and urge no farther my disgrace.
Kill me: in death your mercy will be seen,
But make me not a Captive to the Queen.

Abdelm. 'Tis therefore I this punishment provide:
This only can revenge me on your pride.
Prepare to suffer what you shun in vain;
And know, you are now to obey, not raign.

Enter Almahide, *scratching her hair loose, she runs over the Stage.*

Almah. Help, help, O Heaven, some help!

Enter Zulema and Hamet.

Zulema. ——— Make haste before,
And intercept her passage to the door.

Abdelm. Villains, what Act are you attempting here!

Almah. I thank thee, Heaven; some succour does appear.

(As Abdelmelech is going to help the Queen; Lyndaraxa pulls out his Sword, and holds it.

Abdelm. With what ill fate, my good design is cross!

Zulema. We have no time to think; dispatch him first.

Abdelm. O for a Sword!

(They make at Abdelmelech, he gets off at one door, while the Queen escapes at the other.

Zulema. Ruin'd!

Hamet. ——— Undone!

Lynd. And which is worst of all,
He escap'd.

Zulema. ——I hear 'em loudly call.

Lynd. Your fear will loose you: call as loud as they,
I have not time to teach you what to say.

The Court, will in a moment, all be here,
But second what I say, and do not fear.
Call help; run that way: I leave the rest to me.

(*Zulema and Hamet retire, and within cry help.*

Enter at several doors, the King, Abenamar, Selin, Ozmyn, Almanzor, *with Guards attending* Boabdelin.

Boab. What can the cause of all this tumult be?
And what the meaning of that naked Sword?

Lynd. I'll tell, when fear will so much breath afford!
The Queen and *Abdelmelech* ——— Twill not out ———
Ev'n I, who saw it, of the truth you doubt,
It seems so strange.

Almanz. ——— Did he attempt the Queen!
Haste, speak.

Lynd. ——— How dare I speak what I have seen!
With *Hamet*, and with *Zulema* I went
To pay both theirs, and my acknowledgement
To *Almahide*; and by her mouth implore
Your Clemency, our fortunes to restore,
We chose this hour, which we believ'd most free,
When she retir'd from noise and company.
The Antichamber past, we gently knockt,
(Unheard it seems) but found the Lodgings lockt.
In duteous silence while we waited there,
We, first a noise, and then long whispers hear.
Yet thought it was the Queen and Prince alone,
Till she distinctly said, if this were known
My Love, what shame, what danger would ensue!
Yet I (and sigh'd) could venture more for you!

Boab. O Heaven, what do I hear, (*Almanzor*) let her go on.

Lynd. And how, (then murmur'd in a bigger tone,
Another voice) and how should it be known?
This hour is from your Guardians frees;
The King suspects all business but not me.
I find her drift; *Abdelmelech* at the door.
Second her words; and fear not the event.

Zulema and Hamet kneel. The King embraces them.

Boab. Welcome, my only Friends, behold in me,
O Kings, behold th'effects of Clemency!
See here the gratitude of pardon'd Foes!
That life I gave 'em, they for me expose!

Hamet. Though *Abdelmelech* was our Friend before,
When Duty call'd us he was still no more.

Almanz. Damn your obliging, you Traitors proceed,
I will not hear one word, but *Almahide*.

Boab.

Boab. When you, within, the Traitors voice did hear,
What did you then?
Zulema. ——I durſt not truſt my Ear.
But, peeping through the Key-hole, I eſpy'd
The Queen; and *Abdelmeleeb* by her ſide:
She on the Couch, he on her boſom lay,
Her hand about his Neck, his Head did ſtay,
And, from his Forehead wip'd the drops away.
Boab. Go on, go on, my friends, to clear my doubt,
I hope I ſhall have life to hear you out.
Zulema. What had been, Sir, you may ſuſpect too well;
What follow'd, Modeſty forbids to tell;
Seeing, what we had thought beyond belief,
Our hearts ſo ſwell'd with anger and with grief,
That, by plain force, we ſtrove the door to break;
He, fearful, and with guilt, or Love, grown weak,
Juſt as we enter'd, ſcap'd the other way:
Nor did th' amazed Queen behind him ſtay.
Lynd. His Sword, in ſo much haſt he could not mind:
But left this witneſs of his Crime behind.
Boab. O proud, ingrateful, faithleſs Womankind!
How chang'd, and what a Monſter am I made!
My Love, my Honour, ruin'd and betray'd!
Almanz. Your Love and Honour! mine are ruin'd worſe:
Furies and Hell what right have you to curſe!
Dull Husband as you are,——
What can your Love, or what your Honour be!
I am her Lover, and ſhe's falſe to me.
Boab. Go, when the Authors of my ſhame are found,
Let 'em be taken inſtantly, and bound:
They ſhall be puniſh'd as our Laws require:
'Tis juſt, that flames ſhould be condemn'd to fire.
This, with the dawn of Morning ſhall be done.
Aben. You haſt too much her Execution.
Her Condemnation ought to be defer'd:
With Juſtice, none can be condemn'd unheard.
Boab. A formal Proceſs tedious is, and long:
Beſides, the evidence is full and ſtrong.
Lynd. The Law demands two witneſſes; and ſhe
Is caſt (for which Heaven knows I grieve) by three.
Ozm. Hold, Sir, ſince you ſo far inſiſt on Law;
We can, from thence, one juſt advantage draw:
That Law, which dooms Adulteſſes to die,
Gives Champions, too, to ſlander'd Chaſtity.
Almanz. And how dare you, who from my bounty live,
Intrench upon my Love's Perogative.

Your

Your courage in your own concernments try;
Brothers are things remote while I am by.
Ozm. I knew not you thus far her cause would own;
And must not suffer you to fight alone:
Let two to two in equal combat joyn;
You vindicate her Person, I her Line.
Lynd. Of all Mankind *Almanzor* has least right
In her defence, who wrong'd his Love, to fight.
Almanz. 'Tis false; she is not ill, nor can she be;
She must be Chaste, because she's lov'd by me.
Zulema. Dare you? what Sense and Reason prove, deny?
Almanz. When she's in question, Sense and Reason lye.
Zulema. For Truth, and for my injur'd Soveraign,
What I have said, I will to death maintain.
Ozm. So foul a falshood, who e'er justifies
Is basely born; and, like a Villain, lies.
In witness of that Truth, be this my Gage.

(*Takes a Ring from his finger.*

Hamet. I take it; and despise a Traytor's rage.
Boab. The Combat's yours; a Guard the lists surround;
Then raise a Scaffold in the incompast ground;
And, by it, piles of Wood, in whose just fire,
Her Champions slain, the Adulteress shall expire.
Aben. We ask no favour, but what Arms will yield:
Boab. Choose then two equal Judges of the Field,
Next morning shall decide the doubtful strife.
Condemn the unchaste, or quit the Virtuous Wife.
Almanz. But I am both ways curst,——
For *Almahide* must die, if *I* am slain;
Or, for my Rival, I the Conquest gain.

(*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

Almanzor *Solus.*

I Have out-fac'd my self; and justify'd
What I knew false to all the World, beside,
She was as faithless as her Sex could be:
And now I am alone, she's so to me.
She's slain! and now where shall we virtue find,
She was the last that stood of Womankind:
Could she so holily my flames remove;
And fall that hour to *Abdelmelech*'s Love?
Yet her protection *I* must undertake;
Not now for Love, but for my Honours sake.

That

That mov'd me firſt, and muſt oblige me ſtill,
My cauſe is good, however hers be ill;
I'll leave her, when ſhe's freed; and let it be
Her puniſhment, ſhe could be falſe to me.

To him, Abdelmelech, *guarded.*

Abdelm. Heav'n is not Heav'n; nor is there Deities.
There is ſome New Rebellion in the Skies.
All that was good and holy, is dethron'd.
And Luſt, and Rapine are for Juſtice own'd.

Almanz. 'Tis true; what Juſtice in that Heav'n can be
Which thus affronts me with the ſight of thee!
Why muſt *I* be from juſt revenge debarr'd!
Chains are thy Arms, and Priſons are thy Guard:
The Death thou dy'ſt may to a Husband be
A ſatisfaction; but 'tis none to me.
My Love would Juſtice to it ſelf afford;
But now thou creep'ſt to Death, below my Sword.

Abdelm. This threatning would ſhow better, were I free,

Almanz. No, wer't thou freed, *I* would not threaten thee.
This arm ſhould then.——But now it is too late!——
I could redeem thee to a nobler Fate.
As ſome huge rock
Rent from its quarry, does the Waves divide,
So I,——
Would ſowze upon thy Guards, and daſh 'em wide:
Then, to my rage left naked and alone,
Thy too much freedom thou ſhould'ſt ſoon bemoan:
Dar'd, like a Lark, that on the open plain
Purſu'd and cuff'd ſeeks ſhelter now in vain:
So on the ground woul'ſt thou expecting lie,
Not daring to afford me Victory.
But yet thy Fate's not ripe; it is decreed
Before thou dy'ſt that *Almahide* be freed.
My honour firſt her danger ſhall remove,
And then, revenge on thee my injur'd Love.]*Exeunt ſeverally.*

The Scene changes to the Vivarambla; *and appears fill'd with Spectators: A ſcaffold hung with black,* &c.

Enter the Queen, guarded, with Eſperanza.

Almah. See how the gazing people crowd the place:
All gaping to be fill'd with my diſgrace. [*A ſhout within.*
That ſhout, like the hoarſe peals of Vultures rings,
When, over fighting fields, they beat their wings.
Let never woman truſt in innocence.
Or think her Chaſtity its own defence;

Mine has betray'd me to this publick ſhame:
And Virtue, which I ſerv'd, is but a Name.
Eſper. Leave then that ſhadow, and for ſuccour fly
To him, we ſerve, the Chriſtians Deity.
Virtue's no God, nor has ſhe power Divine:
But he protects it who did firſt enjoyn.
Truſt then, in him, and from his Grace, implore,
Faith to believe what rightly we adore.
Almah. Thou Pow'r unknown, if I have err'd, forgive:
My infancy was taught what I believe.
But if thy Chriſtians truly worſhip thee,
Let me thy Godhead in thy ſuccour ſee:
So ſhall thy Juſtice in my ſafety ſhine,
And all my days, which thou ſhalt add, be thine.

Enter the King, Abenamar, Lyndaraxa, Benzayda: *then* Abdelmelech *guarded. And after him,* Selin *and* Alabez, *as Judges of the field.*

Boab. You Judges of the Field, firſt take your place:
The Accuſers and Accus'd bring face to face.
Set Guards, and let the Liſts be open'd wide;
And may juſt Heav'n aſſiſt the juſter ſide.
Almah. What, not one tender look, one paſſing word;
Farewel, my much unkind, but ſtill lov'd Lord!
Your Throne was for my humble fate too high,
And therefore Heav'n thinks fit that I ſhould dye.
My ſtory be forgot when I am dead;
Leſt it ſhould fright ſome other from your Bed:
And, to forget me, may you ſoon adore
Some happier Maid (yet none could love you more.)
But may you never think me innocent;
Leſt it ſhould cauſe you trouble to repent.
Boabd. 'Tis pity ſo much beauty ſhould not live; [*Aſide.*
Yet I too much am injur'd to forgive. [*Goes to his ſeat.*

Trumpets: Then enter two Moors bearing two naked Swords before the Accuſers Zulema *and* Hamet, *who follow them. The Judges ſeat themſelves; the Queen and* Abdelmelech, *are led to the Scaffold.*

Alabez. Say for what end you thus in Arms appear:
What are your Names, and what demand you here?
Zulema. The *Zegry*'s ancient Race our Linage claims;
And *Zulema* and *Hamet* are our Names.
Like Loyal Subjects in theſe Liſts we ſtand,
And Juſtice in our King's behalf demand.
Hamet. For whom, in witneſs of what both have ſeen,
Bound by our duty, we appeach the Queen
And *Abdelmelech,* of Adultery.
lema. Which, like true Knights, we will maintain or die.

Alabez.

Alabez. Swear on the *Alcoran* your cauſe is right;
And *Mahomet* ſo proſper you in fight. (*They touch their Fore-heads with the* Alcoran, *and bow.*

Trumpets on the other ſide of the Stage; two Moors as before, with bare Swords before Almanzor *and* Ozmyn.

Selin. Say for what end you thus in Arms appear:
What are your Names, and what demand you here?
Almanz. *Ozmyn* is his, *Almanzor* is my name;
We come as Champions of the Queens fair fame.
Ozmyn. To prove theſe *Zegry's* like falſe Traytors, lye;
Which, like true Knights, we will maintain, or die.

Selin *to* Almahide.

Madam, do you for Champions take theſe two;
By their ſucceſs to live or die?
Almah. ——————— I do.
Selin. Swear on the *Alcoran* your Cauſe is right;
And *Mahomet* ſo proſper you in fight. (*They kiſs the Alcoran*

Ozmyn *and* Benzayda *embrace, and take leave in dumb ſhow; while* Lyndaraxa *ſpeaks to her Brothers.*

Lynd. If you o'rcome, let neither of them live;
But uſe with care the advantages I give:
One of their Swords in fight ſhall uſeleſs be;
The bearer of it is ſuborn'd by me. (*She and* Benzayda *retire.*
Alabez. Now, Principals and Seconds, all advance,
And each of you aſſiſt his fellows chance.
Selin. The Wind and Sun we equally divide;
So, let th'event of Arms the truth decide.
The chances of the fight, and every wound,
The Trumpets, on the Victors part, reſound.

The Trumpets ſound; Almanzor *and* Zulema *meet and fight*; Ozmyn *and* Hamet: *after ſome paſſes, the Sword of* Ozmyn *breaks; he retires defending himſelf, and is wounded: the* Zegry's *Trumpets ſound their advantage; Almanzor, in the mean time, drives* Zulema *to the farther end of the Stage; till, hearing the Trumpets of the adverſe Party, he looks back and ſees* Ozmyn's *misfortune; he makes at* Zulema *juſt as* Ozmyn *falls, in retiring, and* Hamet *is thruſting at him.*

Hamet *to* Ozmyn *thruſting.*

Our difference now ſhall ſoon determin'd be.
Almanz. Hold, Traytor, and defend thy ſelf from me.

Hamet *leaves* Ozmyn *(who cannot rise,) and both he and* Zulema *fall on* Almanzor, *and preſs him: he retires, and* Hamet, *advancing firſt, is run through the body and falls. The Queens Trumpets ſound.* Almanzor *purſues* Zulema.

Lynd. I muſt make haſt ſome remedy to find:——
Treaſon, *Almanzor*, Treaſon; look behind.

Almanzor *looks behind him to ſee who calls, and* Zulema *takes the advantage and wounds him; the* Zegry's *Trumpets ſound:* Almanzor *turns upon* Zulema *and wounds him: he falls. The Queens Trumpets ſound,*

Almanz. Now triumph in thy Siſters treachery. [*Stabbing him.*
Zu'ema. Hold, hold; I have enough to make me die.
But, that *I* may in peace reſign my breath,
I muſt confeſs my crime before my death.
Mine is the guilt; the Queen is innocent:
I lov'd her; and, to compaſs my intent,
Us'd force, which *Abdelmelech* did prevent.
The lye my Siſter forg'd: But, O my Fate
Comes on too ſoon, and I repent too late.
Fair Queen, forgive; and let my penitence
Expiate ſome part of ——— [*Dies.*
Almah. ———Ev'n thy whole offence!

Almanzor *to the Judges.*

If ought remains in the Sultana's cauſe,
I here am ready to fulfil the Laws.
Selin. The Law is fully ſatisfi'd; and we
Pronounce the Queen and *Abdelmelech* free.
Abdelm. Heav'n thou art juſt!

The Judges riſe from their ſeats, and go before Almanzor; *to the Queens ſcaffold: he unbinds the Queen and* Abdelmelech; *they all go off, the people ſhouting, and the Trumpets ſounding the while.*

Boab. Before we pay our thanks, or ſhow our joy;
Let us our needful charity employ.
Some skilful Surgeon ſpeedily be found,
T' apply fit remedies to *Ozmyn*'s wound.

Benzayda *running to* Ozmyn.

That be my charge; my Linnen I will tear:
Waſh it with tears, and bind it with my hair.
Ozmyn. With how much pleaſure I my pains endure!
And bleſs the wound which cauſes ſuch a cure.

[*Exit* Ozmyn, *led by* Benzayda *and* Abenamar.

Boab. Some, from the place of Combat bear the ſlain:
Next *Lyndaraxa*'s death I ſhould ordain:
But let her who this miſchief did contrive,
For ever baniſh'd from *Granada* live.

Lynd.

Lynd. Thou ſhould'ſt have puniſh'd more, or not at all:
By her thou haſt not ruin'd, thou ſhalt fall. [*Aſide.*
The *Zegry's* ſhall revenge their branded Line:
Betray their gate and with the Chriſtians joyn.

[*Exit* Lyndaraxa *with* Alabez; *the Bodies of her Brothers are born after her.*

Almanzor, Almahide, Eſperanza *re-enter to the King.*

Almah. The thanks thus paid, which firſt to Heav'n were due,
My next, *Almanzor*, let me pay to you:
Somewhat there is, of more concernment, too,
Which 'tis not fit you ſhould, in publick, know.
Firſt let your wounds be dreſs'd with ſpeedy care;
And then you ſhall th' important ſecret ſhare.

Almanz. When e'er you ſpeak,
Were my wounds mortal they ſhould ſtill bleed on;
And I would liſten 'till my life were gone:
My Soul, ſhould, ev'n for your laſt accent, ſtay;
And then ſhout out, and with ſuch ſpeed obey;
It ſhould not bait at Heav'n to ſtop its way.

[*Exit* Almanzor.

Boab. 'Tis true, *Almanzor* did her honour ſave; [*Aſide.*
But yet what private buſineſs can they have!
Such freedom, Virtue will not ſure allow;
I cannot clear my heart; but muſt my brow:

He approaches Almahide.

Welcome again my Virtuous, Loyal Wife;
Welcome, to Love, to Honour, and to Life.——

[*Goes to ſalute her, ſhe ſtarts back.*

You ſeem——————
As if you from a loath'd embrace did go!
Almah. Then briefly will *I* ſpeak, (ſince you muſt know
What to the World my future Acts will ſhow:)
But hear me firſt, and then my reaſons weigh:
'Tis known how duty led me to obey
My Fathers choice; and how I ſince did live,
You, Sir, can beſt your teſtimony give.
How to your aid I have *Almanzor* brought,
When by rebellious Crowds your life was ſought,
Then, how I bore your cauſeleſs Jealouſie,
(For I muſt ſpeak;) and after ſet you free,
When you were Pris'ner in the chance of War;
Theſe, ſure, are proofs of Love.——
Boab. ——*I* grant they are.
Almah. And could you, then, O cruelly unkind,
So ill reward ſuch tenderneſs of mind!
Could you, denying what our Laws afford
The meaneſt Subject, on a Traytors word,

Unheard

Unheard, condemn, and ſuffer me to go
To death, and yet no common pity ſhow!
Boab. Love fill'd my heart ev'n to the brim before;
And then, with too much jealouſie, boil'd o'er.
Almah. Be't Love or jealouſie, tis ſuch a Crime,
That I'm forewarn'd to truſt a ſecond time.
Know then, my Prayers to them ſhall never ceaſe
To Crown your Arms with War; your Wars with Peace:
But, from this day, I will not know your Bed.
Though *Almahide* ſtill lives, your wife is dead:
And, with her, dies a Love ſo pure and true,
It could be kill'd by nothing but by you.
[*Exit* Almahide.

Boab. Yes, you will ſpend your life, in Pray'rs for me;
And yet this hour my hated Rival ſee.
She might a Husbands Jealouſie forgive;
But ſhe will only for *Almanzor* live.
It is reſolv'd, I will, my ſelf, provide
That vengeance, which my uſeleſs laws deny'd:
And, by *Almanzor*'s death, at once, remove
The Rival of my Empire, and my love. [*Exit* Boabdelin.

Enter Almahide, *led by* Almanzor, *and follow'd by* Eſperanza;
She ſpeaks entring.

Almah. How much, *Almanzor*, to your aid I owe,
Unable to repay, I bluſh to know.
Yet forc'd by need, e'er I can clear that ſcore,
I, like ill debtors, come to borrow more.
Almanz. Your new commands I on my knees attend:
I was created for no other end.
Born to be yours, I do by nature, ſerve,
And, like the lab'ring Beaſt, no thanks deſerve.
Almah. Yet firſt your Virtue to your ſuccour call,
For, in this hard command, you'll need it all.
Almanz. I ſtand prepar'd; and whatſoe'er it be,
Nothing is hard to him who loves like me.
Almah. Then know, I from your Love muſt yet implore
One proof: ——that you would never ſee me more.
Almanzor *ſtarting back.*
I muſt confeſs,
For this laſt ſtroke I did no Guard provide;
I could ſuſpect no Foe was near that ſide:
From Winds and thickning Clouds we thunder fear:
None dread it from that quarter which is clear.
And I would fain believe, 'tis but your Art
To ſhew
You knew where deepeſt you could wound my heart.

Almah.

Almah. So much reſpect is to your paſſion due,
That ſure I could not practiſe Arts on you.
But, that you may not doubt what I have ſaid,
This hour I have renounc'd my husbands bed:
Judge then how much my Fame would injur'd be,
If, leaving him, I ſhould a Lover ſee!
Almanz. If his unkindneſs have deſerv'd that Curſe,
Muſt I for loving well be puniſh'd worſe?
Almah. Neither your Love nor merits I compare;
But my unſpotted Name muſt be my care.
Almanz. I have this day eſtabliſh'd its renown.
Almah. Would you ſo ſoon, what you have rais'd throw down?
Almanz. But, Madam, is not yours a greater guilt
To ruine him who has that Fabrick built?
Almah. No Lover ſhould his miſtriſs Pray'rs withſtand:
Yet you contemn my abſolute command.
Almanz. 'Tis not contempt,
When your Command is iſſu'd out too late:
'Tis paſt my pow'r; and all beyond is fate.
I ſcarce could leave you when to exile ſent,
Much leſs when now recall'd from baniſhment:
For if that heat your glances caſt were ſtrong;
Your Eyes like glaſſes, Fire, when held ſo long,
Almah. Then, ſince you needs will all my weakneſs know,
I love you; and ſo well, that you muſt go.
I am ſo much oblig'd; and have withal,
A heart ſo boundleſs and ſo prodigal,
I dare not truſt my ſelf or you, to ſtay,
But like Frank gameſters, muſt forſwear the Play.
Almanz. Fate thou art kind to ſtrike ſo hard a blow;
I am quite ſtun'd; and paſt all feeling now.
Yet——can you tell me you have pow'r and will
To ſave my life, and, at that inſtant, kill!
Almah. This, had you ſtay'd, you never muſt have known:
But now you go, I may with honour own.
Almanz. But, Madam, I am forc'd to diſobey:
In your defence, my honour bids me ſtay.
I promis'd to ſecure your life and Throne;
And Heav'n be thank'd, that work is yet undone.
Almah. I here make void that promiſe which you made;
For now I have no farther need of aid:
That vow which to my plighted Lord was given,
I muſt not break; but may transfer to Heav'n:
I will with Veſtals live:
There needs no guard at a Religious door;
Few will diſturb the praying and the poor.

Almanz.

Almanz. Let me but near that happy temple ſtay,
And, through the Grates, peepon you once a day.
To famiſh'd hope I would no banquet give:
I cannot ſtarve, and wiſh but juſt to live.
Thus, as a drowning man.
Sinks often, and does ſtill more faintly riſe;
With his laſt hold catching what e'er he ſpies,
So, faln from thoſe proud hopes I had before,
Your Aid I for a dying wretch implore.

Almah. I cannot your hard deſtiny withſtand,
Boabdelin *and guards above.*
But ſlip like bending ruſhes, from your hand:
Sink all at once, ſince you muſt ſink at laſt.

Almanz. Can you that laſt relief of ſight remove,
And thruſt me out the utmoſt line of love!
Then, ſince my hopes of happineſs are gone,
Deny'd all favours, I will ſeize this one.
[*Catches her hand and kiſſes it.*

Boab. My juſt revenge no longer I'll forbear:
I've ſeen too much; I need not ſtay to hear. [*Deſcends*

Almanz. As a ſmall ſhow'r
To the parch'd earth does ſome refreſhment give,
So, in the ſtrength of this, one day I'll live:
A day, — a year —— an age —— for ever now;
[*Betwixt each word he kiſſes her hand by force; ſhe ſtruggling.*
I feel from every touch a new Soul flow.
[*She ſnatches her hand away.*
My hop'd Eternity of joy is paſt!
'Twas inſupportable and could not laſt.
Were heaven not made of leſs, or duller joy,
'Twould break each minute, and it ſelf deſtroy.

Enter King *and guards below.*

King Boab. This, this is he for whom thou didſt deny
To ſhare my bed? —— Let 'em together die.

Almah. Hear me, my Lord,

Boab. ——— Your flatt'ring arts are vain:
Make haſt; and execute what I ordain. [*To Guards.*

Almanz. Cut peice-meal in this cauſe,
From every wound I ſhould new Vigour take:
And every limb ſhould new *Almanzors* make.
He puts himſelf before the Queen;
the Guards attack him, with the King.

Abdelm. *to the King.*

Enter Abdelmelech.

What angry God, to exerciſe his ſpight,
Has arm'd your left hand, to cut off your right!
[*The King turns, and the fight ceaſes.*

Haſt

Haſte, not to give but to prevent a Fate:
The Foes are enter'd at the Elvira Gate:
Falſe *Lyndaraxa* has the Town betray'd,
And all the *Zegry*'s give the Spaniards ayd.

Boab. O miſchief, not ſuſpected nor foreſeen!

Abdel. Already they have gain'd the *Zacaia*,
And, thence, the *Vivarambla* place poſſeſt;
While our faint Soldiers ſcarce defend the reſt.
The Duke of *Arcos* does one Squadron head;
The next by *Ferdinand* himſelf is led.

Almah. Now brave *Almanzor*, be a god again;
Above our Crimes, and your own paſſions reign:
My Lord has been, by Jealouſie, miſled
To think I was not faithful to his bed.
I can forgive him though my death he fought;
For too much love can never be a fault.
Protect him, then; and what to his defence
You give not, give to clear my innocence.

Almanz. Liſten ſweet Heav'n; and all ye bleſt above,
Take rules of Vertue from a Mortal love.
You've rais'd my Soul; and if it mount more high,
'Tis as the Wren did on the Eagle fly.
Yes, I once more will my own ſenſes neglect;
And whom you can forgive, I can protect.

Boab. How hard a fate is mine, ſtill doom'd to ſhame;
I make Occaſions for my Rivals fame! [*Exeunt. An Alarm within.*

Enter Ferdinand, Iſabel, Don Alonzo d'Aguilar, *Spaniards and Ladies.*

Ferd. Already more than half the Town is gain'd;
But there is yet a doubtful fight maintain'd.

Alonz. The fierce young King the entred does attack,
And the more fierce *Almanzor* drives em back.

Ferd. The valiant Moors, like raging Lions, fight.
Each youth encourag'd by his Ladies ſight.

Qu. *Iſab.* I will advance with ſuch a ſhining train,
That Mooriſh beauties ſhall oppoſe in vain;
Into the preſs of claſhing Swords we'll go,
And where the darts fly thickeſt, ſeek the foe.

K. *Ferd.* May Heav'n, which has inſpir'd this generous thought,
Avert thoſe dangers you have boldly ſought;
Call up more Troops; the Women, to our ſhame,
Will raviſh from the men their part of fame.

[*Exeunt* Iſabella *and Ladies.*

Enter Alabez, *and Kiſſes the Kings hand.*

Alabez. Fair *Lyndaraxa*, and the Zegry line
Have led their Forces with your Troops to joyn.

The

The adverſe part, which obſtinately fought,
Are broke; and *Abdelmelech* priſ'ner brought.
K. *Ferd.* Fair *Lindaraxa* and her friends ſhall find
Th'effects of an oblig'd and grateful mind.
Alabez. But, marching by the *Vivarambra* place,
The Combat carri'd a more doubtful face;
In that vaſt ſquare the Moors and Spaniards met;
Where the fierce conflict is continued yet.
But with advantage on the adverſe ſide,
Whom fierce *Almanzor* does to conqueſt guide.
K. *Ferd.* With my Caſtillian Foot I'll meet his rage;
[*Is going out: ſhouts within are heard.*
Victoria, Victoria,
But theſe loud clamours better news preſage.
Enter the Duke of Arcos, *and Soldiers; their Swords drawn and bloody.*
D. of *Arcos.* *Granada* now is yours; and there remain
No Moors, but ſuch as own the pow'r of *Spain.*
That ſquadron which their King in perſon led,
We charg'd; but found *Almanzor* in their head.
Three ſeveral times we did the Moors attack,
And thrice, with ſlaughter, did he drive us back.
Our Trops then ſhrunk; and ſtill we loſt more ground:
Till, from our Queen, we needful ſuccour found.
Her Guards to our aſſiſtance bravely flew,
And, with freſh vigour, did the fight renew.
At the ſame time——
Did *Lyndaraxa* with her Troops appear,
And while we charg'd the Front, ingag'd the Rear.
Then fell the King (ſlain by a Zegri's hand:)
K. *Ferd.* How could he ſuch united force withſtand?
D of *Arcos.* Diſcourag'd with his death, the Moorith pow'rs
Fell back; and, falling back, were preſs'd by ours.
But, as when winds and rain together croud,
They ſwell till they have burſt the bladder'd Cloud:
And firſt the Lightning, flaſhing deadly clear,
Flies, falls, conſumes, e're it does appear:
So, from his ſhrinking Troops, *Almanzor* flew;
Each blow gave wounds, and with each wound he ſlew.
His force at once I envy'd and admir'd;
And, ruſhing forward, where my men retir'd,
Advanc'd alone.
K. *Ferd.* —— You hazarded too far
Your perſon, and the fortune of the War.
D. of *Arcos.* Already, both our Arms for fight did bare,
Already held 'em threatning in the Air:

When

When Heav'n (it must be Heav'n) my sight did guide,
To view his arm, upon whose wrist, I spy'd
A ruby Cross in Diamond bracelets ty'd.
And just above it, in the brawnier part,
By nature was engrav'd a bloody Heart.
Struck with these tokens, which so well I knew,
And staggʼring back, some pace I withdrew;
He follow'd; and suppos'd it was my fear:
When, from above, a shrill voice reach'd his ear;
Strike not thy father, it was heard to cry;
Amaz'd, and calling back his wand'ring Eye,
He stop'd: then, thinking that his fears were vain,
He lifted up his thundring arm again:
Again the voice withheld him from my death;
Spare, spare his life, it cry'd, who gave thee breath.
Once more he stop'd: then threw his Sword away;
Blest shade, he said, I hear thee, I obey.
Thy sacred voice then, on the plains of all
He at my feet, I on his neck did fall.

Ferd. O blest Encounter!

Arcos. The Moors no longer fought;
But all their safety, by submission sought:
Mean time my Son grew faint with loss of blood;
And, on his bending Sword supported stood,
Yet, with a voice beyond his years, he cry'd
Lead me to live, or dying be my guide.

Ferd. I am not to be prodigal of grief,
For if, what now we hope, proves true,
This is that Son, whom you
You lost, when by rey
D. *Arca.* His
(The crime for which I suffer'd
Our marriage known,
There, in a storm,
On his right Arm
(The mark by which this
The Bracelets and the Cross, his Mother ty'd
About his wrist, e'er
How we were Captives made, when he was dead;
And how *Almanzor*
Some other hour you may at leisure hear,
For see, the Queen, in triumph, does appear.

Enter Qu. Isabel, Lyndaraxa, *Ladies, Moors, and Spaniards mix'd as Guards.* Abdelmelech, Abenemar, Selin, *Prisoners.*
King Ferdinand *embracing Queen* Isabel.

All stories, which *Granada*'s Conquest tell,
Shall celebrate the name of *Isabel*.

Your Ladies too, who in their Country's cauſe,
Led on the men, ſhall ſhare in your applauſe;
And for your ſakes, henceforward, I ordain,
No Ladies dow'r ſhall queſtion'd be in Spain.
Fair *Lyndaraxa*, for the help ſhe lent,
Shall, under Tribute, have this Government.

Abdelm. O Heav'n, that I ſhould live to ſee this day!

Lynd. You murmur now, but you ſhall ſoon obey:
I knew this Empire to my fate was ow'd,
Heav'n held it back as long as it cou'd.
For thee, baſe wretch, I want a torture, yet——[To Abdelm.
——I'll cage thee, thou ſhalt be my *Bajazet*,
I on no pavement but on thee will tread,
And, when I mount, my foot ſhall know thy head.
[Abdelm. ſtabbing her with a Poniard.
This firſt ſhall know thy heart.
Lynd. —— —— O I am ſlain!
Abdelm. Now boaſt, thy Country is betray'd to Spain.
K. *Ferd.* Look to the Lady.—— Seize the Murderer.
——[Abdelm. ſtabbing himſelf.
I'll do my ſelf that Juſtice I did her.
Thy blood I to thy ruin'd Country give,[To Lynd.
But love too well thy murther to outlive.
Forgive a love, excus'd by its exceſs,
Which had it not been cruel, had been leſs.
Condemn my paſſion, then, but pardon me;
And think I murder'd him, who murder'd thee.[Dies.

Lynd. Die for us both; I have no leiſure now;
A Crown is come; and will not ſtay allow:
And yet, I feel ſomething like death draw near;
My Guards, my Guards;——
Let not that ugly ſkeleton appear.
Sure deſtiny miſtakes; this death's not mine;
She dotes; and meant to cut another line.
Tell her I am a Queen;—— but 'tis too late;
Dying, I charge Rebellion on my fate:
Bow down ye ſlaves——[To the Attendants.
Bow quickly down, and your Submiſſion ſhow.[They bow.
I'm pleas'd to taſte an Empire e're I go.[Dies.

Selin. She's dead, and here her proud ambition ends.

Aben. Such fortune ſtill ſuch black deſigns attends.

Ferd. Remove thoſe mournful Objects from our Eyes;
And ſee perform'd their funeral Obſequies.

[The Bodies carried off.

Enter

Enter Almanzor *and* Almahide, Ozmyn *and* Benzayda. Almahide *brought in a Chair*: Almanzor *led betwixt Soldiers*: Iſabel *ſalutes* Almahide *in dumb ſhow.*

Duke of Arcos *preſenting* Almanzor *to the King.*

See here that Son, whom I with pride call mine;
And who diſhonours not your royal line.

K. *Ferd.* I'm now ſecure, this Scepter, which I gain,
Shall be continu'd in the power of *Spain*:
Since he, who could alone my foes defend,
By birth and honour is become my friend,
Yet I can own no joy; nor Conqueſt boaſt, [*To* Almanzor.
While in this blood I ſee how dear it coſt.

Alman. This honour to my Veins new blood will bring:
Streams cannot fail, fed by ſo high a Spring:
But all Court-Cuſtoms I ſo little know,
That I may fail in thoſe reſpects I owe.
I bring a heart which homage never knew;
Yet it finds ſomething of it ſelf in you:
Something ſo kingly, that my haughty mind
Is drawn to yours; becauſe 'tis of a kind.

Qu. *Iſabel.* And yet, that Soul, which bears it ſelf ſo high,
If fame be true, admits a Sovereignty.
This Queen, in her fair Eyes, ſuch Fetters brings,
As chain that heart, which ſcorns the pow'r of Kings.

Almah. Little of charm in theſe ſad Eyes appears;
If they had any, now 'tis loſt in Tears.
A Crown, and Husband raviſh'd in one day;
Excuſe a grief, I cannot chooſe but pay.

Q. *Iſab.* Have Courage, Madam, Heav'n has joys in ſtore
To recompence thoſe loſſes you deplore.

Qu. *Almah.* I know your God can all my woes redreſs;
To him I made my vows in my diſtreſs.
And what a Misbeliever vow'd this day,
Though not a Queen, a Chriſtian yet ſhall pay.

Qu. Iſabel *embracing her.*

That Chriſtian name you ſhall receive from me;
And *Iſabella* of *Granada* be.

Benz. This bleſſed change, we all with joy receive:
And beg to learn that faith which you believe.

Qu. *Iſab.* With reverence for thoſe holy rites prepare;
And all commit your fortunes to my care.

King Ferd. *to* Almahide.

You, Madam, by that Crown, you loſe, may gain,
If you accept a Coronet of *Spain*;
Of which *Almanzor*'s Father ſtands poſſeſt.

Queen Iſabel *to* Almahide.

May you in him; and he in you be bleſt.

Qu.

Qu. *Almah.* I owe my life and honour to his Sword;
But owe my love to my departed Lord.
Almanz. Thus, when I have no living force to dread,
Fate finds me Enemies amongſt the dead.
I'm now to conquer Ghoſts; and to deſtroy
The ſtrong impreſſions of a Bridal joy.
Almah. You're yet a greater Foe, than theſe can be;
Virtue oppoſes you and Modeſty.
Almanz. From a falſe fear that Modeſty does grow;
And thinks true love, becauſe 'tis fierce, its Foe.
'Tis but the wax whoſe feeble ſides Virginia ſtay:
Let it approach Loves fire, 'twill melt away.
But I have liv'd too long; I never knew
When fate was conquer'd, I muſt combate you.
I thought to clime the ſteep Mount of Love;
But did not think to find a Foe above.
'Tis time to die, when you my bar muſt be,
Whoſe aid alone could give the victory.
Without——————
I'll pull up all the ſluces of the flood:
And Love, within, ſhall boil out all my blood.
Q. *Iſab.* Fear not your Love ſhould find ſo ſad ſucceſs;
While I have power to be your Patroneſs.
I am her Parent, now, and may command
So much of duty, as to give her hand.
[*Gives him* Almahide's *hand.*
Almah. Madam, I never can diſpute your pow'r,
Or, as a Parent, or a Conqueror.
But, when my year of Widow-hood expires,
Shall yield to your commands, and his deſires.
Almanz. Move ſwiftly, Sun; and fly Lovers pace;
Leave weeks and months behind thee in thy race!
K. *Ferd.* Mean time [illegible] purſue;
The Moons in Woods [illegible]
Almanz. The toyls of War [illegible] each day;
And dreams of love ſhall drive my nights away.
Our Banners to th' *Alhambra's* Towers bear;
Then, wave our Conqu'ring Eagles in the Air;
And Cry, with ſhouts of Triumph; Live and Reign,
Great *Ferdinand* and [illegible]

EPIOGUE.

EPILOGUE

To the Second PART of

GRANADA.

THey, who have beſt ſucceeded on the Stage,
Have ſtill conform'd their Genius to their Age.
Thus Johnſon *did Mechanique humour ſhow,*
When men were dull, and converſation low.
Then, Comedy was faultleſs, but 'twas courſe:
Cobb's *Tankard was a Jeſt, and* Otter's *Horſe.*
And as their Comedy, their love was mean:
Except, by chance, in ſome one labour'd Scene,
Which muſt atone for an ill-written Play.
They roſe; but at their height could ſeldom ſtay.
Fame *thin was cheap, and the firſt comer ſped;*
And they have kept it ſince, by being dead:
But were they now to write, when Critiques weigh
Each Line, and ev'ry word, throughout a Play,
None of 'em, no not Johnſon *in his height*
Could paſs, without allowing grains for weight.
Think it not envy that theſe truths are told,
Our Poet's not malicious, though he's bold.
'Tis not to brand 'em that their faults are ſhown,
But, by their errors, to excuſe his own.
If Love and Honour now are higher rais'd,
'Tis not the Poet, but the Age is prais'd.

Wit's

Your Ladies too, who in their Country's cause,
Led on the men, shall share in your applause;
And for your sakes, henceforward, I ordain,
No Ladies dow'r shall question'd be in Spain.
Fair *Lyndaraxa*, for the help you lend,
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Abdelm. O Heav'n, that I should live to see this day!

Lynd. You murmur now, but you shall soon obey.
I knew this Empire to my fate was owe'd,
Heav'n held it back as long as it could;
For thee, base wretch, I wake a woful fate,
——I'll cage thee; thou shalt be my *Bajazet*.
I on no pavement but on thee will tread,
And, when I mount, my foot shall know thy head.

[To Abdelm.

This first shall know thy heart.

[Abdelm. stabbing her with a Poyard.

Lynd. —— O, I am slain!

Abdelm. Now boast, thy Country is betray'd to Spain.

K. *Ferd.* Look to the Lady.—— Seize the Murderer.

——[Abdelm. stabbing himself.

I'll do my self that Justice I did her.

[To Lynd.

Thy blood I to thy ruin'd Country give,
But love too well thy murther to outlive.
Forgive a love, excus'd by its excess,
Which had it not been cruel, had been less.
Condemn my passion, then, but pardon me;
And think I murder'd him, who murder'd thee.

[Dies.

Lynd. Die for us both; I have one leisure now;
A Crown is come; and will not fate allow
And yet, I feel something like death draw near;
My Guards, my Guards;——
Let not that ugly skeleton appear;
Sure destiny mistakes; this death's not mine;
She dotes; and meant to cut another line.
Tell her I am a Queen;—— but 'tis too late;
Dying, I charge Rebellion on my fate;
Bow down ye slaves——

[To the Attendants.

Bow quickly down, and your Submission show.

[They bow.

I'm pleas'd to taste an Empire e're I go.

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Almanz. The toyls of War [illegible] each day;
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Our Banners to th' *Alhambra*'s Turrets bear;
Then, wave our Conqu'ring Crowns in the Air;
And Cry, with ſhouts of [illegible] Love and Reign
Great, *Ferdinand* and [illegible]

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EPILOGUE

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'Tis not to brand 'em that their faults are ſhown,
But, by their errors, to excuſe his own.
If Love and Honour now are higher rais'd,
'Tis not the Poet, but the Age is prais'd.

Wit's

Wit's now arriv'd to a more high degree;
Our native Language more refin'd and free.
Our Ladies and our Men now speak more wit
In converſation, than thoſe Poets writ.
Then, one of theſe is, conſequently, true;
That what this Poet writes comes ſhort of you,
And imitates you ill, (which moſt he fears)
Or elſe his writing is not worſe than theirs.
Yet, though you judge, (as ſure the Criticks will)
That ſome before him writ with greater skill:
In this one praiſe he has their fame ſurpaſt,
To pleaſe an Age more Gallant than the laſt.

F I N I S.

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